May 14, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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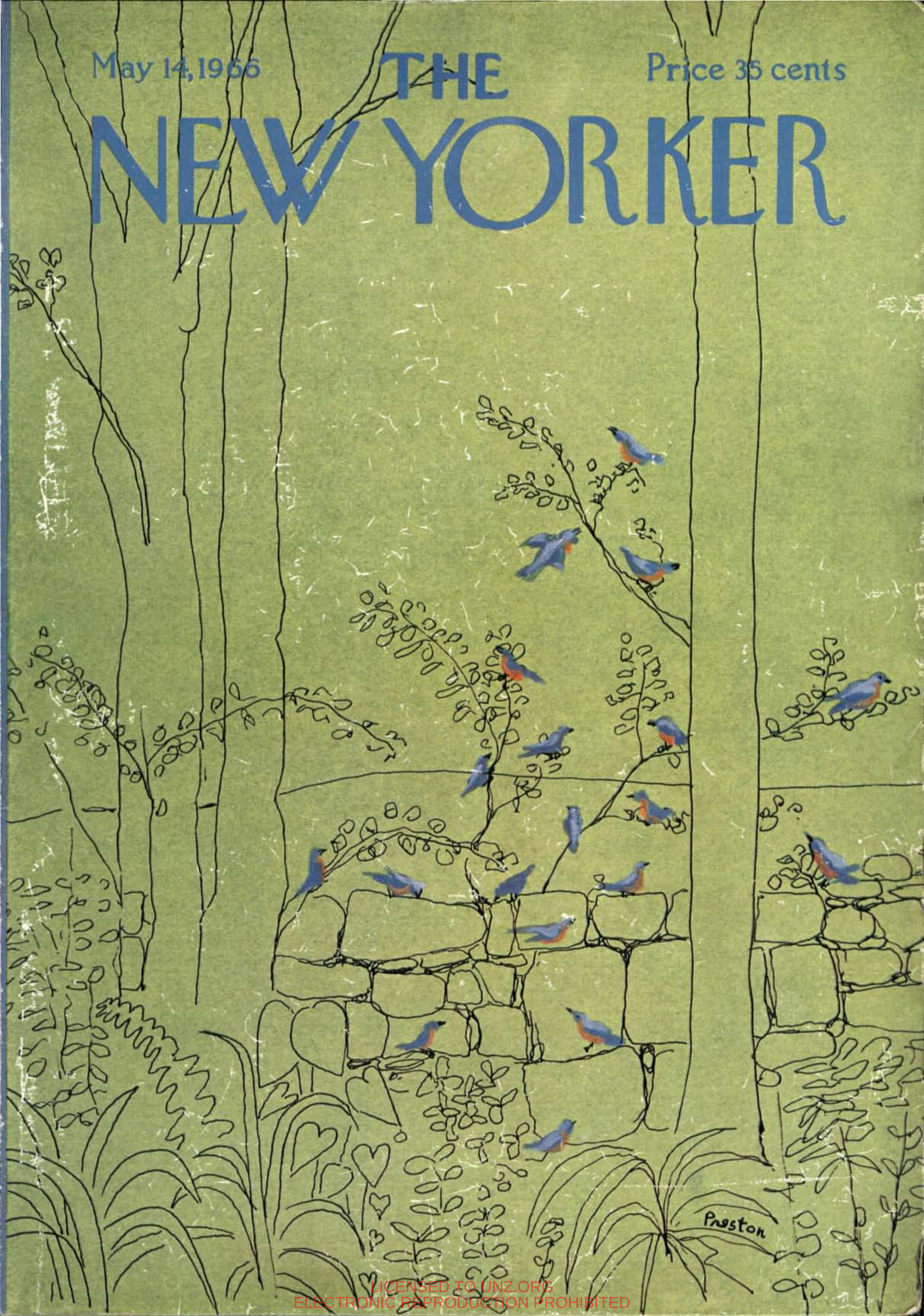

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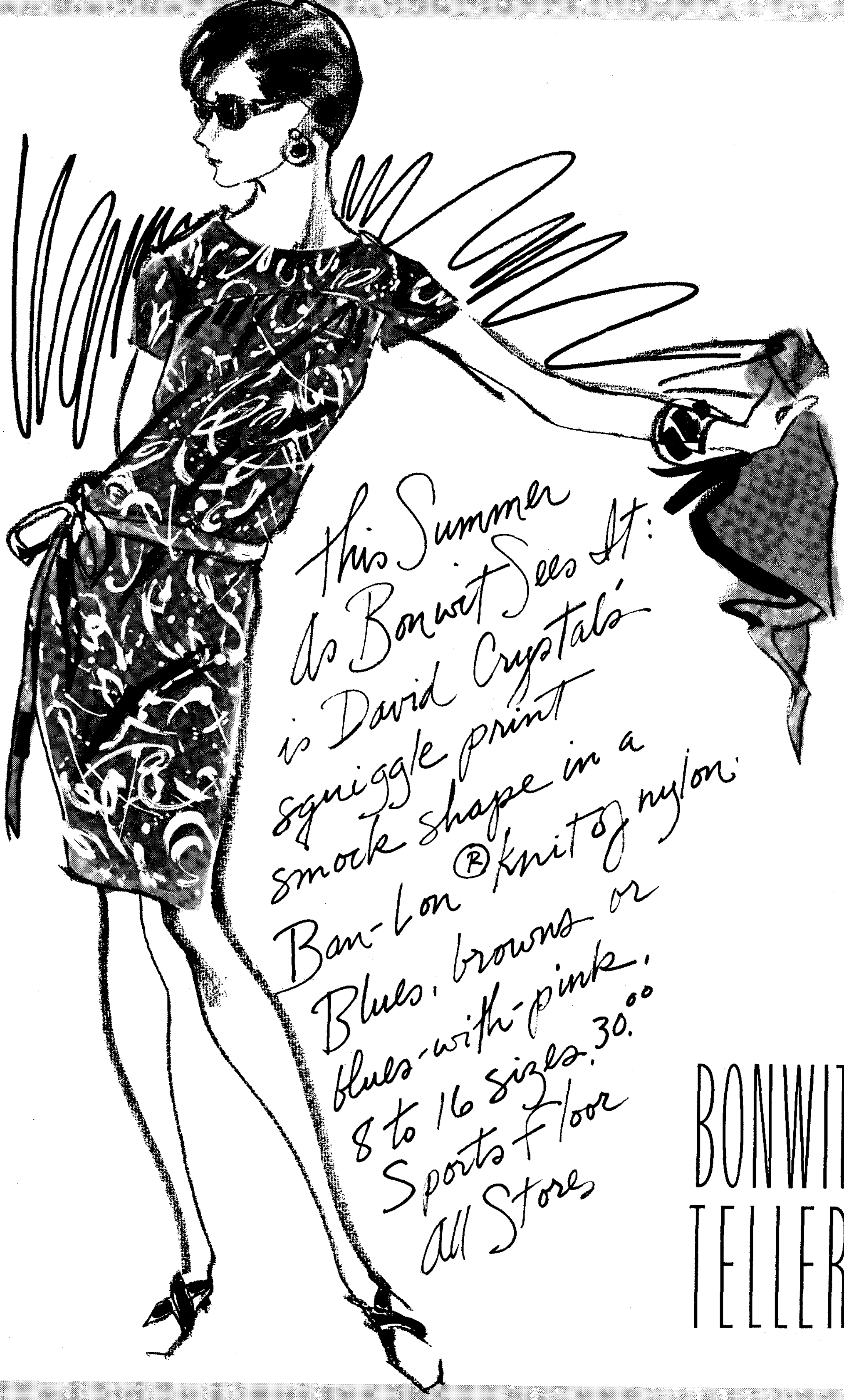

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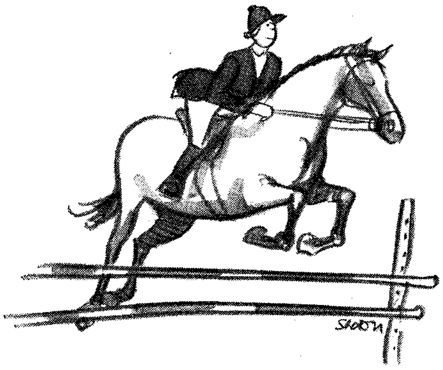

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—In this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, which stars Ray Milland, there are a good many lagging moments, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs add a bit of bounce every so often. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some horrid adolescents whose customs he finds it difficult to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television writers, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ivanov—John Gielgud's adaptation of Anton Chekhov's first full-length play. The drama isn't on a par with the Master's later works, but it has some excellent performances by a company headed by Mr. Gielgud. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 11.)

The Lion in Winter—The home life of Henry II when he, his wife, and his three sons were bickering about who should be named his successor. James Goldman is the author of this pseudo-historical drama, and occasionally he comes up with some witty dialogue. On the whole, though, the play is only fitfully entertaining, despite the efforts of a first-rate cast headed by Robert Preston and Rosemary Harris. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 21.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and Mavis Villiers, is highly effective. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—A large, colorful, and satisfactory account by Peter Shaffer of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. David Carradine is impressive as the Inca sovereign whom Pizarro dethrones. On Monday, May 16, Clayton Corbin will take over Mr. Carradine's part. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Wait Until Dark—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—The thirty-year-old farce by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a lively revival by the APA Repertory Company, and the players, directed by Ellis Rabb, are one and all amusing. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—any wednesday: A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. The cast includes Sandra Smith and George Gaynes. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. The cast is headed by Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, May 19, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 21.)

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MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—An attractive cast and tolerable music and lyrics by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams help compensate for the inadequacies of this show's book, which is based on a comic strip that wasn't very amusing when it was running in the newspapers a couple of decades ago. Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain are among the meritorious mummers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Extrasensory perception and reincarnation are mingled in this rather lumpy confection by Alan Jay Lerner, which has a smooth score by Burton Lane. Barbara Harris is stimulating as an ESP and metempsychic type, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are attractive. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

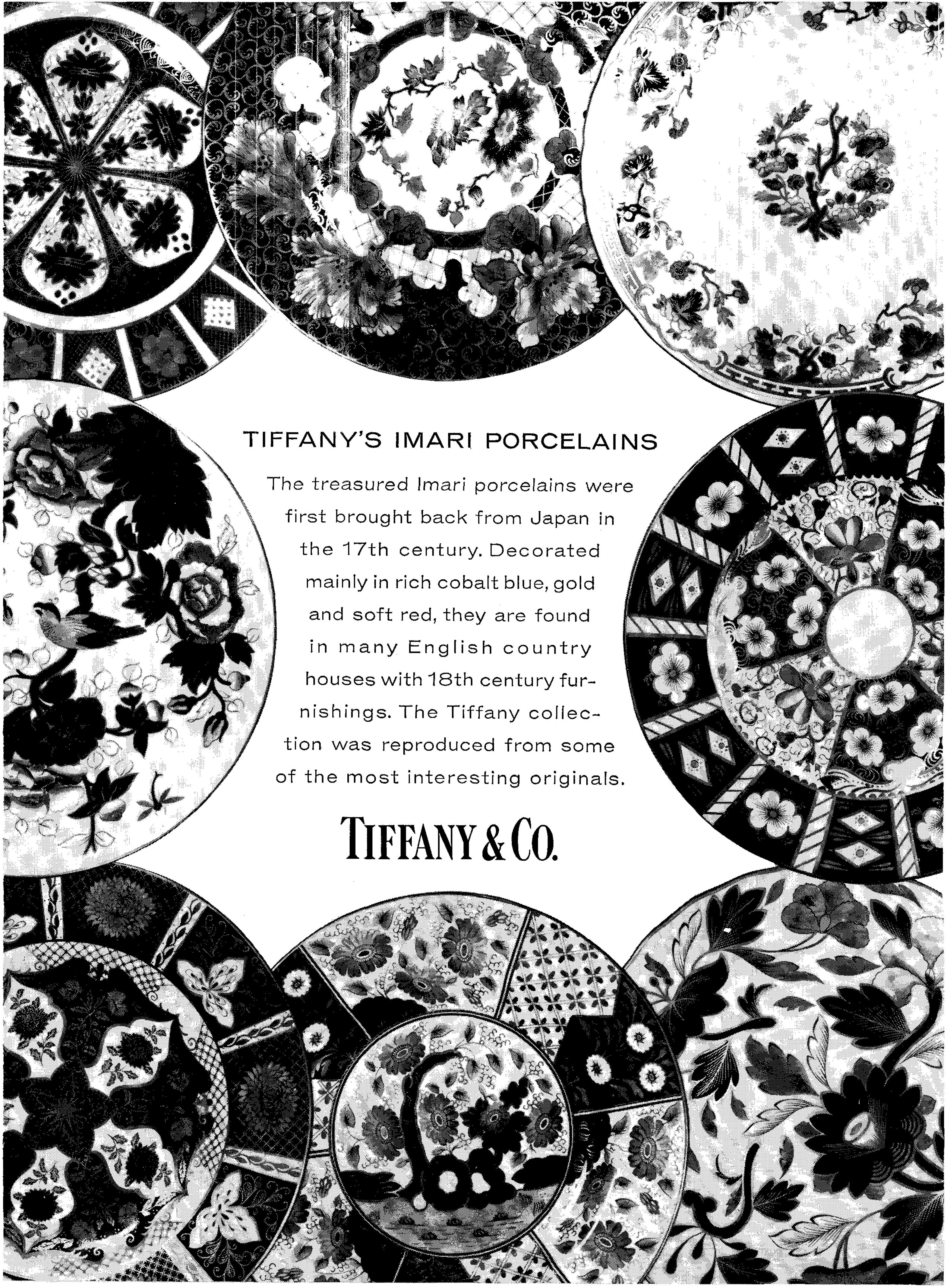
Skyscraper—A musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" that is very large but not very interesting. Julie Harris plays the daydreaming heroine appealingly, but the music and lyrics are hardly memorable, and the book is actively annoying. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has the indefatigable Gwen Verdon and an enthusiastic cast. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa in which an octet of fine young performers disport themselves most pleasantly. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—fiddler on the roof: Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **half a sixpence:** Tony Tanner larking away in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of the Girl of the Golden West. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 12, May 14, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Time for Singing—A musical taken from Richard Llewellyn's novel "How Green Was My Valley," with book and lyrics by Gerald Freedman and John Morris, music by Mr. Morris, and a cast headed by Ivor Emmanuel, Tessie O'Shea, Shani Wallis, and Laurence Naismith. Staged by Mr. Freedman. Previews through Friday, May 20. Opens officially on Saturday, May 21. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—city center light opera company: Norman Atkins, Barbara Meister, Art Lund, Karen Morrow, and Jack De Lon in THE MOST HAPPY FELLA. The second in a series of four Frank Loesser musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE, adapted by Eric Bentley. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of IL TROVATORE. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

Bohikee Creek—Four separate scenes, all of them set along a creek in South Carolina. They are rather weak, but they do provide any number of opportunities for the fine all-Negro cast, which is headed by Moses Gunn, Georgia Burke, and James Earl Jones. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deadly Game—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, is quite good. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—A preachy melodrama done in the Victorian manner and set in Victorian England. W. B. Brydon has now replaced John Colicos as the fanatical leader of some deserters from the Queen's Army who come to a northern coal town in order to expose the horrors and cruelty of war. The play, by John Arden, seems cluttered and synthetic, but The Establishment has given it a good production, under Stuart Burge's direction. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunset—Isaac Babel's Russian play, adapted by Mirra Ginsburg and Raymond Rosenthal. Opens Thursday, May 12. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Günter Grass—A program of excerpts from the poems and novels of the modern German writer, as recited and performed by a company of five. The actors do pretty well, but it is Mr. Grass, his words evoking the spirit of wartime and postwar Germany, who steals the show. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Final performances of the season—DON QUIXOTE: Friday, May 13, at 8:15; Saturday, May 14, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, May 15, at 1:15 and 7:15; Tuesday, May 17, at 8:15; Wednesday, May 18, at 2:15 and 8:15; Thursday and Friday, May 19-20, at 8:15; Saturday, May 21, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, May 22, at 1:15 and 7:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Bolshoi Ballet—A return engagement of seven performances. Tuesday, May 17, at 8:30: Highlights Program I (Act II of "Giselle," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," and Act III of "Raymonda").... ¶ Wednesday, May 18, at 8:30: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday, May 19, at 8:30: Highlights Program II (Act I of "Don Quixote," "The Flames of Paris Pas de Deux," and "Walpurgis Night").... ¶ Friday, May 20, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 21, at 2:30: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Saturday, May 21, at 8:30: Highlights Program II. ... ¶ Sunday, May 22, at 3: Highlights Program I. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870.)

Lucas Hoving—In a program of his own dances, with Chase Robinson and Nancy Lewis. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, May 21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Mark Twain Tonight!—Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Circus—By closing time on Sunday, May 15, some of the inhabitants will have been up in the air for forty days and forty nights. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday at 2 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 6. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Moderate to high winds prevail in the Royal Box during the dinner and supper hours, with temperatures in the mid-seventies, this because of the songs of Nancy Wilson, a gay little delphinium. The orchestra of Lee Evans is more or less a work of art. Closed Sundays.

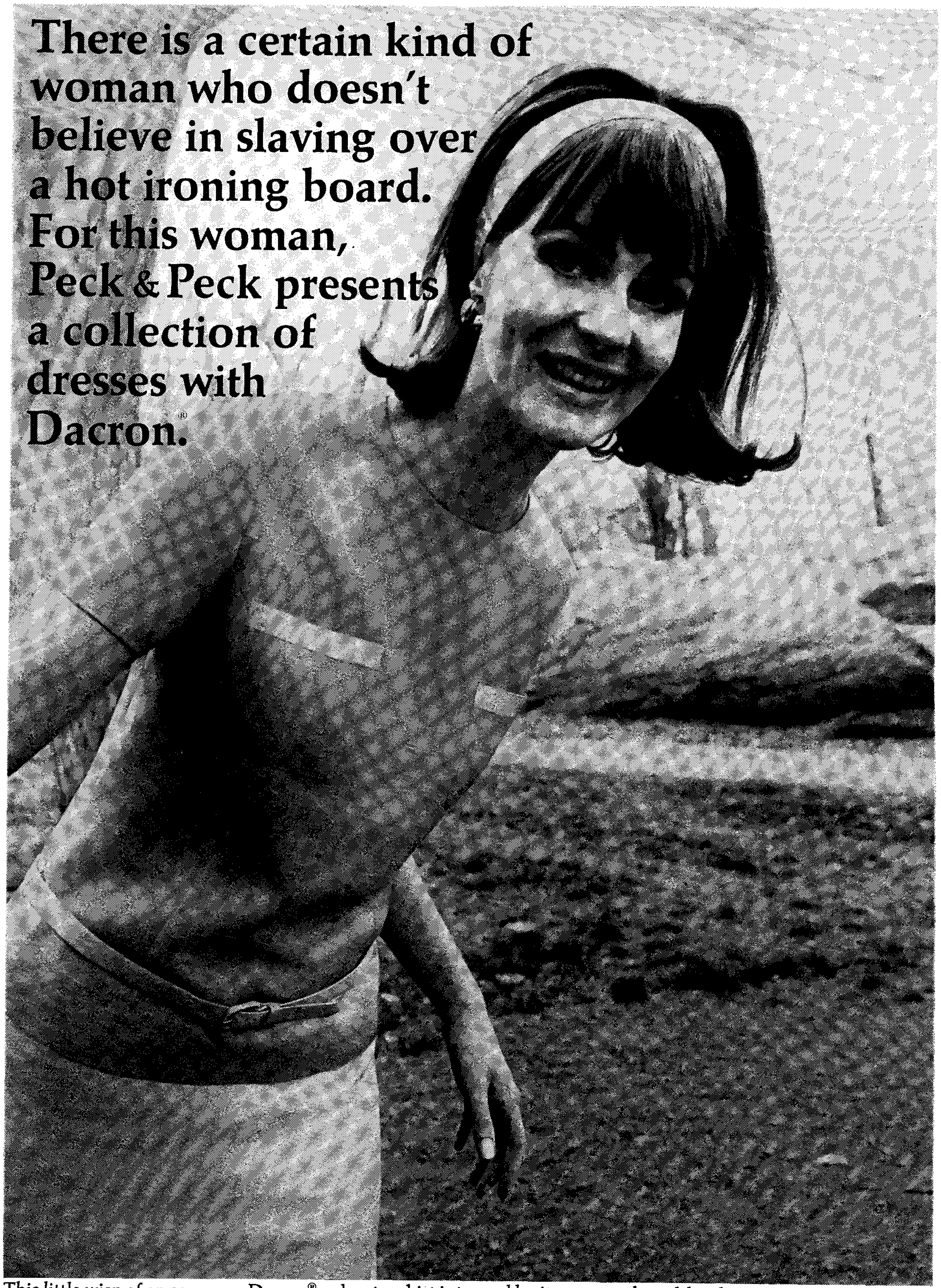
Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The newest midtown merger, combining the corporate structure of the Barberry (Moorish) and the Little Club (candy-striped all the way, up to but not including Billy Reed, now the *padrone* of the joint enterprise). In the Little end of the merger, Horace Diaz's band plays for dancing Mondays through Thursdays from nine to two, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three. On Sundays, another band operates from nine to two.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The age of chivalry prevails on the parquet floor between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the athletes' instrumentation after that. On Sunday, the music, which lasts until ten, is entirely walking-around. No players on Monday.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Britannic majesty has been the word ever since John Mills, an overseer of London night life, established this foothold in the New World. In the throne room, ceaseless music issues from the bands of Freddy Alonso and Charles Bubeck; in the Champagne Room, a violin and piano do non-activist sound. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week. Franco Pagani, an equally brisk tenor, sounds off in between sets every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Eddie Fisher, on furlough from this town for several years, appears in the Persian Room at dinner and supper to satisfy the cu-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riosity of those who would like to know what progress he has made, during the interim, in the business of meting out pop tunes. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) are the flanker backs. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a villa in Arcady, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by the pastoral airs of Gunnar Hansen's violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A skyport without the dubious benefit of helicopters, devoted, instead, to all-embracing views and the propagation of dance music, which comes rapturously—eight-thirty until one-thirty—out of the purling, skirling Jonah Jones and his quartet. They depart on Wednesday, May 18, and next evening Benny Goodman, a sextet in tow, begins one of his infrequent visits to New York. Annette Sanders will be his caroller. No sound on Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go. In the middle of it all is Harry James, another rare occurrence, with a big, big band. The action goes on from eight to two. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Landmarks Preservation Committee got around to the Maisonette, pride and joy of this enterprise, too late to save its classic murals, but the grandeur is intact, and so are the customers who do the newly square dances (foxtrot, waltz, and such). Quintero's bustling Latins and Ralph Stuart's band are their guides. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, across the hall, there is *salle-à-manger* violin by another landmark, Jani Sarkozi, from seven to twelve-thirty. It, too, shuts up Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's concise yet convivial piano gets a workout in Peacock Alley from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week, from five to eleven on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays. A dance quartet (Dino Palermo's vocal obbligatos are fairly splendid) is on the stand from nine until one every night but Sunday.

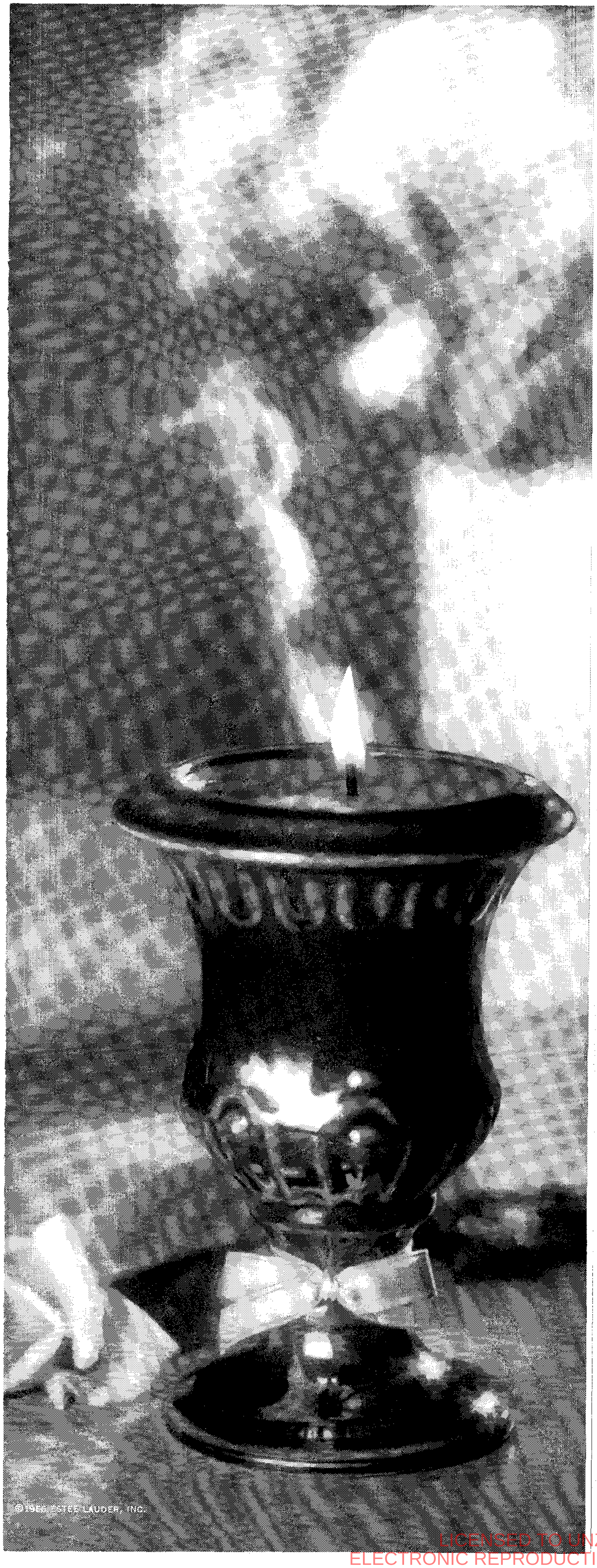
Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—*The largest single portion of Inner* Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Eternal springs are the underpinning of the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre—all this for fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry. Closed Sundays. . . . **in boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): When in Florence, do as the Florentines do, which means bits and pieces of Italianate opera. Tourists from the States get Stateside arias. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **l'intrigue**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Up aloft, in an Edith Wharton drawing room, Bobby Short sings the very best songs that sixpence can buy, and (with the assistance of his piano and his accomplished accomplices Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) sings them like mad. The ballads begin after ten. . . . ¶ On the ground floor, in a Volstead sort of bar and grill, there are songs, various and sundry, by Jimmie Daniels, the boulevardier troubadour, and (when she feels like it) Lorelei arias by Nancy Steele. Murray Grand's nourishing piano is also audible. Nothing much happens until after the theatre. The whole shop shuts down Sundays. . . . **mike malkan's**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): A youth convocation whose purpose is wholly social—girls who are to the manor born (Briarcliff and such) and boys with equal accreditation, all chattering even when Mr. Malkan sits down to a very hearty piano, which he does every night from seven until milk-route time. . . . **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which an island wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **bell's**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): One more neighborhood gathering place. What the boys and girls in the back room will have is the trio of George Taylor—none of it insistent, all of it cheerful, every night but Sunday. . . . **charlie bates**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): A neighborhood pub, aimed at looking and sounding 1900. Bob Emma, prancing on a tin-pan upright, takes care of the 1900 sound; The Dirty Shames sing in a manner much more recent. Sundays, on the other hand, there are four-to-one sessions by the Smith Street Jazz Society Band. . . . **chucks' composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the kindred arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **la chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Stately dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mittel-europa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-school Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, cimbalom, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past eleven years, is the definitely permanent party in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to a retrospective show of the music we grew up with. . . . **asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Seldom, if ever, so many Rodolfos and Scarpias assembled under cover of night disguised as plain, ordinary waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **the apartment**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy all late-at-night big-city music should have.

Note—The discothèque, a form of undulant fever for which time is the only cure, can best be viewed by viewers-with-alarm if they frequent these establishments: **shepheard's**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Lap of luxury, plus music (seven-thirty until three or four) from both ticker tape and an urgent band, plus (at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty) a pagan rout by Killer Joe Piro and his dancers, who add not only verses but whole chapters to the exercise manual of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **arthur**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The moving—well, practically flying—spirit is Tanya Everett (earlier on of "Fiddler on the Roof"), and the amusement is the effort of others to follow in her flight steps. The music comes



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

partly from a tapped wire and partly (Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday) from the Uncalled Fors; the hours are nine to last gasp; the menu is minute. Dead silence Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Gambolling on a Village green in whatever you happen to be wearing, but nevertheless an establishment that is distinctly not of the Village Villagey. Some of the music comes out of a wall socket, the rest comes out of people just—or almost—like us. And when you're as young as the prepossessing house dancers, you can dance seven days a week, too, on the beer and hamburgers. Nine-thirty to three or four is the rule of this road.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, monarch of all the pleasing prospect he surveys, takes his daily constitutional (that's the kind of monarch he is) on the finely tuned piano on the dais during cocktails, dinner, and supper—a constitutional jaunty and buoyant. Forrest Perrin, his second in command, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but the restaurant is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Mourners for the lost Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair should find solace in this array of Iberian décor. Inaki & Carlos, a brace of Basque strolling players, are at home in a lot of languages. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our most glorious antique shops, is the setting for Rogelio Reguera, an Iberian guitarist of the purest ray serene. He holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar and Tony Gorody does thoughtful piano from nine-thirty to one. Mr. G. stays home Sundays, Mr. L. stays home Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer's piano and songs (moonlight and roses) and conversation (court jester) occupy this opulent counting-house parlor from eight-thirty until about two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, global traveller, is at the piano, which gives off a mixture of worldly wisdom and Elysian bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The most active promenaders are the musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills, a bird's-eye view of Rome, serves—along with its seven-to-nine dinner—a swatch of Italianate accordion. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, there are piano and baritone by Delos Rios, from Chile's coral strand. Between five-thirty and twelve-thirty, he is in fairly constant attendance. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Scrollwork of an intelligent (and intelligible) fashion is applied to the songs of the day by Johnny Mathis, who, aside from his boy and girl choristers, is the whole show. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music nearly every minute. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new world, inhabited largely by young ladies (and clearly a very warm one, considering their garb). The charade in which they are involved takes nearly two hours to pass a given point, without making any particular point. In the reviewing stand is Corbett Monica, a number of whose quips will be recognized as old friends, and rarely in the background is the joyous creation named Betty Jo Alvies. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Music to buck, rock, wing, and roll to (even though there is no dance floor) by the Righteous Brothers. Doc Severinsen's sextet makes the rest of the noise. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Etaoinshrdlu, to the tune of three hyperthyroid bands and the patter of a thousand tiny feet and the dazzle of a thousand light cues. Nine-thirty until four every night is the curriculum of this eighth wonder of the new world. Hamburgers and such keep the little bodies and souls together.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast, exceptional even by Monkish standards, involves Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, Liz Sheridan, Bill Hinnant, Dennis Allen, and John Keatts; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and Frederick Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Spanish corps de ballet presided over by Rosario and Esperanza Galán is all-girl, but the spinster way of life does not get the young ladies down. Juan Lejido, the tenor of the occasion, is part flamenco and part wise guy. The cavalcade happens at dinner and supper during the week. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons, and only a dinnertime song-and-dance interlude on Sunday evenings. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Mario Escudero, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who (to hear her tell it) is beyond the help of anything at all, has her first fit of manic depression after ten. Warren Vaughn, a pianist and singer who can

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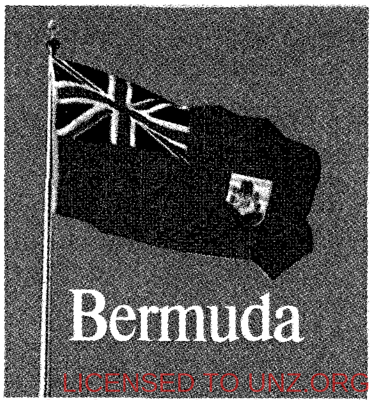

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

make romance sound romantic, has his innings, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the incumbent portmanteau revue, proves again the rule that nothing's perfect, but it also proves that there is still lots of merit in the old revue format. R. G. Brown is principal (and perspicacious) boy. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sunday, is the custom. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The new stanza of the saga of the Second City players is a revue composed of a certain amount of plain rice pudding, but there are plums inside, just the same. The Jack Horners—young and not altogether experienced—who pull them out are Sandra Caron, Bob Klein, Judy Graubart, David Steinberg, and Fred Willard. Eight-thirty every night but Monday, plus eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9335): Charles Lloyd's crew winds up its stint on Thursday, May 12. Friday through Sunday, May 13-15, the floor will be occupied by the band of Miles Davis, who blows his horn more in sorrow than in anger. Sundays, there are matinées, too, five to nine. Mondays, as usual, the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band amiably takes the place apart. To make a short story long, Clark Terry's quartet will be there Tuesday through Saturday, May 17-21. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A two-ply enterprise—street-level restaurant and below-decks grotto. The grotto operates like this: Fridays and Saturdays, a whirlwind of song reaped by Felicia Sanders, the night world's most dramatic soprano, as well as a cameo concert by the many harmonicas of Larry Adler (nothing leaves *him* breathless), as well as a quite special recital (chamber music and jazz eying each other) by Dwike Mitchell and Willie Ruff; every Monday, the fare is a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. . . . ¶ In the restaurant, which is open every day but Monday, the Mitchell-Ruff pair do reprises late in the evening, and Dave Pike's trio works out. Sundays, from five to nine, the place is a Strivers' Row, where what is called the Jazz Interactions has its day. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. With the Mocha goes mostly folk music on a bearable level, such as, right now, the activities of Jake Holmes (who takes leave on Monday, May 16) and Gale Garnett. The Uncalled-For 3 are budding humorists. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Among Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dave McKenna. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Small world, large sound. Plenty of it comes from Roland Kirk, a Jack of all instruments. His quartet will be supplemented, on Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, by Cannonball Adderley's rackety quintet. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Art Blakey's *furioso* quintet has just settled in. Mondays, visiting groups do all the sounding off. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, and Marshall Brown, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From

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nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. Tuesdays through Thursdays, a bagpiper is included. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées, at four-thirty, by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): Chinos pant and pedals push as the band plays on, night after night. Through Sunday, May 15, Donald Byrd's quintet will be in the saddle; on Tuesday, May 17, Charles Lloyd's quartet moves in. Mondays are allotted to one-night-standers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HERB AACH—Paintings; through Thursday, May 19. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABE AJAY—Relief paintings; through May 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ENRICO CASTELLANI—Constructed canvases; through Saturday, May 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

BERNARD CATHELIN—Landscapes and figure paintings by this School of Paris painter; through Saturday, May 21. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

FRANCIS CELENTANO AND MINORU NIIZUMA—Optical paintings by the first and sculptures in stone by the second; through May 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE COHEN—Paintings; through May 28. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—Collages; through Saturday, May 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

NANCY DRYFOOS—Stone and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, May 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

CHARLES DUDLEY AND HAROLD GOLDSTEIN—Paintings and constructions by the former and paintings and concrete sculptures by the latter; through Friday, May 13. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

JIMMY ERNST—Abstract black-on-white paintings; through Saturday, May 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Color woodcuts; through May 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELISABETH FRINK—Bronze semi-abstract sculptures by a young English artist; through Saturday, May 14. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

WALTER GUTMAN—Figure paintings; through Saturday, May 14. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Gouaches and drawings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Saturday, May 14. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT INDIANA—Paintings; through May 28. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAY JOHNSON—Painted collages; through Saturday, May 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ARISTODEMOS KALDIS—Paintings; through June 4. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FREDERICK KIESLER—"Creatures-Landscapes," a retrospective show of sculptures by the late architect-sculptor-painter; through June 10. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN LA FARGE—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes, plus two stained-glass windows, in the first showing of his work in thirty years; through June 10. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—An exhibition of sketches in bronze entitled "Images of Italy;" through May 28. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL MANSHIP—A memorial exhibition of his sculptures; through May 24. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Daily, 1 to 6.)

MATTA—Recent abstract Surrealist paintings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through May 28. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN MCCRACKEN—Sculptures; through June 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

AUGUST MOSCA—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 14. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

GABRIELE MÜNTER (1877-1962)—Fifty years of her paintings (1906-56); through Saturday, May 21. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

REGINALD NEAL—Op paintings; through Saturday, May 14. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

EDGAR NEGRET—Painted aluminum sculptures; through Saturday, May 21. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Four enamelled-aluminum garden sculptures; through June 11. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DANIEL NEWMAN—Abstractions; through May 28. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD PERLIN—Paintings of nudes; through May 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUCIEN PISSARRO (1863-1944)—Landscapes and still-lifes by the eldest son of Camille Pissarro; through Saturday, May 14. (Findlay, 15 E. 57th St.)

SAVO RADULOVIC—Paintings; through May 28. (Artists Little Gallery, 135 E. 62nd St.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—Pop Art; through May 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ROSENTHAL—Paintings of nudes; through Saturday, May 21. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

JUDITH SHAHN—Portraits, figures, and city scenes; through Sunday, May 15. (Hinckley & Brohel, 45 Christopher St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

CHARLES SHEELER (1883-1965)—Paintings and drawings from the artist's personal collection; through May 27. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

HERBERT SIMON—Abstract wood sculptures; through May 28. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Abstract sculptures; through May 28. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM THOMPSON—Sculptures; through June 10. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—Watercolors from the early part of the century; through May 28. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM WESSELMANN—Paintings of nudes; through June 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

SEVEN DECADES, 1895-1965, CROSS CURRENTS IN MODERN ART—Ten galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through Saturday, May 21) of three hundred and seventy-one paintings and sculptures, ranging from Post-Impressionism and Symbolism to Op Art and kinetic sculptures by such artists as Matisse, Picasso, and Brancusi—At the **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: 1895-1904. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: 1905-14. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: 1915-24. . . . **THAW,** 50 E. 78th St.: 1915-24. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: 1925-34. . . . **HAHN,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: 1925-34. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57th St.: 1935-44. . . . **EMMERICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: 1945-54. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: 1955-65. (All the galleries are closed Mondays except Rosenberg and Knoedler.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1966 Annual Exhibition, comprising paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through May 29. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766

Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Oliver Andrews, R. C. Morris, Richard Boyce, and Eileen Pendergast are the participants in a showing of sculptures, constructions, and paintings; through May 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: "40 Under 40, Young Talent in Architecture," a display of photographic panels of fifty-two projects and seven models depicting the work of Robert Venturi, Charles W. Moore, and Charles Gwathmey (to mention a few); through Saturday, May 14. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, including Albert Bierstadt, Frank Boggs, and Asher B. Durand; through June 4. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Sculptures and drawings by Robert Laurent, Dennis Leon, Jane Wasey, and others; through June 3. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the gallery artists, among them Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Nathan Cabot Hale; through May 28. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in a show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VALENTE**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Robert Henri, George Bellows, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and other twentieth-century painters; through Saturday, May 14.

Europeans; Group Show—The annual showing of sixteenth- to twentieth-century drawings, pastels, and watercolors, including works by Francesco Guardi, Watteau, and Kokoschka; through Saturday, May 14. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Chinese; Group Show—Paintings and calligraphy by Ch'i Pai-shih, James C. M. Lo, Wang Chen, and others; through May 27. (Gallery of Chinese and American Art, 399 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Israelis; Group Show—Oils, graphics, and drawings by Agmon, Bacon, Greenfield, Weil, and Weiss; through May 29. (Greenfield, 21 W. 39th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, most of them lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through June 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)

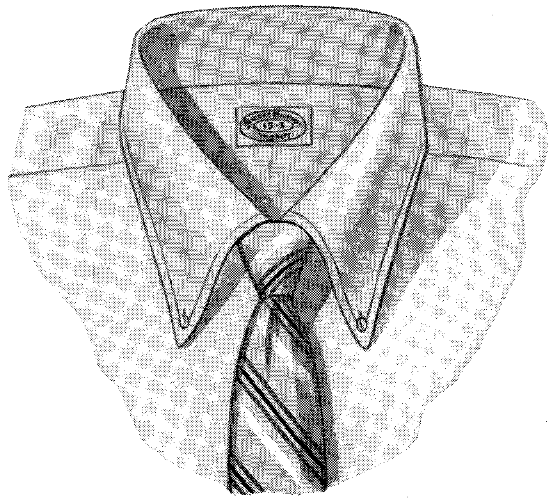
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Stations of the Cross," a series of paintings by Barnett Newman; through June 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Works by contemporary American sculptors (for instance, Roger Bolomey, David von Schlegell, and John Chamberlain), assembled by the Lipman Foundation and the Whitney Museum. After Sunday, May 15, the Museum will be closed until late September, when it will reopen in its new quarters at Madison Avenue and 75th Street. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, and drawings by the nineteenth-century marine painter James Hamilton; through May 22. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson, to name a few) from every section of the country; through June 12. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"7000 Years of Iranian Art," an exhibition of metalwork, ceramics, textiles, glass, and paintings from the Archaeological Museum, in Teheran; through June 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—



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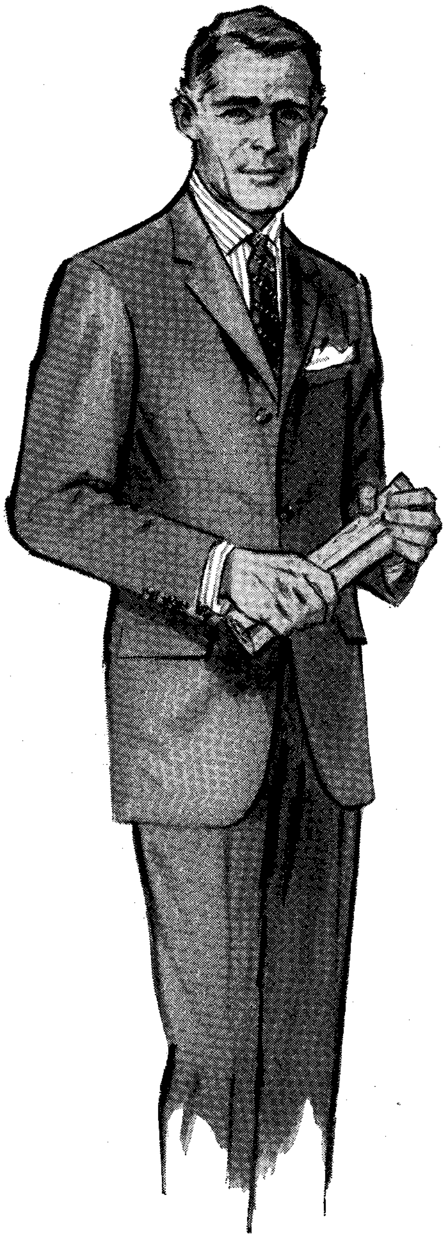

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Weldon, consisting of paintings and drawings of the Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. The artists include Anthony van Dyck, Jacob van Ruisdael, and Constantin Guys. Through June 30. . . . ¶ "Art in Process," an exhibition of structures, together with the preliminary drawings and models relating to them, by such artists as Richard Artschwager, Chryssa, and Will Insley; through June 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Treasures of Peruvian Gold," a travelling exhibition of more than a hundred and fifty pre-Columbian ceremonial and ornamental objects from ancient tombs and temples, on loan from seven Peruvian museums; through June 12. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Primary Structures: Younger British and American Sculptors," a showing of pieces by forty-two artists, among them Gerald Laing, Ronald Bladen, and Lyman Kipp; through June 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29. . . . ¶ Drawings of children—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through July 29. . . . ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Primitive oils, watercolors, and carvings from the collection of the New York State Historical Association, in Cooperstown; through June 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African sculptures (in wood, ivory, gold, and brass) from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-eight glass paperweights, including American examples from the Sandwich, Mt. Washington, and Millville factories and such French examples as Baccarat, Clichy, and St. Louis. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Architect and the Illustrator," a display of illustrated and illuminated texts (religious and Biblical works, classic tales, and poems, as well as books on architecture), dating back to the thirteenth century, from countries throughout the world; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Kinetic art (paintings, sculptures, electronic contrivances, and the like) shown in four room settings, and produced by a group of artists known as Usco; through June 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," the final offering of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, May 14, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of the New York premières of Hugo Weisgall's "Purgatory" (set to William Butler Yeats' text), staged by Christopher West; and Roger Sessions' "The Trial of Lucullus" (set to Bertolt Brecht's text), staged by Ian Strasfogel. The composers will conduct their own operas on Thursday evening and Jorge Mester will conduct both operas on Saturday evening. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, May 19, and Saturday, May 21, both at 8:15. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the final concerts of the season—Performances of Haydn's "The Creation" on Thursday, May 12, at 8:30; Friday, May 13, at 2:15; Saturday, May 14, at 8:30; Monday, May 16, at 7:30; and Wednesday, May 18, at 8:30 (all with Judith Raskin, soprano; Alexander Young, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; and the Camerata Singers); and a varied program on Saturday, May 21, at 8:30 (no soloists).

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Marais and Miranda—Ballad singers. (Town Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 8:30.)

New York Wind Ensemble—With Elizabeth Mosher, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Jane Gunter, contralto; and David Dodds, tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Thursday, May 19, at 8:30. Admission is free.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Jazz Concerts—Ramsey Lewis, Andy Kirk, Eddy Barefield, Sonny Greer, Don Frye, J. C. Higginbotham, Joe Thomas, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, May 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dizzy Gillespie, Donald Byrd, Billy Taylor's trio, Horace Silver's sextet, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Monday, May 16, at 8.) . . . ¶ Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln. (Town Hall. Friday, May 20, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Count Basie's band and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 20, at 8:45.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Houston, Thursday, May 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 13, at 8; Saturday, May 14, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 17-18, at 8, and Thursday, May 19, at 2. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, May 20, at 8, and Saturday, May 21, at 2:15.

Boxing—José Torres vs. Wayne Thornton, 15 rounds, for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, May 21. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 14.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 21.)

Horse Show—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 13-15.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 14.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 21.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Withers, Saturday, May 14, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 21. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Monday, May 30. . . . **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 21.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 14, at 1.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 14, at 11.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 14, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Satur-

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days and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Ching Ling and the Magic Peach," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, May 14, at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Mother Goose Magic Show." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays at 2:15.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Domain of the Great Bear." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include mice, kids, monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** In this miniature menagerie, the youngsters will find a new crop of bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Richard Wilbur reading from his own poetry. (Law Club Lounge, Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Thursday, May 12, at 4:15. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ William Packard and Robert David Cohen reading from their own poetry. (Top of the Park Lounge, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Friday, May 13, at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Galway Kinnell reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, May 15, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of spring flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, May 18, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, May 13, at 1:45: American paintings of the eighteenth through the nineteenth centuries, belonging to various collectors.... ¶ Saturday, May 14, at 1:45: English furniture, Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes modelled by Dorothy Doughty, antique watches, and rugs; from the estate of Robert T. Swaine and from other sources.... ¶ Wednesday, May 18, at 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century engravings, prints, and Audubon plates; owned by Denis Darragh and others.... ¶ Thursday, May 19, at 11: Modern sculptures, from several collectors, among them the late G. David Thompson.... ¶ Thursday, May 19, at 8: Paintings, drawings, and watercolors by such artists as Cézanne, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Klee; the property of Mr. and Mrs. John de Menil and others. Exhibition starts Friday, May 13. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.

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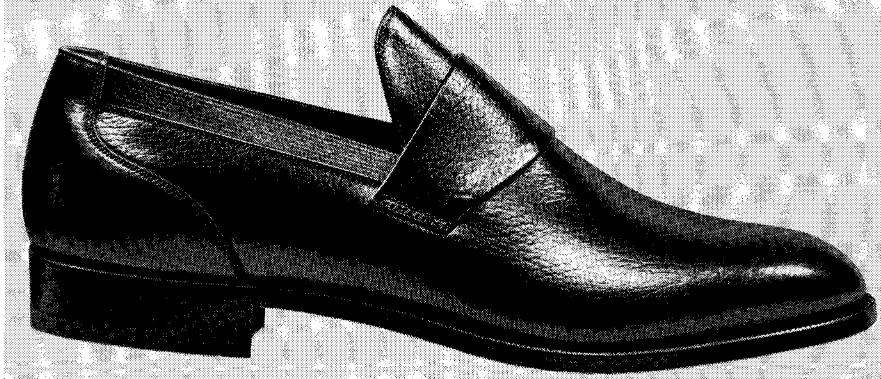

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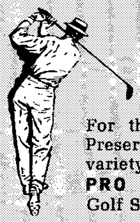

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of present-day London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through May 17.)

Dear John—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully photographed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Group—A long movie about some girls who got out of Vassar in '33 and were fairly miserable by '39. From the novel by Mary McCarthy and directed by Sidney Lumet, with Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, and Hal Holbrook. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A touching tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Enchantingly photographed and filled with the characteristic lyrical insight of its director, Federico Fellini. Giulietta Masina plays the title role. In Italian. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 18.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums—A documentary, made by the government for showing abroad. Well worth seeing in spite of its faults. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 15-17.)

Meet Me in Moscow—The notion behind this comedy is that it's terribly pleasant to be young and loving, especially in fine weather. Directed by Georgi Danelia. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Morgan!—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about contemporary London, directed with great verve by Karel Reisz. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1414.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Scorpio Rising—A strong and beautiful account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

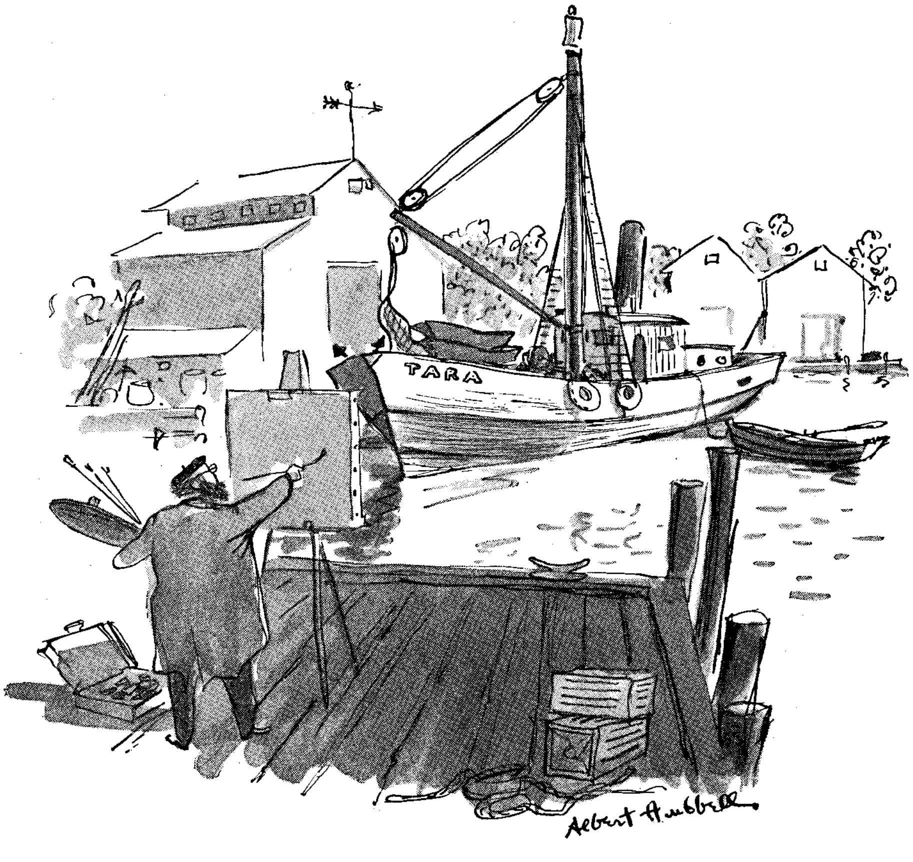
Ship of Fools—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 18.)

The Shop on Main Street—An exceptionally fine film, all the way from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a model thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

A Thousand Clowns—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 17.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)



REVIVALS

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 18.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 12.)

El (1955)—A variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 13-16.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 17.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 17.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; May 13-15.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Mary, and Dick Van Dyke is her colleague. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through May 17.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 13-16.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through May 17.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through May 17.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; May 13-15.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through May 17.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—May 12 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Sixteen in Webster Groves" (1966), a C.B.S. news show. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Echoes of Silence" (1965). . . . ¶ May 14 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Sixteen in Webster Groves.". . . ¶ May 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Professor Mamlock" (1938), in Russian. . . . ¶ May 16 at 2 and 5:30, and May 17 at 2: "A Sixth of the World" (1926), a Russian film, with French titles. . . . ¶ May 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Awful Truth" (1937), with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through May 15: "Her Majesty Love" (1931), with Marilyn Miller and W. C. Fields. . . . ¶ Starting May 17: Fourteen musical sequences from Busby Berkeley films. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through May 17: **MARY POPPINS,** revival.
From May 18: "Lady L," Sophia Loren, Paul Newman.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 17: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS:** and "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.
From May 18: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through May 17: **THE SERVANT,** revival; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From May 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 17: "The Silencers," Dean Martin.
From May 18: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MORGAN!

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
RICHARD III, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through May 15: "Judex" (in French), Channing Pollock.
From May 16: "A Young World" (in French).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through May 17: **THE PAWNBROKER,** revival; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.
From May 18: **SHIP OF FOOLS;** and **CAT BALLOU,** revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through May 17: "She Done Him Wrong," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant; and "I'm No Angel," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant.
From May 18: "Lady L," Sophia Loren, Paul Newman.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 17: **DARLING.**
From May 18: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 17: "The Silencers," Dean Martin. (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, May 14-15, part two of "An Evening with Batman and Robin" will be shown instead.)
From May 18 (tentative): "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE GROUP.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall; and "Swingers' Paradise," Cliff Richard, Walter Slezak.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 17: "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.
From May 18: "That Man in Istanbul," Horst Buchholz; and "Weekend at Dunkirk," Jean-Paul Belmondo, Catherine Spaak.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING; and "The Brig."

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
May 12: "Crime School," revival, Humphrey Bogart; and "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien.
May 13-15: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE,** revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON,** revival.
May 16-18: "Dark Passage," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 17: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (both in French and both revivals).
From May 18: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 17: "The Silencers," Dean Martin; and "The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb," Terence Morgan.
From May 18: "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills; and "Mystery of Thug Island," Guy Madison.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 14: "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens; and "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.
May 15-17: **THE KNACK;** and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From May 18: **SHIP OF FOOLS;** and **CAT BALLOU,** revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Lover's Rock" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Female Prince" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Clouds Over Israel" (in Hebrew).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Sands of Beersheba," Diane Baker.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Girl-Getters," Oliver Reed.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
MEET ME IN MOSCOW (in Russian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through May 16: "Cloportes" (in French), Charles Aznavour.
From May 17: "Up to His Ears" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Les Bonnes Femmes" (in French); and "The Music Room" (in Bengali), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 17: "The 2nd Best Secret Agent in the Whole Wide World," Tom Adams; and "The Little Nuns," Catherine Spaak.
From May 18: "The Silencers," Dean Martin; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 12: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Testament of Orpheus" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
May 13-16: **EL** (in Spanish), revival; and **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival.
From May 17: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (both in French and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 17: "Father of a Soldier" (in Russian); and "The Tsar's Bride" (in Russian), performed by the Bolshoi Opera Company.
From May 18: To be announced.

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to play on. I make no
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brains, wears my
clothes, makes wonderful
conversation,
makes wonderful silences,
there is an
excellent chance of it."

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smoke, leather chairs,
factory fumes, air
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charming
feminine scents.
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contrast, that's all."

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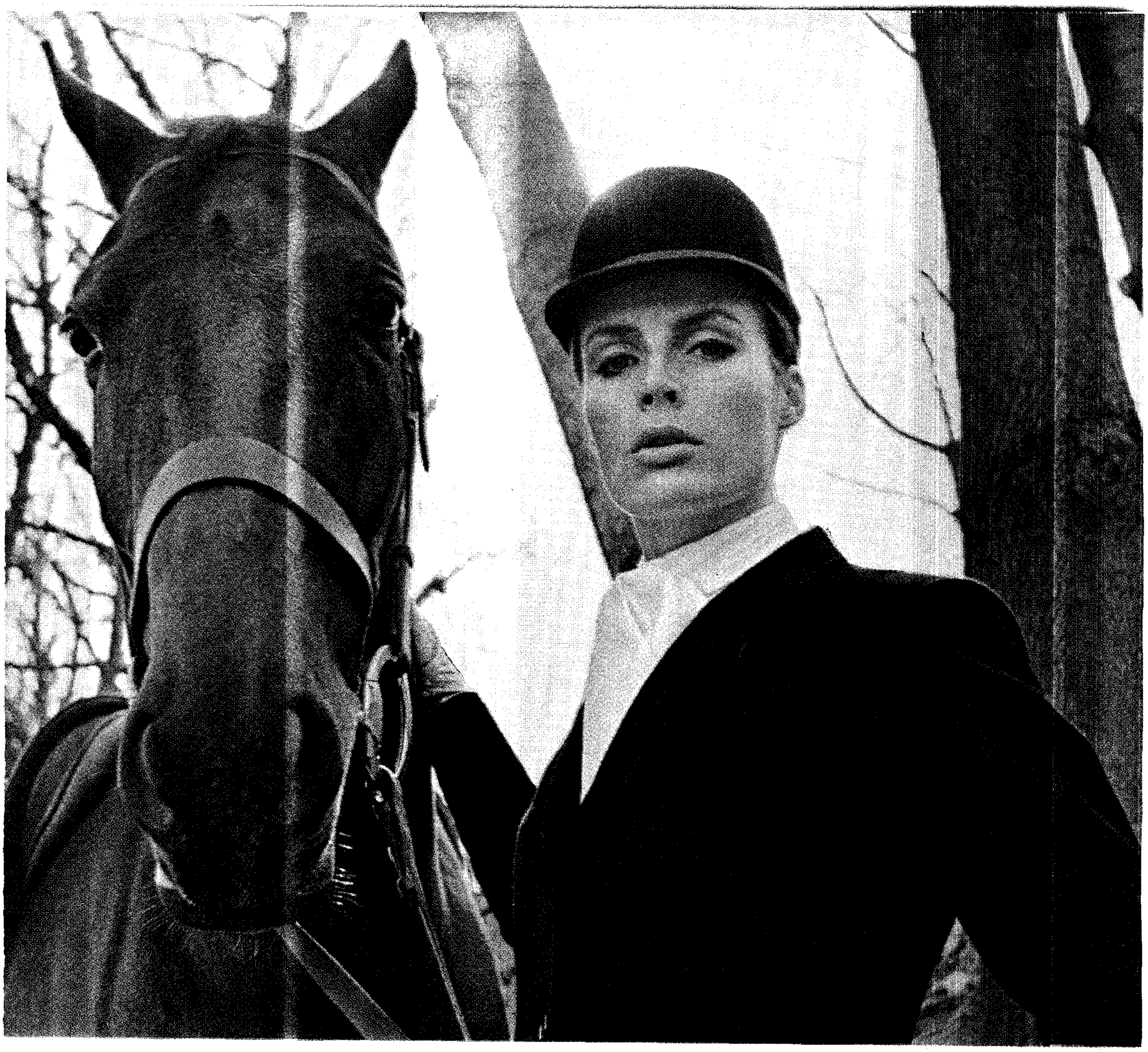

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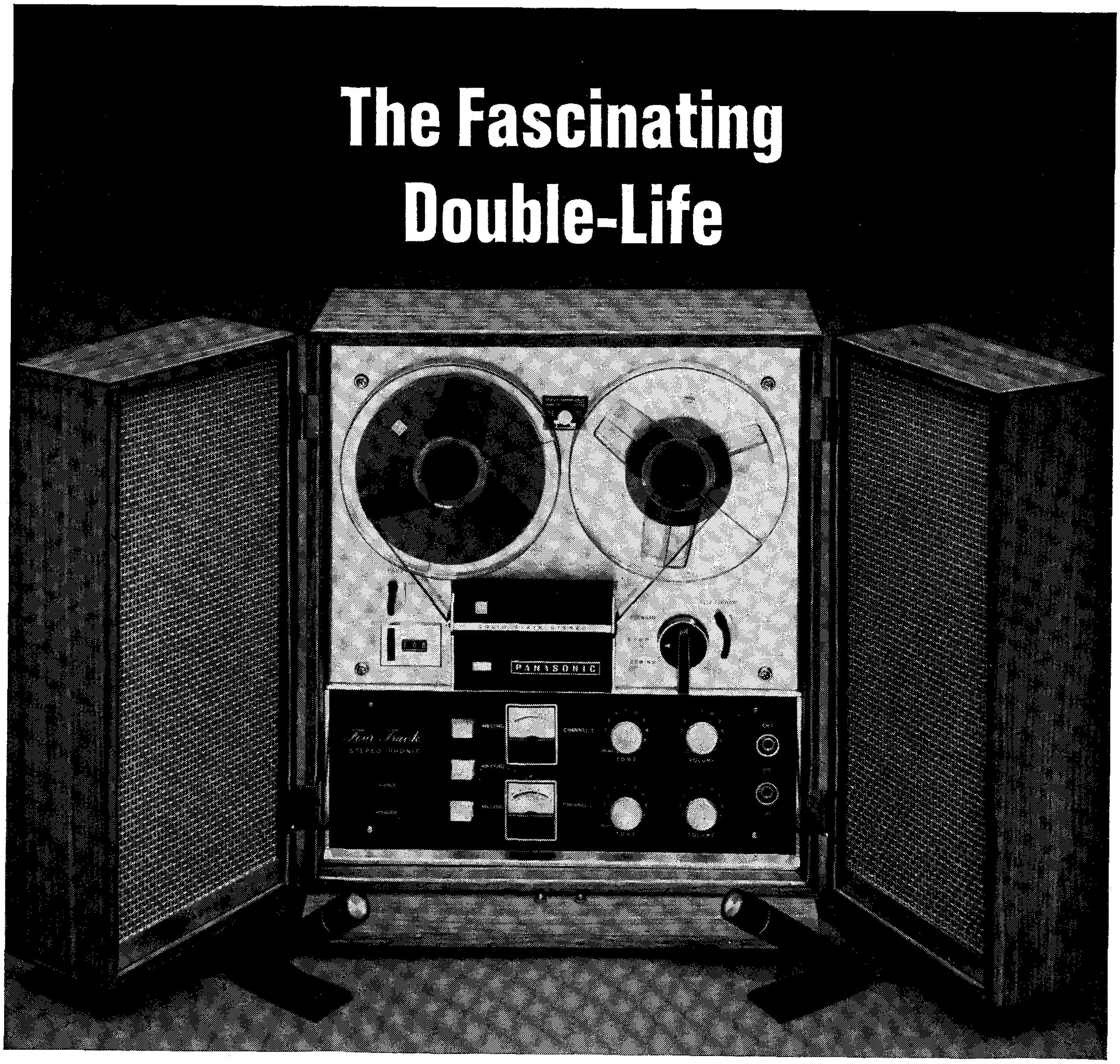

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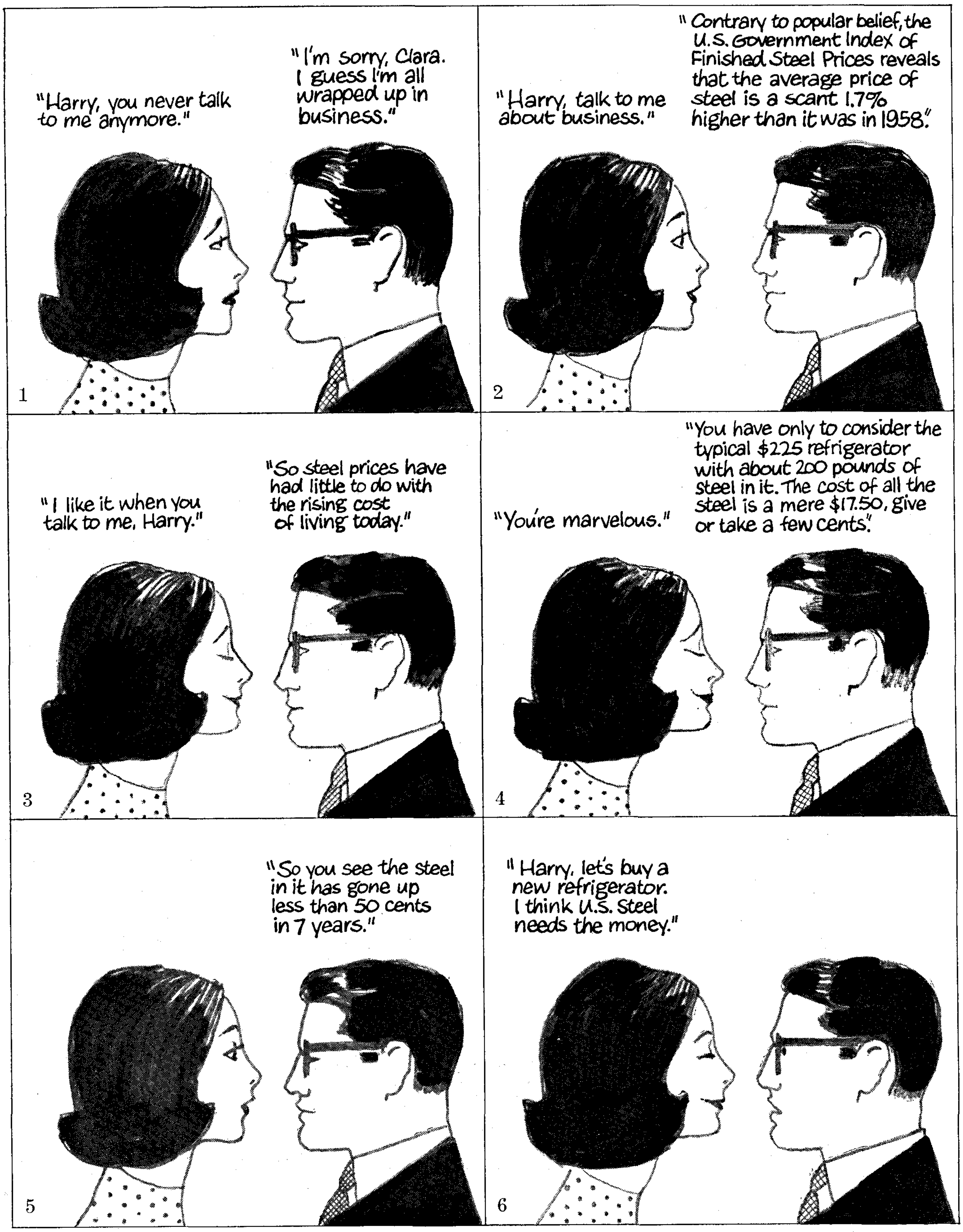
"Harry, you never talk to me anymore."
"I'm sorry, Clara. I guess I'm all wrapped up in business."
1
"Harry, talk to me about business."
"Contrary to popular belief, the U.S. Government Index of Finished Steel Prices reveals that the average price of steel is a scant 1.7% higher than it was in 1958."
2
"I like it when you talk to me, Harry."
"So steel prices have had little to do with the rising cost of living today."
3
"You're marvelous."
"You have only to consider the typical $225 refrigerator with about 200 pounds of steel in it. The cost of all the steel is a mere $17.50, give or take a few cents."
4
"So you see the steel in it has gone up less than 50 cents in 7 years."
5
"Harry, let's buy a new refrigerator. I think U.S. Steel needs the money."
6

Steel costs less, pays higher wages,
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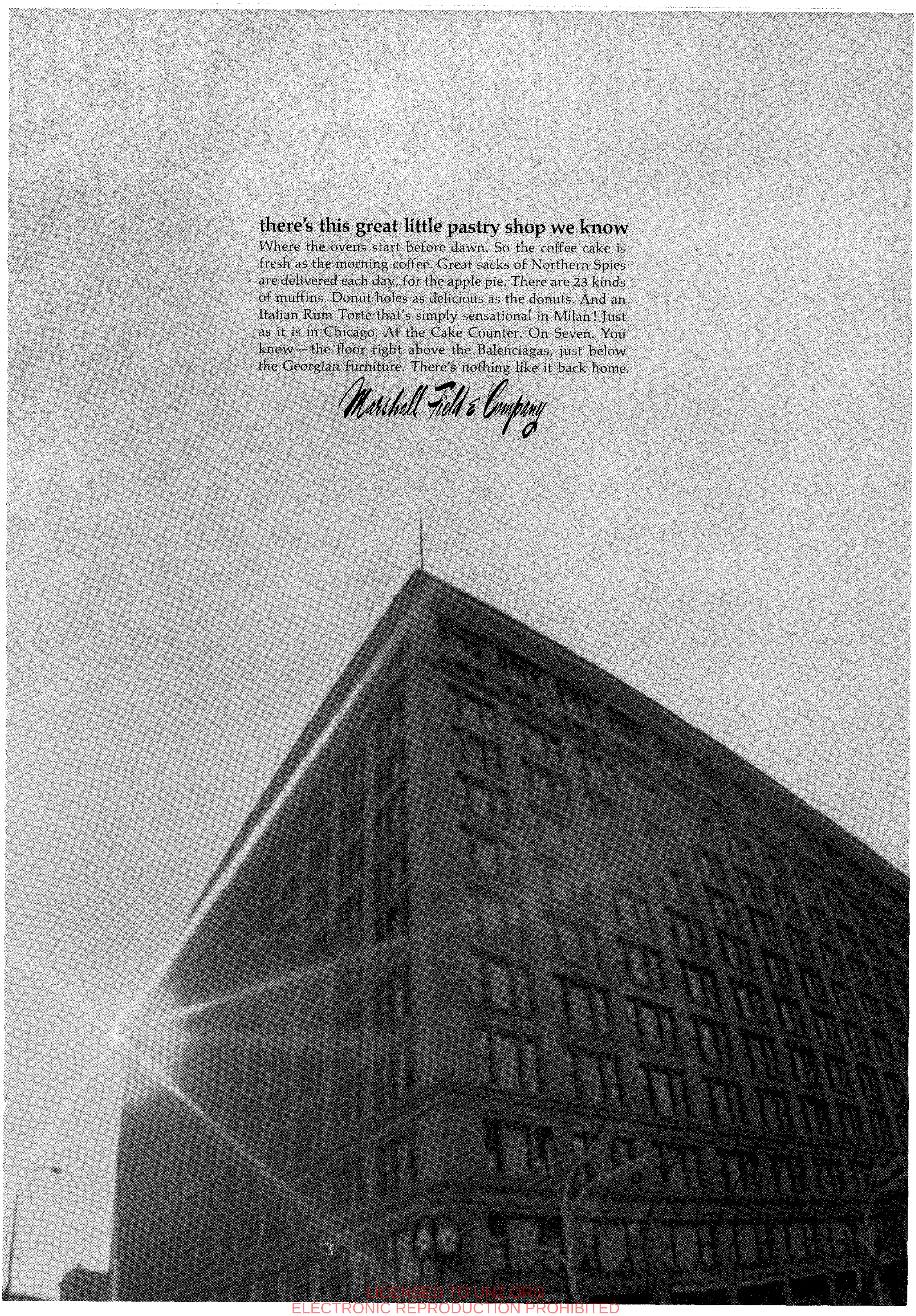

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Sooner or later you and the Portuguese are going to find out you don't speak the same language.

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1. **Pardon me, but can you tell me where the men's room is?**
   Desculpe-me, pode dizer-me onde é o toilette?
   Dehs-KUHL-peh-MEH, POH-deh dee-ZEHR-meh OHN-deh EH oh twah-LEH-teh?

2. **Please. Thank you.**
   Faça favor. Obrigado.
   FAH-sah fah-VOHR. Oh-bree-GAH-doh.

3. **Have you a room with a bath?**
   Tem um quarto com banho?
   Tengh oongh KWAHR-toh kongh BAH-n'yoh?

4. **How much does it cost?**
   Quanto custa isto?
   KWAHN-toh KOOHSH-tah EEHSH-toh?

5. **The ladies' room, please?**
   Faça favor, onde é a sala das senhoras?
   FAH-sah fah-VOHR, OHN-deh EH ah SAH-la dahs seh-n'YOH-rahsh?

6. **Would you like to dance?**
   Dá-me o prazer de dançar comigo?
   DAH-meh oh prah-ZEHR deh dahn-SAHR coh-MEE-goh?

7. **Is there a discotheque in town?**
   Há algum discotheque na cidade?
   Ah ahl-GOONGH discotheque nah cee-DAH-deh?

8. **Where's the nearest garage?**
   Onde é a mais próxima garage?
   OHN-deh EH ah mighsh PROH-see-mah gah-RAH-geh?

9. **Take me to an American restaurant.**
   Leve-me a um restaurante americano.
   LEH-veh-meh ah oongh rehsh-tah'oo-RAHN-teh ah-meh-ree-KAH-noh.

10. **What's your phone number?**
    Qual é o seu número de telefóne?
    KWAHL EH oh SEH'oo NOO-meh-roh deh teh-leh-PHOH-neh?

11. **Take me to the nearest Swissair office.**
    Leve-me ao escritório da Swissair mais perto.
    LEH-veh-meh AH'oo ehs-cree-TOH-ryoh dah Swissair mighs PEHR-toh.

12. **Hello. Goodbye.**
    Olá. Adeus.
    Oh-LAH. Ah-DEH-oosh.

13. **Something cheaper, please.**
    Tem algum mais barato?
    Tengh ahl-GOONGH mighsh bah-RAH-toh?

14. **Do you speak English?**
    Fala o senhor inglês?
    FAH-lah oh seh-n'YOHR een-GLEHSH?

15. **I love you.**
    Quero-lhe muito.
    KEH-roh-'lyeh MWEEN-toh.

16. **It's too much.**
    É muito caro.
    EH MWEEN-toh. KAH-roh.

17. **Yes.** Sim. *Seengh.* **No.** Não. *Noungh.*

18. **I want it.**
    Quero isto
    KEH-roh EESH-toh.

19. **I like it.**
    Gosto disto.
    GOSH-toh DEESH-toh

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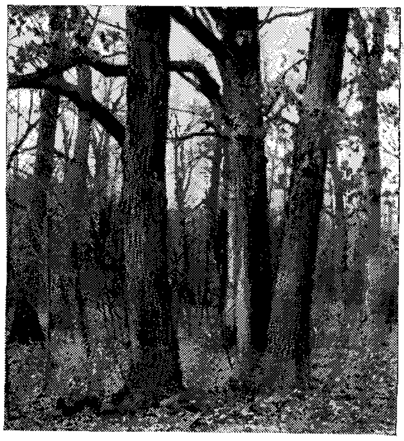

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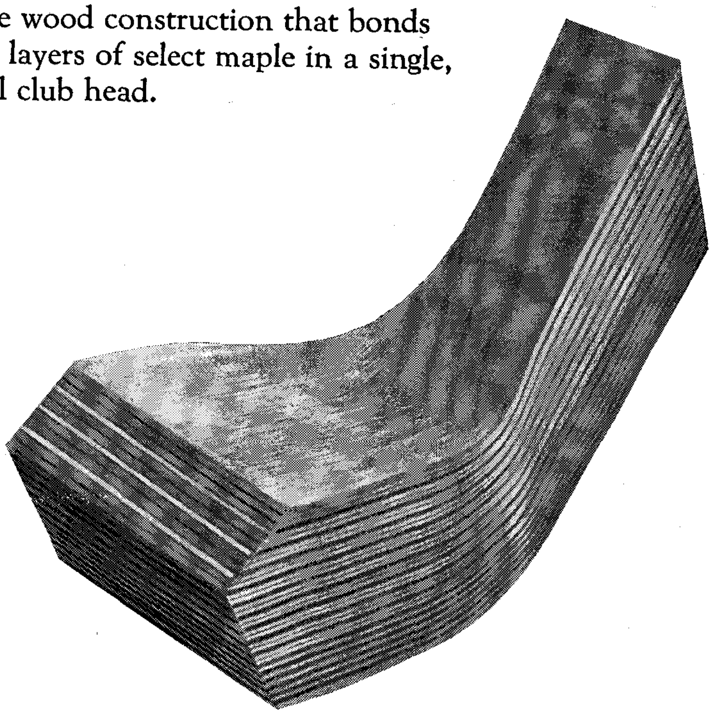
That slab of "natural" wood may contain any number of hidden "natural" flaws to weaken it and reduce its hitting power.

Happily, Wilson solved this problem years ago by introducing Strata-Bloc®, the exclusive wood construction that bonds together layers of select maple in a single, powerful club head.

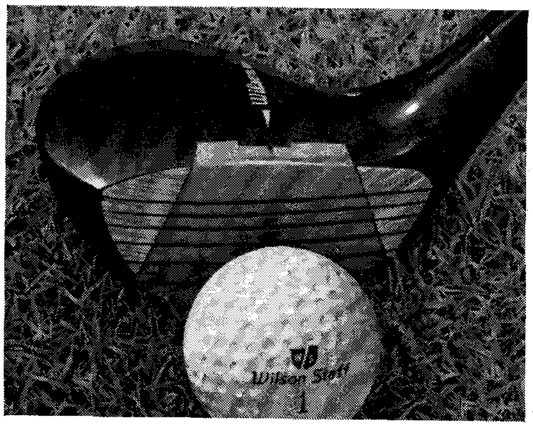


Strata-Bloc actually improves on nature: It is as lively and resilient as natural wood—and it is stronger. It is absolutely uniform in balance, density and "feel". It won't warp, swell or split under normal conditions.

And it directs the tough end-grains of wood against the ball for the booming, fairway-shrinking distance today's game demands.

Strata-Bloc is 25 years old this year. It is still the only real improvement in wood head construction since the game began.

Maybe that explains why, year after year, more golfers buy Strata-Bloc than any other woods.



Isn't it time you joined the swing to Strata-Bloc?

You're not really getting good wood on the ball until you play Wilson Staff Strata-Bloc woods.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

Available only through golf professional shops.

One good Peugeot

JUST MARRIED

That's the story of Peugeot's life. People who once buy a Peugeot seem to come back for another. And another. ❦ There must be a reason. Perhaps they found that Peugeot lasts far longer than other cars—after all, Peugeot has been judged the "Toughest Car in the World" by American Rodding Magazine. Perhaps they enjoyed Peugeot's response and maneuverability. Or the great mileage. Or the $500 worth of extras that don't cost a penny extra. ❦ You'll find reasons of your own once you test drive a Peugeot. Do it today. Chances are you'll come back for more. And more.

For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Department NY-22,
97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, New York, or see your local dealer.

PEUGEOT
Over 75 Years of Quality

deserves another

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Towle silversmiths proudly invite you to enjoy a graceful new sterling pattern with a silken florentine finish, plain or with your monogram elegantly engraved.

introducing
R.S.V.P.

Most of these students have stereo phonographs of their own. Why do they bring their favorite records to Pete's room?

The records sound better there. It's that simple.

We found out all about Pete's room from his dad. Pete's father happens to work for our advertising agency. So it was natural that when Pete left for college this fall, he took along one of our portable stereo phonographs—the Model Eleven.

A few weeks ago Pete's father visited his son at school. After discussing Pete's grades, the lack of qualified quarterbacks and the abundance of pretty coeds, he asked Pete about the record player.

It was fine, Pete said. But he had a complaint. It interfered with his sleep. It seems that after the other students in the dorm heard the Eleven, they began bringing their records to Pete's room. At all hours.

Not a man to fumble an opportunity, Pete's father asked if KLH could tell the story in an ad. Pete asked his friends and they agreed.

Some of Pete's friends are in the photo above. Ironically, Pete isn't. He had to go to class. But Pete told us that it's not unusual for his friends to use his Eleven when he's gone. "They've kind of adopted it," he said.

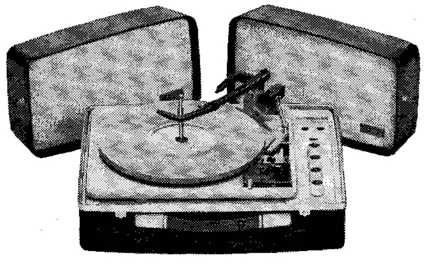
When we took the picture, we decided to ask Pete's friends for some testimonials.

Elliot—he's the one kneeling in the center—said: "Pete's phonograph makes the music sound bigger. I hear things on my records now that I never knew were on them."

Richie—he's sitting on the bed at the left—said: "I play French Horn so I figure I know how the instrument should sound. Pete has a machine that makes a horn sound like a horn."

That's the story of Pete's room. For more on the Model Eleven, go to your KLH dealer. Write to us for a list of them, plus information on all music systems by KLH.* The address is: KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, Dept. NY-1.

*A trademark of the KLH Research & Development Corp.



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KLH

30 CROSS STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Surprising Amsterdam has 636 picturesque bridges—another reason to start your trip in KLM's hometown.

"Our first night in Europe, we took the candlelight cruise of Amsterdam –with wine, by George!"

Many travelers say this is the most spectacular sightseeing cruise in the world.

As you board your glass-topped boat, you hear music. You sip a bit of wine, relax, and glide straight into the 17th century.

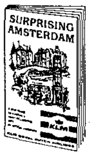
What a way to *start* Europe. You're meeting the Old World in the one city that still *looks* Old World—Surprising Amsterdam.

You'll cruise past miles of floodlit canal houses. See glittering flower barges. Pass *under* famous illuminated bridges. (Be sure to toast the Magere Brug, above—a landmark since Rembrandt's day.)

This "first nighter" cruise is only one Amsterdam surprise. For more, get KLM's *free* book. You'll soon see why Amsterdam is one of Europe's *four* most popular cities.

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES



208-page guidebook. Get one free from your travel agent. Or, send 25¢ for mailing costs to: KLM, Box 1869, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

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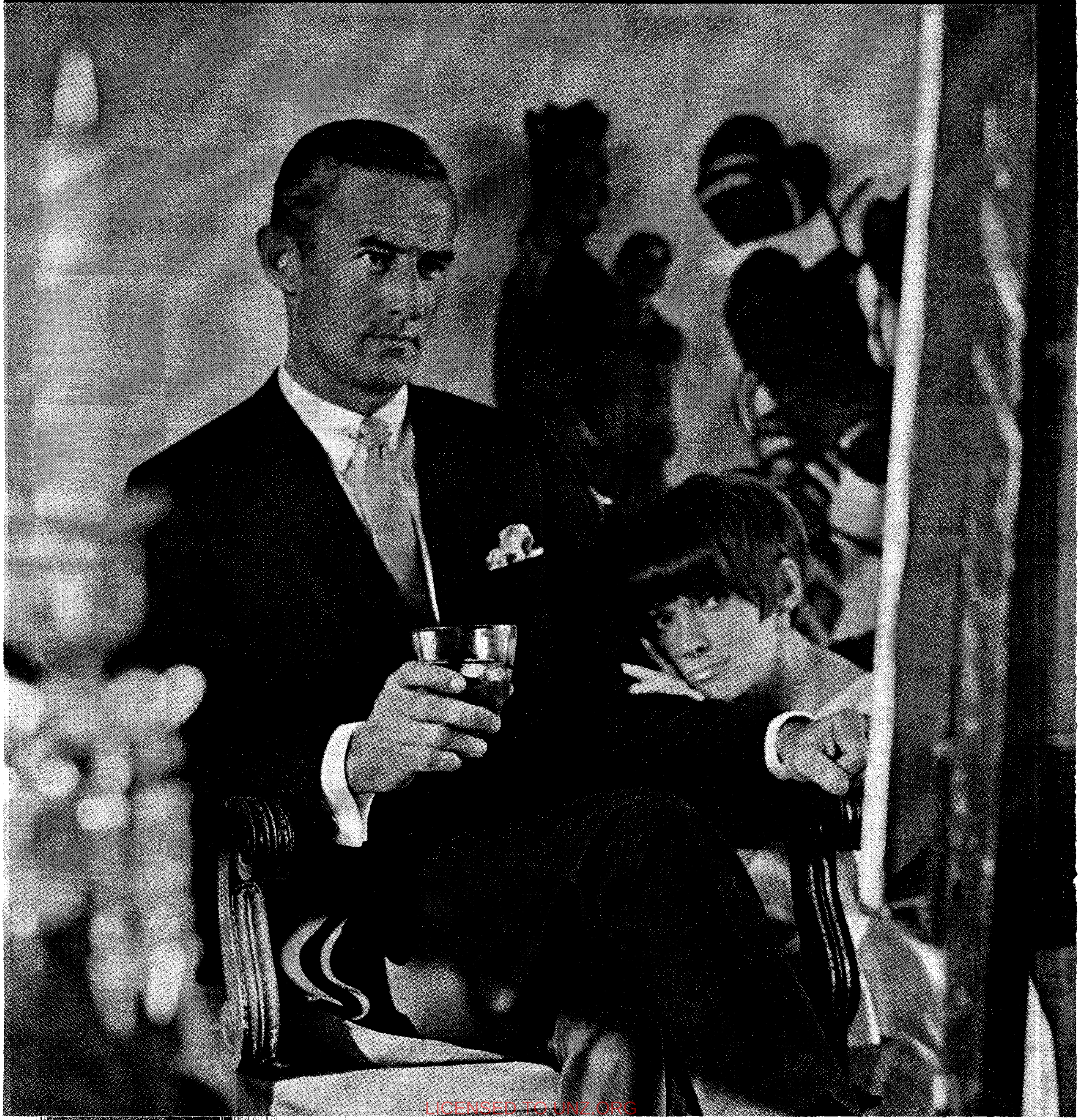
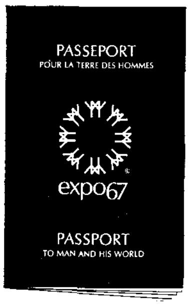
The Norman Hilton Summer Suit

Combines comfort with grooming that will satisfy the most meticulous man. The cut is Norman Hilton's light unpadded specialty. The cloths are 8 oz. maximum—porous and cool. They tailor flawlessly, are notable for shape retention and resistance to wrinkling and wear. Plains, checks, stripes, plaids in colors and weaves that are unmistakably Norman Hilton. Eminently appropriate for any business or informal social occasion. From $125.00 at knowledgeable men's stores. Super fine worsted tropicals from England from $165.00. Norman Hilton, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019. LT 1-1370.

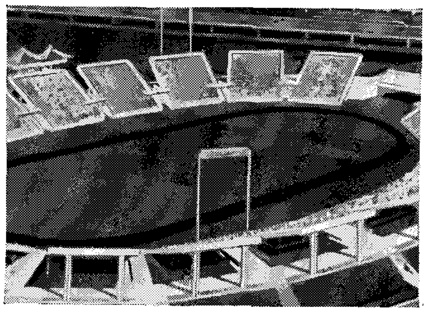


Take a round trip to Montreal, Canada, in 1967 and see the best of 70 other countries for only $1.70 extra

This is Expo 67: a world exhibition and international spectacle such as has never been seen this side of the Atlantic. Where the governments of at least 70 countries —probably more—will vie in friendly rivalry to show you their best. Where you'll see the amazing story of "Man and his World"—his progress, his aspirations and his future. Expo 67 opens in Montreal on April 28th, 1967, for six momentous months—the first World Exhibition of the First Category ever held in North America. Your Passport to it all costs just $1.70. Or with a Weekly Passport, as little as 85 cents a day.



This is your Passport to Expo 67. If you buy it now at the reduced advance price, it costs $1.70. Or you can get a Weekly Passport (7 consecutive days) for $6, or only 85 cents a day! Big savings, too, on Season Passports, and Youth Passports, for 13-21 age group. Children 2-12, half price. (Prices in U.S. funds. Ages as on April 28, 1967). On sale wherever you see the sign "Official Expo 67 Centre".



25,000-seat Expo Stadium, setting for spectacles, sports events.

African Place, to feature individual exhibits of 15 nations.

The Expo 67 theme is "Man and his World". In a wonderland of imaginative exhibits, you'll see the marvels of science, exploration, the arts and industry. You'll discover the silent world of the polar icecap, the shadowy ocean depths, the immensity of outer space.

You'll meet people from every corner of the earth. In a series of great national pavilions, the nations of the world will proudly show you their achievements. When you visit them, each country will add its distinctive stamp to your Expo 67 Passport, making it a unique souvenir.

Expo 67 will present the arts. For one glorious season, an international feast of drama, ballet, grand opera, symphony and cinema will be spread before you. A new 25,000-seat stadium will present open-air spectacles — a great military tattoo, the Mounties' famous Musical Ride, a world horse show, and the thrill-a-minute display of the Gendarmerie Française, on their first visit to North America.

The setting for all this is a group of islands, largely man-made, in the broad St. Lawrence River. At this moment a magical world city is rising, against a backdrop of the skyline of the new Montreal.

Expo 67 will be absorbing, inspiring, stimulating. AND ALSO FUN. You'll have the time of your life. Imagine a million reflected lights dancing on the waters, a thousand flags, fireworks, fountains, bands. You'll see the colourful dances, hear the lively songs of half the world. You'll find out what people from around the world do for fun. And in scores of fascinating restaurants, you'll sample the exotic dishes of authentic native cuisines.

Your Passport to Expo 67 will cover your admission to *all* the Theme Pavilions, *all* the National Pavilions, plus transportation around the Expo 67 islands by the Expo Express. Make it a date. Come to Montreal in 1967 (you don't need the *other* kind of passport to enter Canada), and meet the world.

CANADIAN CORPORATION
FOR THE 1967
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1 Place Ville Marie, Montreal, P.Q.

APRIL 28-OCTOBER 27, 1967
MONTREAL

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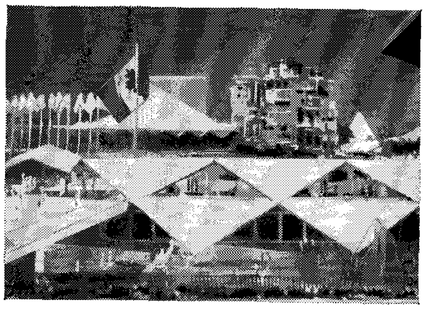
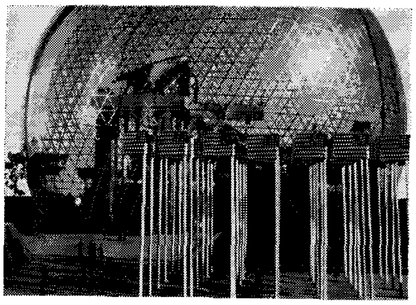
Theme Pavilions will display the panorama of "Man and his World".

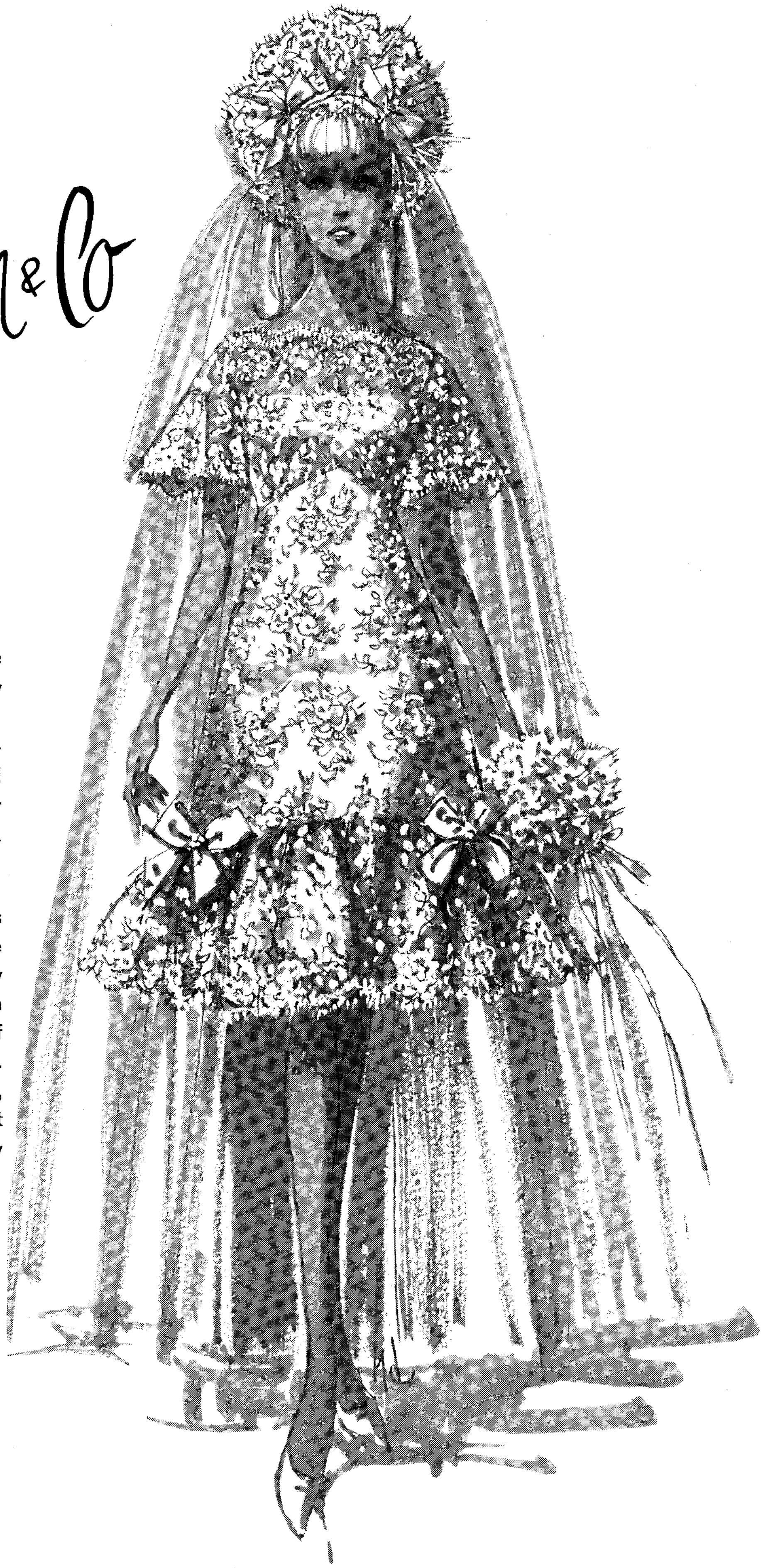
The Canadian Pavilion, with theatres, arts and children's centres.



The great dome of the U.S.A. Pavilion, presenting "Creative America".



B Altman & Co



Weddings are for the young... and brides of today love this enchanting little lace, very definitely in the new tradition. You'll find it in our Bridal Salon on the third floor of our Fifth Avenue store at 165.00... the halo mantilla veil is 65.00.

Traditions change and Altman's changes with them, to reflect the special point of view of New York's smartest women...with an unchanging tradition of friendly service. Come see us. B. Altman & Co. Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and in early 1967, Ridgewood/Paramus.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

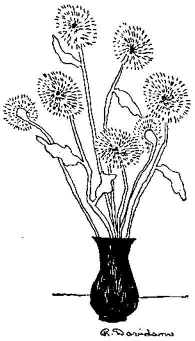
Notes and Comment

EVERYONE'S death is to some degree outrageous, but there are people who, by virtue of their youth and talent, make the outrage of their deaths felt like a blow in the face. These deaths are sometimes all the harder to bear because the occasion of them is so sadly appropriate. A couple of weeks ago, we received in the mail an announcement concerning a novel that Random House was just about to publish. The novel was called "Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me," and its author was Richard Fariña. The announcement was calculated to gain our attention on the strength of its being the actual dust jacket of the novel. On the back of the jacket was a photograph of the author—a slight, handsome young man with thick dark hair and with eyes that were staring with alert good humor at a point somewhere to the right. He simply stood there out-of-doors, in a scuffed pea jacket, a young man eager and unwary and full of promise, snapped in what people call a speaking likeness. Accompanying the photograph was the usual potted biography:

> Richard Fariña was born of a Cuban father and Irish mother, both of whom came to this country during the thirties. He spent time with them in Brooklyn, Cuba, and Northern Ireland. At eighteen, he worked with members of the Irish Republican Army but eventually had to leave the country. Much the same for Cuba, which he visited often when Castro was still in the mountains, and again during the heavy fighting in Santa Clara, and while the revolutionary army was entering Havana. After he left Cornell in '59 until late '63, he lived in London and Paris. The author writes that he made his living from "music, street-singing, script-writing, acting, a little smuggling, anything to hang on. Lost thirty pounds."
>
> In 1963 Mr. Fariña married Mimi Baez and returned to California, where he finished *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me*. His shorter work has appeared in such magazines as *Poetry*, *The Atlantic*, and *Mademoiselle*, and his plays have been produced at Cornell University and at The Image Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Fariña is also a respected folk-rock singer and composer. He and his wife had a great success at the Newport Folk Festival and on tour, and two of their record albums have recently been released. The . . . *Times* . . . called the second, *Reflections in a Crystal Wind*, "wild, imaginative, poetic, surprising." The Fariñas occasionally make their home in Carmel Highlands, California.

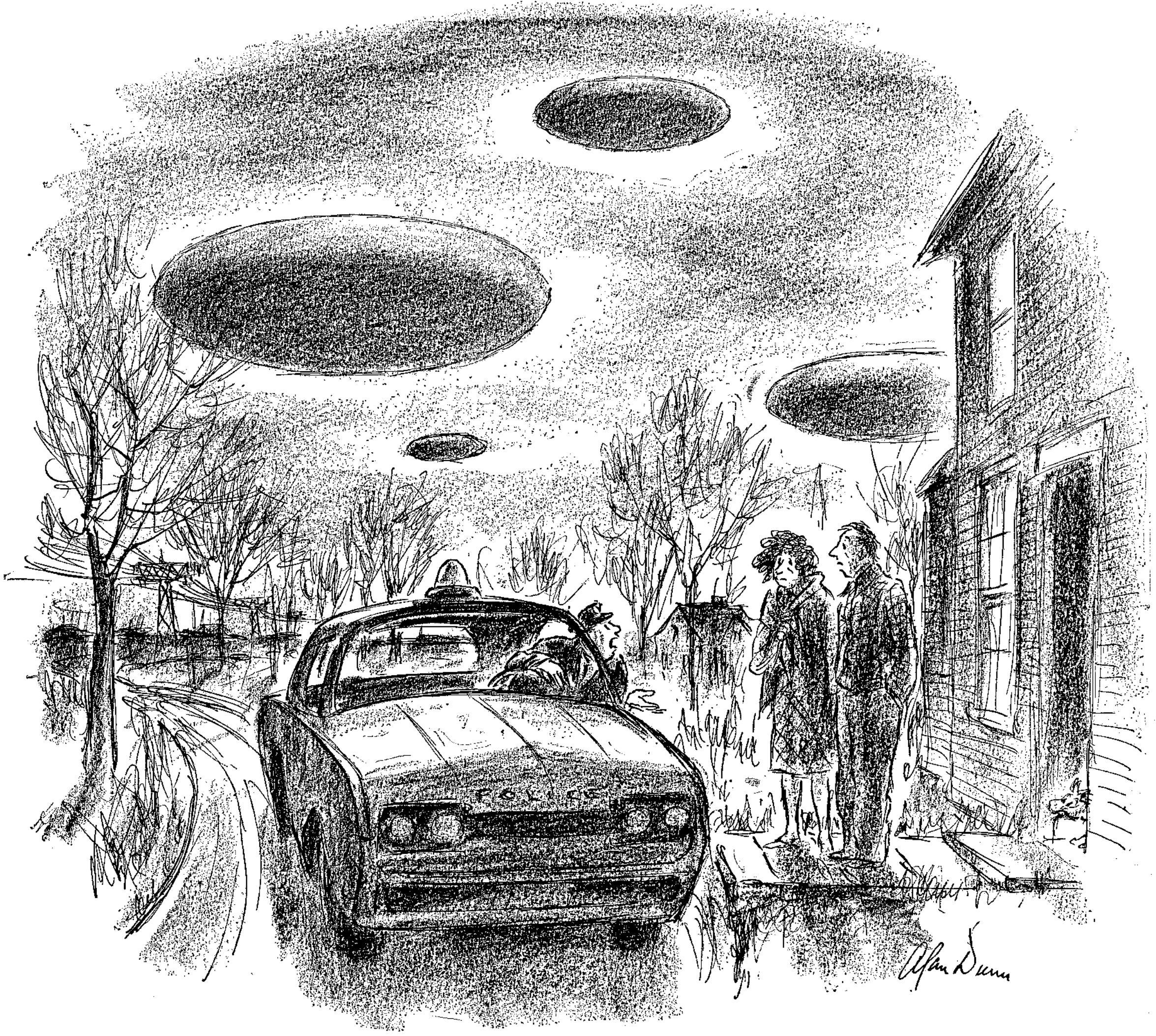
Last week, we saw a brief item in the *Times* headed, in eleven-point type, "FOLKSINGER KILLED IN CRASH ON COAST." The dateline was Carmel, and the story deserves, like the biography, to be given in full:

> Richard Fariña, the folksinger, was killed in a motorcycle accident here last night only a few hours after the publication of his first novel.
>
> Mr. Fariña, 29 years old, a native of New York City and brother-in-law of another folksinger, Joan Baez, was thrown from a motorcycle driven by a friend.
>
> Officers of the California Highway Patrol said the motorcycle appeared to have been traveling at a "terrific" speed when it skidded off a road, sailed over a five-foot bank, and plunged through two fences.
>
> Mr. Fariña was killed instantly and the driver, William Hind, 29, of Pacific Grove, Calif., was taken to a hospital with serious injuries.
>
> Mr. Fariña's novel, "Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me," was published yesterday by Random House. He had appeared at an autograph party in Carmel a few hours before the accident.
>
> He and his French-born wife, the former Mimi Baez, had recorded two folk albums. They moved to the Carmel area three years ago.
>
> Mr. Fariña studied engineering and literature at Cornell University before embarking on a singing career.



The Armory

DEMOLITION of the Squadron A Armory has been under way for several weeks, and by the middle of July the brick parapets and turrets of the splendidly obsolete old fortress that occupies the entire block bounded by Madison Avenue, Park Avenue, Ninety-fourth Street, and Ninety-fifth Street will have been razed to make way for a new junior high school. The present Armory building includes the old 8th Regiment Armory, which was built after the Civil War on Park Avenue, and the original Squadron A Armory, which was built in 1895 on Madison Avenue, and its exterior walls remained largely unchanged, although great internal alterations were made over the years. Squadron A began as a mounted political club, which took part in parades during the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884, and it continued for some years as a private troop of horsemen, who called themselves the First New York Dragoons. In 1889, the Dragoons were mustered into the New York National Guard as Troop A, the first cavalry arm of the state, and Troop A was reorganized as Squadron A just before the Armory was completed. Because the Squadron was made up of men of wealth, social prominence, and equestrian ability, it soon acquired considerable social and military prestige; it was often called out to act as escort for Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Governors, and foreign dignitaries, and on those occasions it presented a colorful spectacle, with its mounted band, handsome horses, and full-dress uniforms, which consisted of a short hussar tunic of pale blue with black braid decoration and yellow cavalry facings, plus a black astrakhan busby with gilt insignia and a horsehair pompon. Weekly drill sessions, which featured such equestrian feats as riding without stirrups, riding bareback, taking hurdles bareback, and reaching low from the saddle at a gallop, were held in a small, gas-lighted riding ring on the Ninety-fourth Street level of the Armory, as



"If the Air Force says they don't exist, then they don't exist. Right?"

• •

were the Squadron's annual games. These featured melees in which platoons of horsemen, armed with sticks and wearing helmets with colored plumes, lined up and went for one another, beating at hostile helmets until those of one side or the other lost their ornamentation. Squadron A sent a volunteer troop to Puerto Rico in 1898 to serve in the Spanish-American War. The Squadron was called into federal service for the first time in 1916 and dispatched to the Mexican border, and a year later it was again mustered into federal service, as the 105th Machine Gun Battalion of the 27th Division, which saw action in Belgium and France.

When the 105th Machine Gun Battalion was demobilized at the end of the war, Squadron A again became part of the National Guard, but changes in its organization and its name were imposed by higher military authority, and within ten years it was officially known as Manhattan Units, 101st Cavalry. During this period, changes were also made in the Armory building. A large combination riding hall and indoor polo field was constructed after the war, when Squadron A took over the old 8th Regiment Armory, and additional stables were installed under it on the Ninety-fifth Street level of the building. The new stables not only housed the horses of the Squadron but provided quarters for the ponies of the Squadron A Polo Club, which had been founded at the turn of the century, and for the horses of Troop C of the Police Department's mounted division, which moved into the Armory at this time. In 1927, the interior of the original Squadron A Armory was remodelled, and the Association of Ex-Members of Squadron A, which was founded in 1903, acquired permanent quarters in the building. Between the two world wars, the Armory flourished with equestrian activity, including polo matches, horse shows, and mounted military tournaments, and during this time approximately two hundred horses were quartered in its stables. When the 101st Cavalry was mechanized, in 1942, sixty-six horses belonging to the federal government were sent to Virginia, and after the Second World War, when the 101st again became part of the National Guard, some of the stables were converted into motor pools for military vehicles. From then on, the Armory gradually became obsolete for modern military use, and last year, when the State of New York finally relinquished it to the city, its tenants were given notice to leave. In October, the Association of Ex-Members moved to the Biltmore Hotel; in November the Headquarters and Headquarters Troop, 1st Squadron, of the 101st Cavalry took their equipment and personnel to an armory on Staten Island; in December the polo players removed their thirty-seven ponies to stables in the country; and early in March fifty-seven horses belonging to the mounted police were taken to temporary stables at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. A week later, the National Guard people removed the cornerstone of the Armory, which for more than seventy years had proclaimed the Squadron A motto—"*Boutez en Avant*"—to passersby on Madison Avenue, and shortly afterward a crew of workmen from the Kaiser-Nelson Steel & Salvage Corporation began to tear the building down.

At this point, we arranged to take a final tour of the Armory with Mr. Frank Mugavin, who has been associated with Squadron A since 1932, first as a bookkeeper, then as a master sergeant, and finally as a warrant officer, and who became assistant superintendent of the building in 1953. A stocky, rugged-looking man in his late fifties, Mr. Mugavin is now superintendent of an armory in Brooklyn. We met him, on an overcast day, at the Ninety-fifth Street entrance of the Squadron A Armory, where we also met Mr. William Perrin, an equally rugged-looking man in his late forties, who is foreman of the Kaiser-Nelson demolition crew. Letting us into the building, Mr. Perrin explained that the electricity had been shut off, and handed Mr. Mugavin a large flashlight; then, with Mr. Mugavin leading the way, the three of us started down a dank, cavernous corridor toward the Ninety-fourth Street side. As we went, Mr. Mugavin pointed out the site of the original Squadron A stables, which had been converted into storerooms, and Mr. Perrin pointed out piles of red rat poison that had been scattered here, there, and everywhere by exterminators just before the demolition work began. Eventually, we reached a ramp leading to the riding hall and polo field, and here, because the timbers of the roof had been removed, we found ourself looking up at a gray sky through a network of steel bow trusses being cut by workmen with acetylene torches. A scoreboard suspended above the western end of the riding hall still gave the result—Westchester 9, Fairfield 6—of the last polo match played at the Armory, and as we were examining it a pigeon flew in and perched on top of it.

A few minutes later, Mr. Perrin went off to give instructions to some workmen at the far end of the riding hall, and for the next half hour we continued to roam through the Armory with Mr. Mugavin. Among the rooms we looked into were an office on the main floor of the building that had panelled walls inscribed with the names of men who had served in Squadron A, and a mural map showing where various battles were fought by the 105th Machine Gun Battalion in Belgium and France; a lounge on the fourth floor of the southwest turret that contained an upended piano, a pile of military manuals, and a copy of Volume II of the Adjutant General's Report of 1866; and a classroom in the northwest turret that held a large sandbox, in which military problems and tactics had been demonstrated with miniature models.

When we had finished exploring the northwest turret, Mr. Perrin rejoined us and took us up a fire escape that climbed to a battlemented wall overlooking the eastern half of the Armory. From this vantage point we found ourself looking down upon a pair of workmen who were cutting through a bow truss above the polo field, and several workmen who were clearing timbers from the floor below.

For some moments, Mr. Mugavin gazed at this scene; then he turned to Mr. Perrin. "What'll you do with all that stuff?" he asked.

"Sell it," Mr. Perrin replied. "Trusses, beams, girders, pipe, roofing, copper drains—you name it and we'll dig up a customer. Later this month, when we begin battering in the walls, we'll sell the undamaged bricks."

At this point, there was a warning shout from below, and a few seconds later the center section of a bow truss dropped to the floor of the polo field with a tremendous crash, which shook the building and sent up a cloud of dust.

"Well, I bet you never thought you'd see anything like that," Mr. Perrin said, with a grin.

"No, I sure didn't," Mr. Mugavin replied. "I knew the Armory had become an impractical old barn, but I never thought they'd tear it down. Not in my lifetime, anyway."

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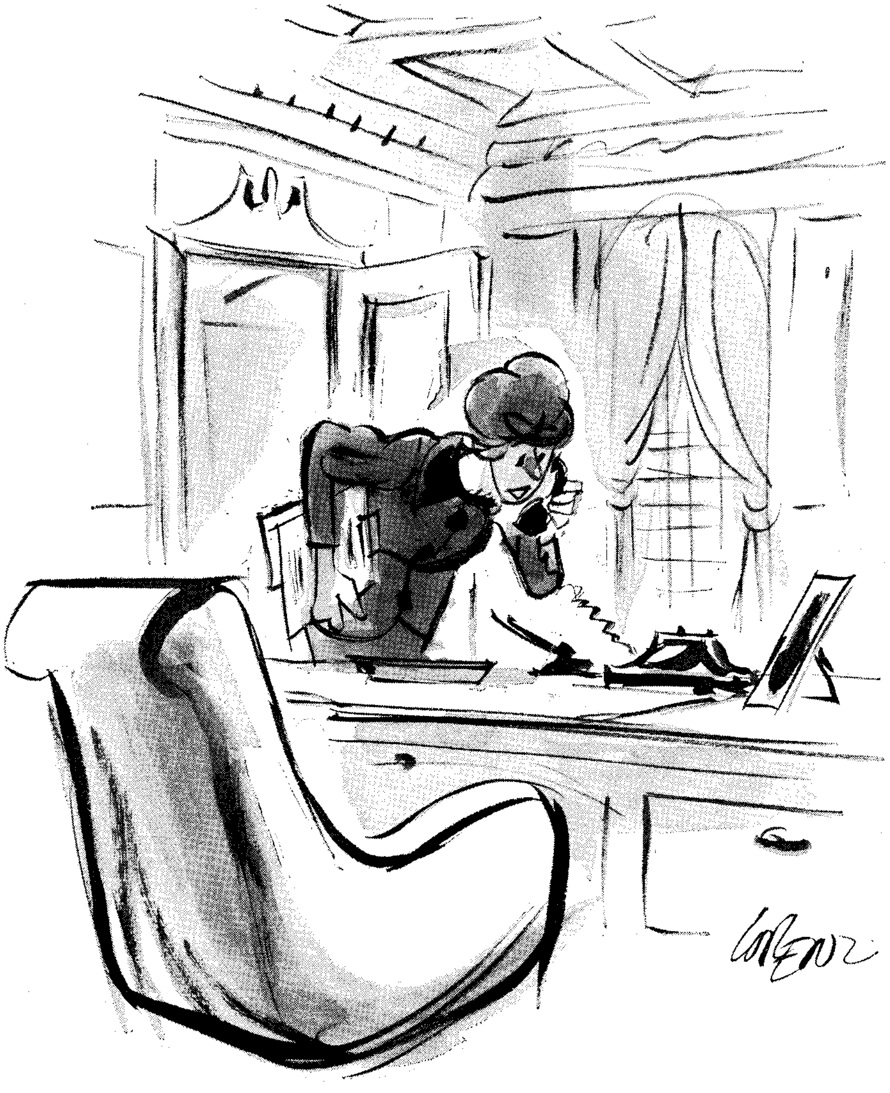
THE St. James's Street branch of Lloyd's Bank, Ltd., has the following cable address:

SHAKEDOWN LONDON SWI

Kennedy in New York

"PEOPLE all over the world are crying out for a better life, and they are going to get it either through free institutions or through a dictatorship of the left or right," said Senator Robert F. Kennedy, speaking in a quiet voice. The Senator, looking ruddy, wearing a blue suit and a blue striped tie, and smoking a cigar, was sitting in an easy chair in the living room of his apartment, overlooking the East River, one afternoon last week. Around the room—a cheerful yellow, with yellow curtains, a wall of books, some bright semi-abstract paintings, and a lot of photographs—sat about twenty-five graduate students, mostly from Columbia, who had been invited to come up and talk with the Senator, ask questions, and tell him their views. Two telephones on a nearby table kept lighting up and flashing silently as the afternoon moved along. Outside the east windows, beyond the dull-gray river, with its tugs and barges, were the signs of Queens (Pepsi-Cola, Sunshine Biscuits); to the south were the striped smokestacks of Con Edison, and the United Nations.

A student was asking about United



"I'm afraid the Commissioner won't be in today. He sprained his ankle trying to beat Mary Lindsay's throw to the plate."

States support of unpopular governments. "We keep coming up with losers," he said.

"It's very difficult for the United States to look at a hundred and fourteen countries and decide which governments are good governments and which governments are bad," Kennedy said. "Each one of them is involved in some kind of insurgency. What would you do in Thailand? What do you do in Venezuela? I wouldn't cut off aid to Chile, for example, just because they didn't agree with us on the Dominican situation. And Ghana. Do you help Nkrumah, even if he doesn't have the support of the people, so a dam can be built that might help the people? Sometimes you try to save the country, and then try to put in social reforms. It's damned complicated."

As he listened to a question, Kennedy would stare directly at the speaker. When he spoke, he sometimes crouched forward, occasionally gesturing with one hand.

"How would you characterize the people we are identifying ourselves with in Vietnam?" a student asked. "Does the word 'aggressor' have any meaning there?"

"Well, I don't think there's any question that the effort by the N.L.F. has been financed and supported by Hanoi," replied Kennedy. "They've supplied the matériel and, to a large extent, the men. But the N.L.F. could not have been as successful as it has if it did not have considerable support. I imagine only a small per cent are Communists and would want to be under the control of North Vietnam." He mentioned the hostility that exists in South Vietnam toward its own government, and toward the United States. "It has increased during the last twelve months, I think, owing to the increase of manpower, the bombing, the destruction of life," he said.

The talk turned to Latin America. "There are a lot of things we've ignored or let slide," Kennedy said. "In total foreign aid, we're giving a third of what we gave fifteen years ago. I would do much more. People work there from six in the morning to six at night for a dollar-fifty a week. The rich nations are getting richer, and the poor countries are getting poorer. . . . The question of land reform is complex. You can't just hand it over. . . . In the Alliance for Progress, private investment has fallen off. There should be greater investment by private enterprise; businessmen should develop a code for investment there, for dealing with labor unions, stock ownership, wages—all these questions that cause such bad feelings." He added, "I'm not nearly as pessimistic about the possibilities in Latin America as I am about Vietnam."

Kennedy was asked about the McCone report on the Watts riots.

"The report was valuable," said Kennedy. "There were some fairly conservative people on the commission, and it's one thing for *me* to say, 'Spend more on education and poverty,' and another for men like those on the commission—who might not have been so closely involved with these things—to say it."

An aide appeared in the doorway and said, "It's seven o'clock."

Kennedy nodded but kept on answering questions.

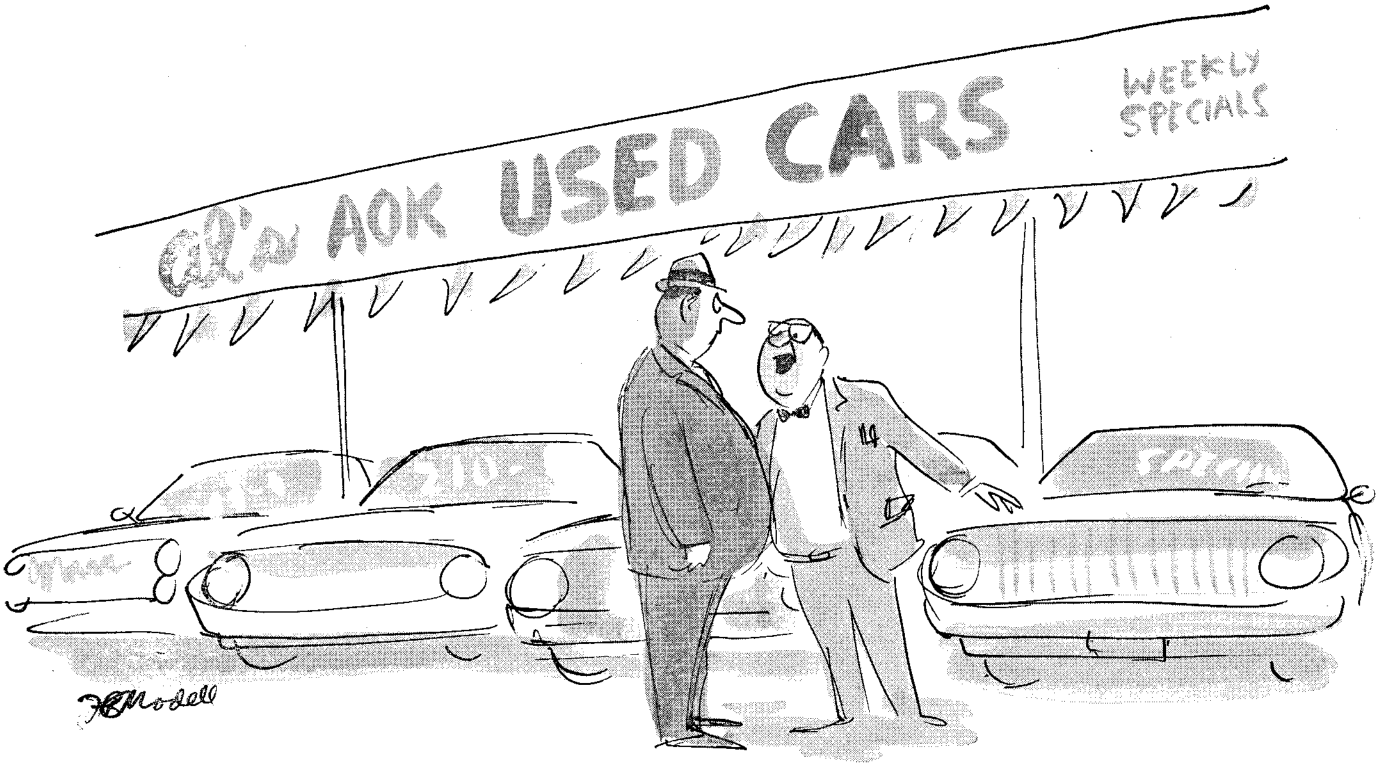
One girl, in phrasing a query, found herself directing a mild harangue toward Kennedy. As she grew more excited and didactic, Kennedy suddenly grinned. "You convinced me!" he said, and everybody—including the girl—laughed. In response to another question, he spoke about poverty in New York, where, he said, "a Negro child born in Harlem has twice as much chance of dying as a white child born elsewhere." He went on, "It's much easier to pass a law allowing a Negro to eat at Howard Johnson's or to spend a night at the Waldorf than it is to pass a law to increase job opportunities, to get more doctors, to improve schools and hospitals. . . . You aren't going to do a poverty program in this country with a billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars; it's a drop in the bucket." He paused. "We're the richest country in the world, and we have a responsibility—not only to the effort in Vietnam. A third of the money being spent there could be used here on poverty."

When time had run out, Kennedy thanked the students for coming, and said, "We have a lot of poverty projects going on in New York. If any of you are ever interested in becoming involved in the effort, we can use the help." The students gathered around to shake hands with him; each seemed to have a few words to add to the earlier discussions. One of them handed him a thick white booklet, saying, "I thought you might be interested in this essay I wrote about South America." Kennedy accepted it with a look of interest, and a moment later another student presented him with an even thicker document—this one in a blue cover.

"Should I read it all?" Kennedy called to the retreating student.

"No one else has!" replied the author.

A small, pretty girl of about eight appeared in the doorway, wearing a gray dress, white socks, and no shoes. She ran over to Kennedy, leaped up into his arms, and gave him a big hug. They chatted for a few moments, face to face, and then he put her down (she turned out to be Caroline Kennedy, the Senator's niece) and she wandered away through the crowd of students to one of the now empty sofas, where she sat bouncing happily. A student asked Kennedy if he would come and talk to a small discussion group at the student's college, and Kennedy said, "I'll try. I'll try." He shook a few more hands, and said, "You're all welcome to stay and have a drink," and then gradually worked his way back through the crowd toward a hall leading to his bedroom. He had to change into dinner clothes for an appearance at a banquet that evening. The students milled around, talking to one another ("If Humphrey doesn't get it in '72, he's had it." "When do you start your bar exams?" "He's become the only voice"), and a few minutes later Kennedy appeared at the far end of the hall, a dress shirt hanging out over his black trousers, and conferred with an aide. In the living room, Caroline began testing some leftover crackers, and chatting with a serious-looking student. Kennedy came back into the room, attaching his cummer-



"I happen to know Ralph Nader's mother drives this model."

• •

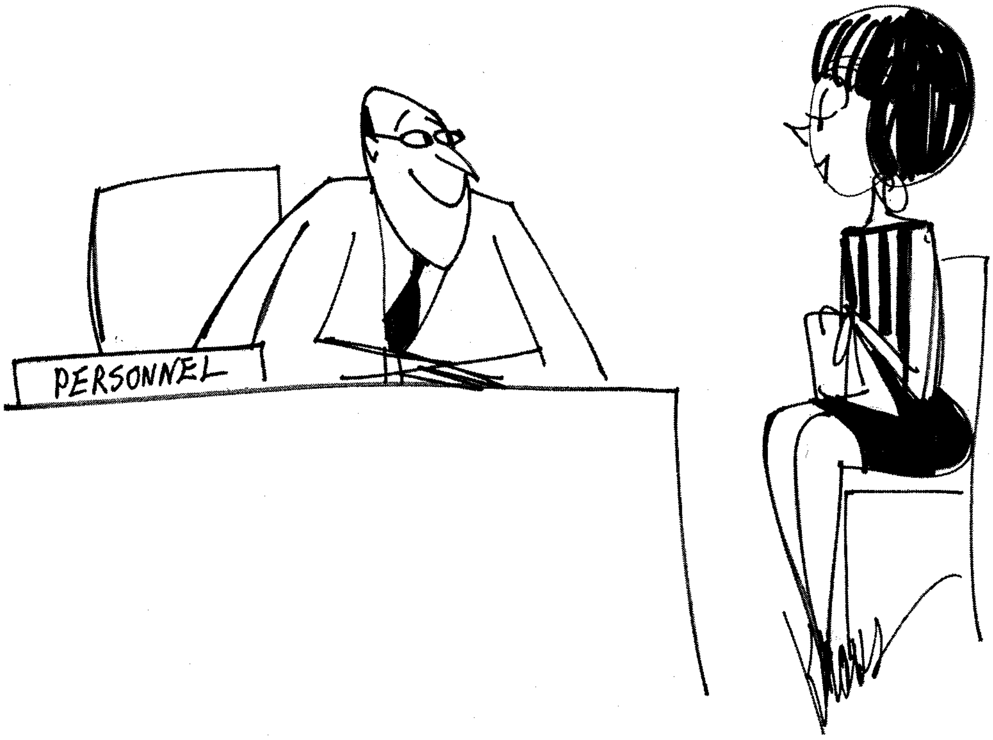
bund, talked to a student who was holding a book titled "Cases and Materials on Contracts," and then vanished again. Finally, the last of the guests departed, and shortly afterward Kennedy—now fully dressed in black tie, and accompanied by a couple of aides—went out into the hall to the elevator. Caroline, now wearing a coat and shoes and carrying a folded white handkerchief, caught up with her uncle, and reached up and tucked the handkerchief into his breast pocket. The elevator arrived, and they all went down. Kennedy, talking seriously with his aides, held Caroline's hand as they all crossed the lobby and went out into the street. It was seven-thirty.

An hour and a half later, Senator Jacob Javits (also in black tie) met Kennedy in the lobby of the Americana Hotel. He took Kennedy's elbow and walked with him to the escalator, talking amiably. They rode to the second floor, went through a kitchen where a number of waiters, eating dinner, nodded politely in greeting, and then stood in the wings just off the stage of a ballroom where twelve hundred people were attending a banquet of the New York Urban League. On the dais were about seventy-five principal guests, including former Mayor Wagner (Mayor Lindsay had delivered a speech and left), Theodore Kheel, and Whitney Young. A speech was in progress, but Harry Van Arsdale, sitting at the near end of the nearest table, spotted the two senators and crept offstage to say hello. Presently, Kennedy and Javits were introduced, walked onto the stage, and sat down. Kennedy was given an award, and spoke briefly. "The struggle has really just begun. . . . The Negro is a second-class citizen. . . . This is a white man's problem. . . ." He touched on some of the handicaps encountered by the Negro in America, and ended with a quote from a poem by Sophocles: " 'With death the only goal.'. . . That's the situation, and I think something should be done about it."

After the banquet, Kennedy shook hands with a number of people, gave a few autographs, and went down into the now crowded lobby. He walked, as usual, with his elbows close to his sides, his head forward and slightly lowered, looking straight ahead. He gave the impression of a man who hopes he will not be noticed, but when he was spotted, he responded politely and listened attentively, nodding slightly. "Thank you. . . . Yes. . . . Hello. . . . How are you? . . ." He finally got out onto Fifty-third Street, and crossed to the north side, where his car (a white, unofficial-looking sedan) and his driver (a white-haired elderly man named Jim Malvey) were waiting. He got into the car, alone, and was driven homeward.

At two-twenty-five the next afternoon, Kennedy emerged from the Hotel Ten Park Avenue, at Thirty-fourth Street, accompanied by Norman Cousins, with whom he had just had lunch, after a full morning of appointments. It was sunny and there was a high wind as Kennedy said goodbye to Cousins and got into his car, sitting in the front seat next to Jim Malvey. Tom Johnston, an easygoing twenty-nine-year-old who runs the Senator's New York office, and Ben Smith, an old friend of the Kennedys, were seated in the back. The car moved down the avenue, and while Kennedy and Johnston were discussing the release of a forthcoming speech by the Senator on Latin America a car suddenly cut in front of the white sedan, and Malvey had to slam on the brakes. Everyone was thrown forward, and as Kennedy regained his seat he turned to Malvey—who was reddening perceptibly—and remarked, in a complimentary tone, "You're getting better, Jim. When they do that to you, you're beginning to smile." Everybody laughed.

The group got out of the car at 44 East Third Street, an old building that serves as the clubhouse and headquarters of a project called LEAP (Lower Eastside Action Project). Larry Cole, the director of the project, greeted Kennedy and led the way up several flights of narrow, ancient stairs to an office at the top. He told the Senator how he and his co-workers—some of



"Thank you. I know I have cute knees."

• •

them ex-addicts and dropouts—were trying to help the neighborhood youth, mostly Puerto Rican, by tutoring, by improvement of housing (they had organized rent strikes), and by other means. Kennedy asked questions ("How many people do you think you affect?") and then toured the rest of the building, meeting several children. He spoke to them cheerfully, giving some of the smaller ones a friendly poke, and soon everyone piled back into the car—joined, this time, by a nineteen-year-old boy named Luis Esteras, who was to guide the party around a tenement where he had organized a rent strike. "The agent for this building bet me I couldn't find out who the landlord was within eighteen months," Esteras said as the car moved down the street. Kennedy asked Esteras about the schools in the neighborhood ("Lousy!"), and presently the car pulled up in front of a wretched-looking building—its ground-floor windows boarded up—on East Twelfth Street, near Avenue C. Esteras went into the dark hall, followed by the others, and up some dim stairs ("Ramblers," "Lil Chino," and other names were scrawled on a wall), and opened the door of a two-room apartment on the second floor where a woman lived with her four grandchildren. A long, narrow hall—both sides solidly hung with drying laundry—led toward the front, and daylight. In the kitchen, overlooking the street, stood a plump, gray-haired lady in a brown sweater and an apron. Food was cooking on the stove; on the walls were religious pictures, outdoor scenes, and shelves holding a number of figurines. The woman, Mrs. Sabrina Talentino, began speaking in rapid Spanish.

A boy named Angel Hernandez, another LEAP worker, stepped in to interpret. "She says the man who takes the rent comes here every day, but they don't want to give 'em the rent. If anything happens in the building, they don't know the landlord."

Kennedy cut in sharply. "You tell him the next time that I was down visiting, and tell him to come to my office," he said, and added to Hernandez, "Make sure she understands."

The small kitchen began to fill up with neighbors, all of them chiming in in Spanish. A small ten-year-old girl named Medalia showed Kennedy a scar on her neck, saying a rat had bitten her. "When I was asleep, at three o'clock," she said. "I miss a whole week of school."

Kennedy asked if the Housing Authority was doing any good.

"No," said Esteras. "They put you on a merry-go-round."

After everyone in the room had had his say, with Hernandez translating as best he could, Kennedy moved toward the hall. "*Adiós*," he said, smiling, to Mrs. Talentino.

Mrs. Talentino broke into a huge grin. "Thank—*you!*" she said, in English, startling everybody, and laughed merrily.

On the street again, Kennedy was surrounded by a mass of people, young and old, calling and waving. "He looks like Kuryakin!" exclaimed a small boy. In the windows of the nearby buildings, women leaned on their elbows, peering down. Kennedy spoke to a number of children, and listened to the complaints of several adults. It took perhaps five minutes for him to get across the sidewalk to his car—he was already late for his next appointment—and when he finally got the door of the car open, and one leg inside, he was buttonholed by several women ("I think we have a *lot* of dedicated teachers down here," said one in glasses, who looked like a teacher), and he stood talking to them, half in the car and half out, for three or four minutes more. Eventually, with Tom Johnston tapping at him to hurry, he got all the way in, still listening and answering, and Malvey slowly drove away. The children parted in front of the car and closed in around the sides, running alongside. Finally, the car picked up speed. Johnston, talking on the car phone, reported the Senator's progress to the office. The street behind the car was full of children, running down the middle of it, shouting goodbye, and waving as the car turned the corner.

Shoptalk

An unassuming friend of ours rode up in a midtown elevator recently with two well-pressed and well-buffed executives, who had the following conversation:

FIRST EXECUTIVE: Roger spoke to me this morning about holding down the fall inventory to three million, but I think he's being a little conservative—especially if we give the go-ahead on the pressure-bonding process.

SECOND EXECUTIVE: I agree, I agree. The E.P.I. will have to expand for '67. But we mustn't let R. and D. dictate either the output quotas or the production index. We could find ourselves overcommitted before we've set up full integrated automation.

FIRST EXECUTIVE: Maybe, but I still feel that we're well within the saturation margin, considering the total cost-sales factor. Even Roger agrees with that picture—on the national marketing level, at least.

SECOND EXECUTIVE *(exhaling heavily)*: Well, as far as I'm concerned, the problem still comes down to this—whether or not ladies are going to buy our sneakers or somebody else's.

THE CHANGEOVER

I WENT up to Reno from San Francisco after a long illness, to break a pattern of convalescence. Most people go there for amorous or marital or financial reasons, but I went to get a divorce from myself, the sick or malingering self. It was early spring, and I felt like a refugee from the clinics and the test tubes.

On the train, which I took in Oakland, across the Bay, I looked with deliberate interest from my window as the land and water slid by. I liked the movement of heading into something unknown, although the cars crowded with people already stripping themselves and stretching out for the long sit-up ride to Kansas City were not attractive. Men took off their coats and shirts and hung them above their heads on the luggage racks and put their feet out into the aisles and turned off all but the little blue night lights, so that from the end of the car it looked like the scene of a large accident, with bodies sprawled grotesquely in the dimness. In the seat across the aisle from me, an old woman settled into her feathers like a tired hen and then rustled slowly through a paper bag until she found a hard roll. Holding it with both hands, she chewed on it sleepily, half dozing.

I staggered through the cluttered aisles to the club car, and after a Martini I went on to the diner. I ate simply and well, and everything tasted mildly exhilarating, the way it should when a person stops being ill and suddenly is not too afraid to be well and vertical again. Reno came along fairly soon after I had walked back through the tilting, lurching cars, over all the legs, to my assigned seat. I pulled my coat and makeup box off the rack, and we slowed down.

I had gone through Reno once before, a good many years ago, on the same train, perhaps, but heading West. Then, I was sitting in the club car with my husband, and just before we got to the station a kind of squeal went up and the train seemed to tip to the left, like a rowboat, with the weight of people peering out of the windows, piling over each other to see the bright lights. This new night, as I climbed out of the train, I recalled that strange feeling of excitement of so long ago in the travellers from the Midwest gazing at the sinful city of gambling and divorce and high life. With that one quick look up the main street of the little town, they were breathing and touching vice, and without any danger of infection. On one side of the train had been darkness, empty and unheeded, and on the other, for a quick flash—like a peepshow—was a glimpse of a gaudily lighted street banked with neon and arched by an electric sign. It was dramatic, so quick a brightness after the long rocking ride across plains and deserts and through mountain gorges. As I got off the train, I wondered if it was still that way.

Out in the cold gray station, it was complicated to get two suitcases that had been checked into the baggage car in Oakland. A polite sleepy porter turned up finally and managed it for me, in spite of locked doors and dark rooms and a general air of disuse about the place. He and I seemed to be the only people who still believed this silent building was a railroad station. He carried my things out to the empty street and put them beside a lamppost. "You be all right here," he said gently. "I call for a cab. Take some time but be along."

I stood there passively under the thin light. The air, too, was thin, and cold. I felt doggedly detached about the whole dreamlike procedure, and only an Olympian curiosity when two very thin men, dressed in shabby, decent clothes, came silently down the street toward me, pulling along a baby coyote on a piece of string.

"Hi there," one said in a meek voice. "You ever see a real baby coyote?"

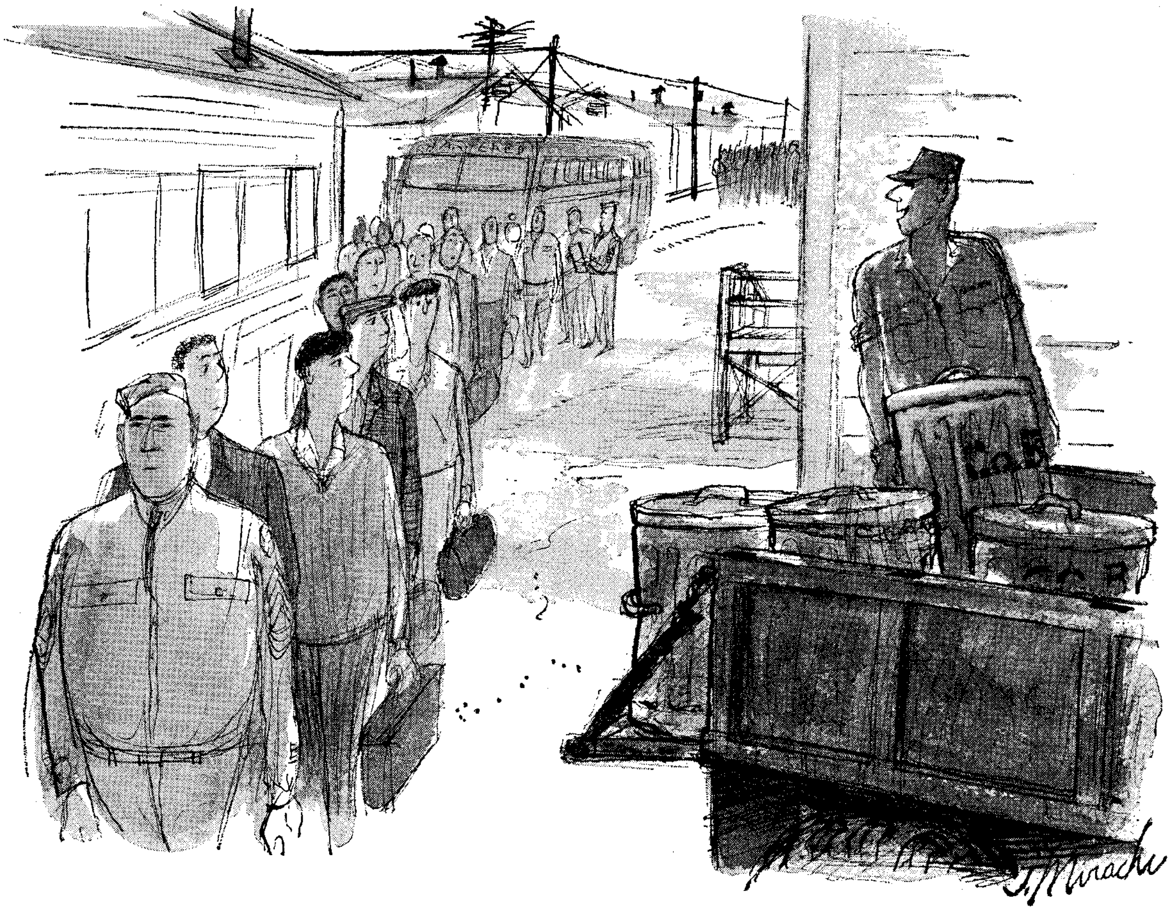
His companion leaned over, miming, to pat the little animal, which was sitting down as if it had walked a long way, and the talking one said, on cue, "He's real nice. Tame as a kitten."

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Maybe couple weeks. You want him? Five bucks."

"Not tonight. No, not now," I said, and without even shrugging—almost without a sound—the two men went up the hollow street again with the little wild puppy trotting behind them at the end of the piece of string.

I was not thinking one way or an-



"Welcome to the Great Society!"

other, about Time or anything else, but a cab did come, although I never saw the sleepy porter again. On the way to the hotel at which I had made a reservation, suddenly there was a flash of almost audible light, and, sure enough, I had not forgotten the street of neon and thick gaudy signs with the arch blazing over it. I was in Reno, symbol of sin, of quick divorce and quicker marriage, of unlicensed license, and the hotel lobby seemed a normal projection of the flash-by of the street from that earlier train window—a glitter and glow under the low ceiling, with hundreds of slot machines crashing and flickering and ringing bells, and chaotic decorations twirling in the air to say that even if Time meant nothing, Easter and daffodils and bunnies were next on the calendar.

There were rows of tables for roulette and whatever other games are played on tables, and the people around them were mute—an old Ernst Lubitsch movie of Monte Carlo. It was the slot machines that seemed alive—certainly more alive than the unsmiling men and women who stood woodenly in front of them, not even blinking or twitching when lights flashed for a jackpot. Plump little cash girls packed into white satin shirts and black slacks moved through the voiceless crowds, changing bills into dollars, dollars into nickels. Very loud mariachi music blanketed us raggedly.

In one corner, hidden, was the hotel desk. A trim young man in tight frontier pants and high-heeled boots carried my bags there, and then, when I had registered, he crowded me into a minuscule elevator and we shot past a few floors smoothly. In the room, he did a kind of precision dance of turning on lights, flicking his eyes here and there over ashtrays and such, showing me how to adjust the heat, taking the tip. At the door, he smiled warmly and drawled, "Y'all have fun, now."

The room was from a hyped-up motel, somewhat elegant. I sniffed it like a cat, and was there. In the bathroom were packets of aspirin and a hangover remedy, and courtesy samples of hand lotion, and free shoe polishers. The drinking glasses and the toilet seat and even the telephone by the bed were marked "Sterilized for your protection," and there was a little package of buttons and threaded needles on the television set. One wall of the room was glass, and, below the balcony outside, the Truckee River rushed backward and ducks fought the high water and clutched at the banks in the colored, shifting lights from the lobby, a few floors beneath me.

THE BAY AT WEST FALMOUTH

Serenity of mind poises
Like a gull swinging in air,
At ease, sculptured, held there
For a moment so long-drawn-out all time pauses.

The heart's serenity is like the gold
Geometry of sunlight: motion shafting
Down through green dimensions, rung below rung
Of incandescence, out of which grace unfolds.

Watching that wind schooling the bay, the helter-skelter
Of trees juggling air, waves signalling the sun
To signal light, brings peace; as our being open
To love does, near this serenity of water.

—Barbara Howes

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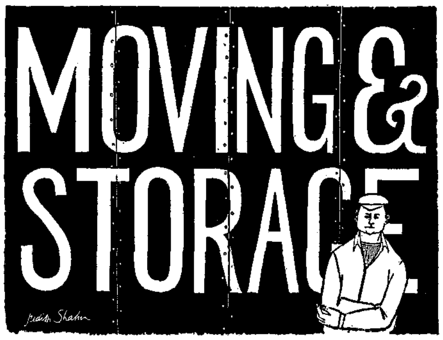
I began to feel more like a person. I flicked the TV on and off, and then the radio on and off. I read through all the folders on the desk about what was at my fingertips—my beck and call—and what I could eat in the various dining places and when, and mostly what I could drink. For an odd sum like $7.84, or perhaps $14.23, I could have almost instantly a hospitality kit containing fifths each of vodka, Scotch, bourbon, rye, gin, ice, and my choice of setups, brought to my room by a smiling cowboy.

It seemed ridiculous to me to pass up the one chance of my life to take a long cool look at the ground floor of this place. I felt that my vision was ready, cleared by illness. I would never again, if I lived here a thousand nights instead of one, be able to see it as I would this night. I called for room service.

The same bellboy who had shown me to my room came, almost as if he had been outside the door. He was neatly strong, and short in spite of his heels, and as impersonal as a geranium in a pot. "Y'all want me?" His smile was a really nice one.

I asked him if he thought it would be all right if I went downstairs by myself, to look around.

He figured me financially, logistically, alcoholically, sexually, in one quick look. I passed. "Y'all's safer here than in your own home," he said. "Once you get accustomed, this place is real fun, and no harm done. They keep an eye on things downstairs. Go right ahead."



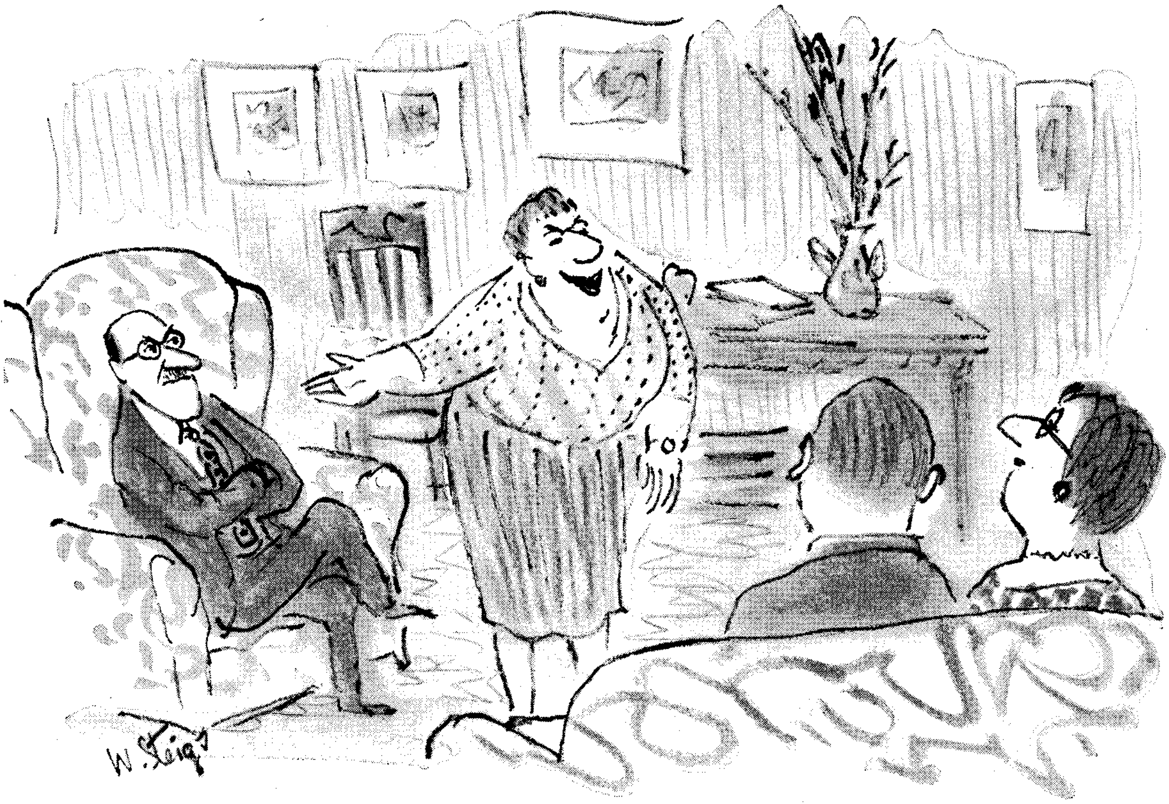
I said, like a docile child, "Thank you very much. I really didn't want anything else."

He beamed kindly at me and said, "Just go right on down," and closed the door on a silhouette of slim solid hips and tiny gleaming boots.

Back in the incredible lobby, I felt stiff and shy. I wandered from one aisle of slot machines to the next, trying not to stare too much, not to goggle as the automatic people pulled at the handles and fed in coins and then did or did not scoop up more coins and feed them back again. I told myself that I was invisible, but very soon I knew that I was not. I was being watched covertly by the small plump girls wearing sailor caps marked "CASH," and by the tellers on their raised platforms, and by the nonchalant plainclothesmen chatting here and there. Probably the cowboy had told them that I was loose in the place—not because I was going to drink too much or even play too much or pick up a man or a girl but because I was a strange one, not yet identifiable. I was not dressed like the rest, basically. I was alone. I might perhaps be a suicide? I had no perceptible rendezvous arranged, in or out of the hotel, so if I was a go-between, between what and what? The eyes were on me.

I decided to go right on drifting, and gradually I knew where the rest rooms were (they were large and comfortable, and a woman in Levis and a shabby catskin coat was writing postcards in German script), and where the coffee shop kept open twenty-four hours a day, and where a boy in a high white bonnet made hot roast-beef sandwiches twenty-four hours a day for the gamblers, who forgot whether it was time for what—breakfastlunchdinner. There were people eating orange-juice-coffee-poached-eggs-on-toast, with the preoccupied shaving-lotion look of suburban commuters at 7:22 A.M. At the bar, to which the main aisle through the slot machines led, people were meeting for a cocktail, the women looking very wives-of-suburban-commuters in short brocade sheaths and pearls and mink scarves, and it was long after midnight instead of 7:22 A.M.

Behind the bar was a small stage, somewhat above the bottles, and first there was the blasty mariachi band I had heard when I came into the hotel and then, with a special blink and blare, there was a small jazz combo of four men, with a girl singer. They were Navajo Indians, with an impervious disdain behind their show-biz smiles but dressed snappily and playing fairly well.



"That's the kind of garbage I have to listen to all the time."

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Feeling weary, I sat down at one of the small tables between the active part of the lobby and the bar. Around me were several other single men and women, but there did not seem to be any open interest in pickups. I ordered a double Gibson from the motherly waitress. I felt curious about how a drink which I consider an apéritif would taste at that incongruous hour, in that unbelievable place, with no meal to follow. It was good, and I enjoyed it slowly.

The m.c. of the Navajo band was clumsy about being Indian, and angry. He made one too many jokes about it, and told one too many too long stories, and gradually I realized that in the aisle leading to the bar two groups of six or eight young men had gathered, not one-arming but just standing there. They were blond and sharply dressed, and they were getting ready to make trouble with the increasingly racist man at the mike—prearranged trouble. The men in the combo were watching, as they beat and tootled, and the girl, who was perhaps more Mexican than Indian, and almost white-skinned, was watching, too, from behind her trite, sexy singing. All the eyes that I had felt on me before were fastened now on the two groups of boys gathered closer and closer to the bar, the bottles, the stage.

The m.c. told another barely funny story of how the Indian would be here to live on his land again after the atomic bomb had taken care of the white man, and the boys slid on in—and with them, as gently as the flanges of an oyster or the spreading hood of a cobra, the security men in their well-tailored business suits moved in, and the boys, tense with racial hatred and envy and whatever else it may have been, moved on out and away.

The music kept on, but the young sweating m.c. mopped his face and let the girl singer take over and handle the act, and disappeared. The people at the bar and the little tables kept on drinking. I ordered a single Gibson, and felt that I had just taken the last step to safety from a plank stretched across boiling oil. The mariachi players came grinning onstage, and a fat *castrado* yelped and whimpered through "Guadalajara." It was time for me to go.

UPSTAIRS, I was painfully hungry. The discreet meal on the train was a century behind me. The folded cards and menus on the formica desk said I could order almost any dish at almost any time, and by now I knew that downstairs day and night did not mean what I had always thought. Why should I not call room service and ask for scrambled eggs and a glass of milk, a bottle of beer, a split of champagne, or perhaps a hospitality kit? If I poured some milk or beer or wine—or even a double Gibson—into a saucer, maybe the little wild dog would come and lap it up. Far below the balcony, the Truckee still flowed backward, uphill. There were no ducks now, clutching at the banks against the swift water.

I adjusted the heat, turned the TV and the radio on and then off, and decided that I did not want to see the smiling cowboy again, ever, even bringing me nourishment with his good smile. The sun would be along soon, and meanwhile I knew that I was not ill anymore. The divorce had been granted. I had complete custody of myself. —M. F. K. FISHER

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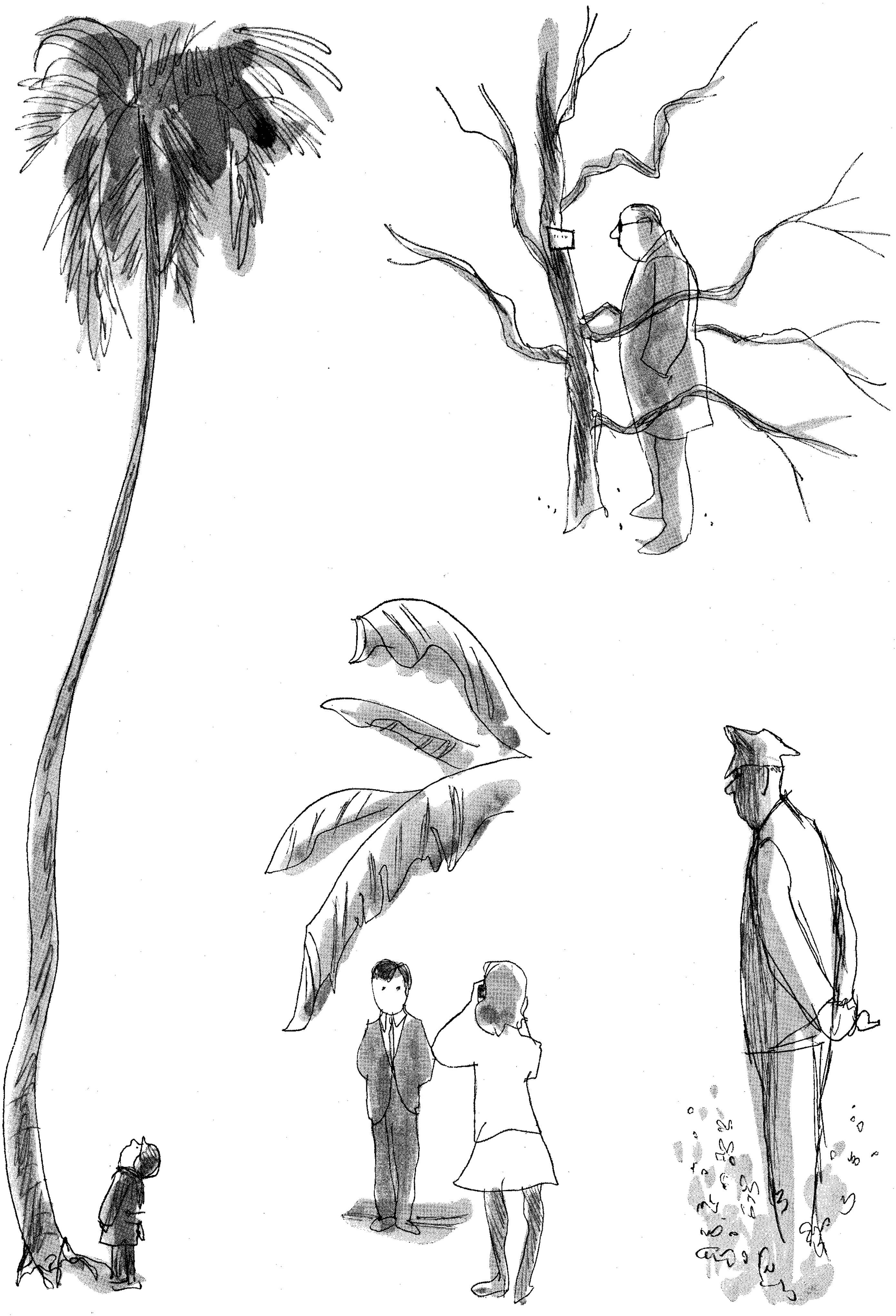
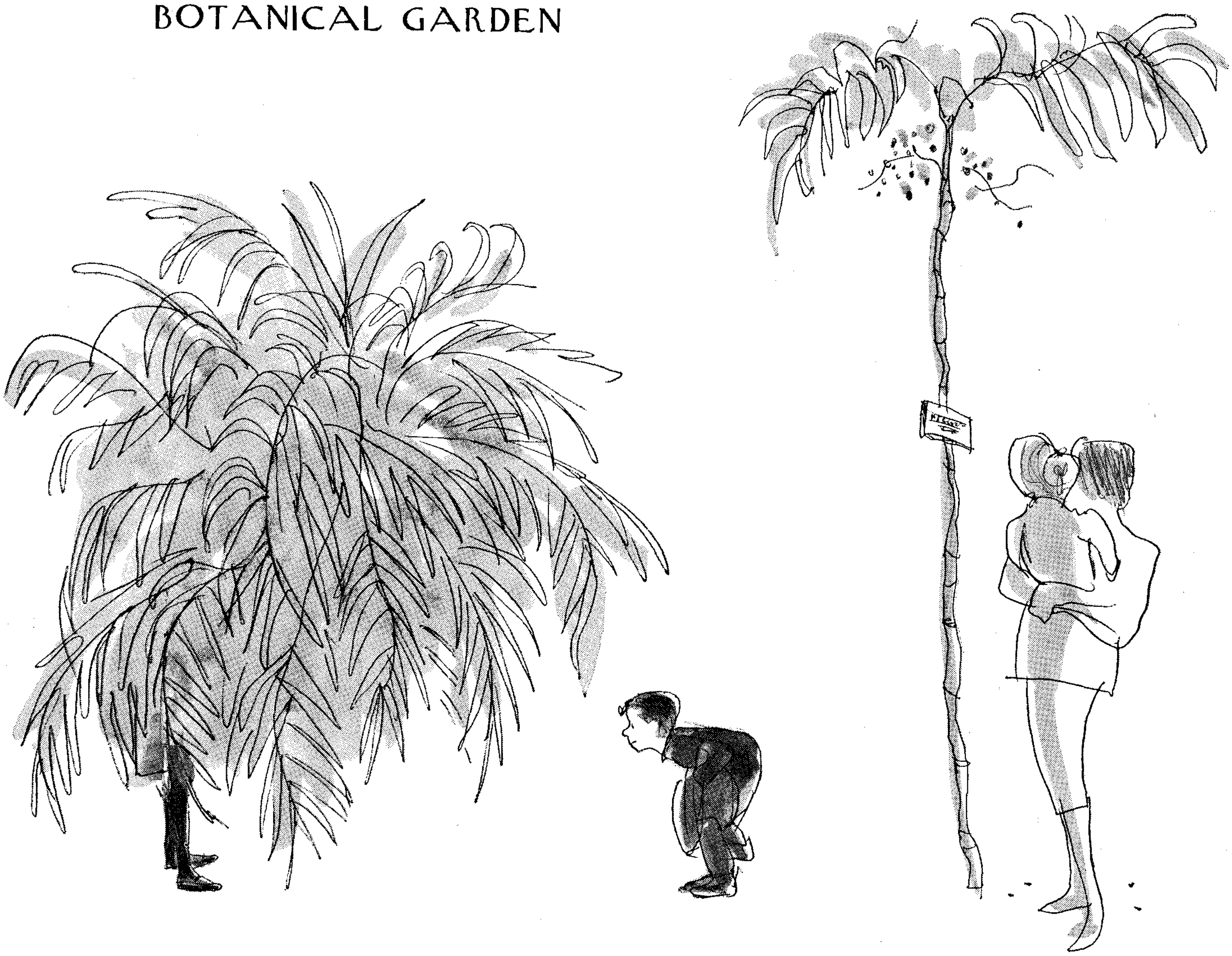
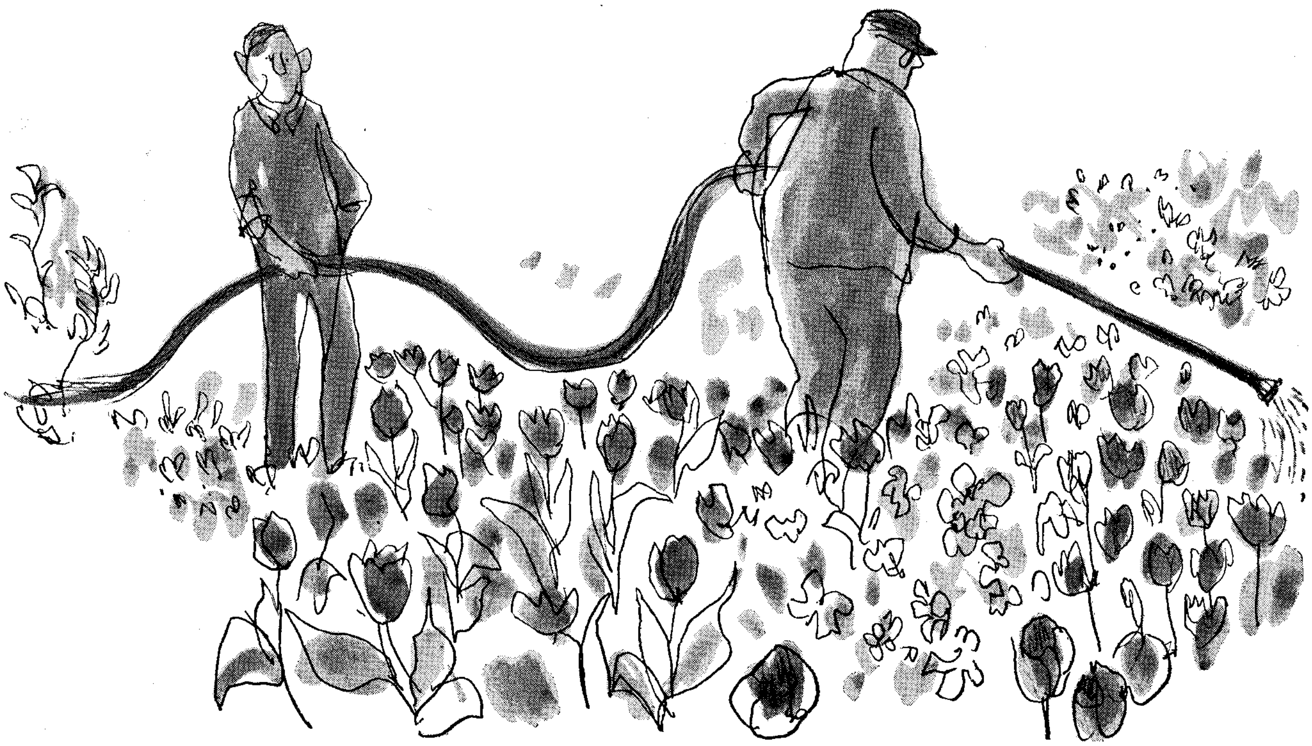
Founded by William Penn in 1682, Philadelphia saw not only the dawning of liberty and the Constitution proclaimed, but the birth of Grace Kelly—now Princess Grace of Monaco—besides.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

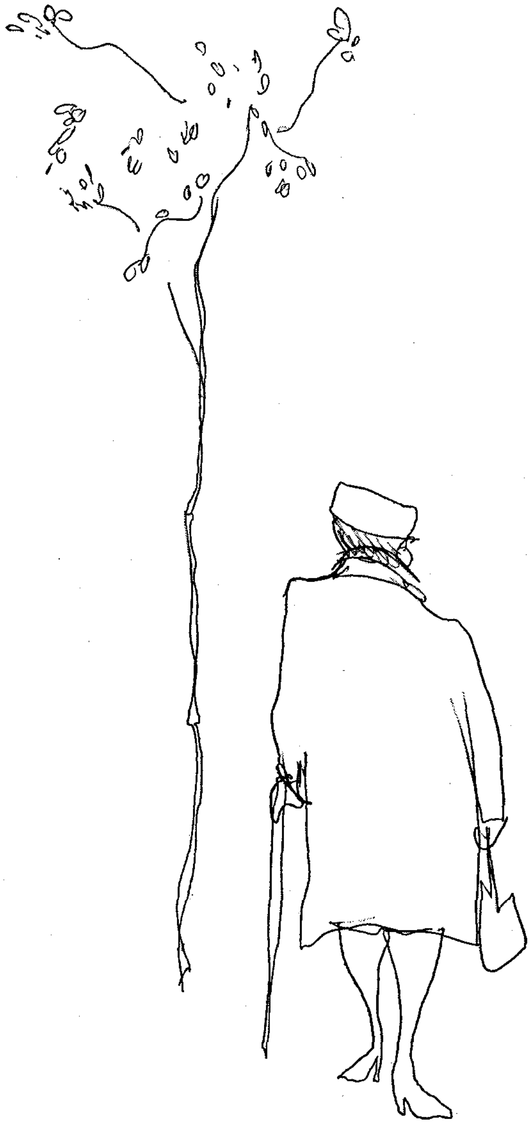
It gives a man pause.

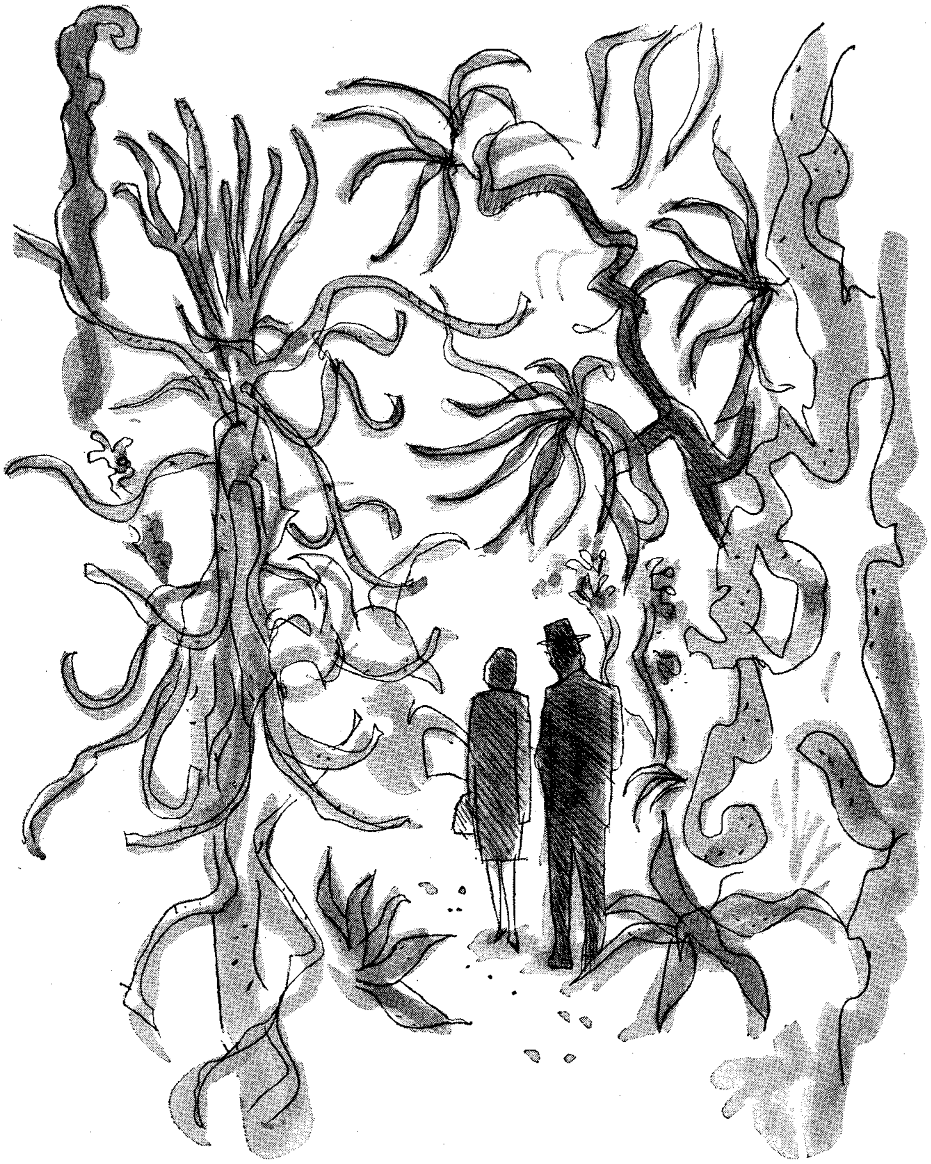


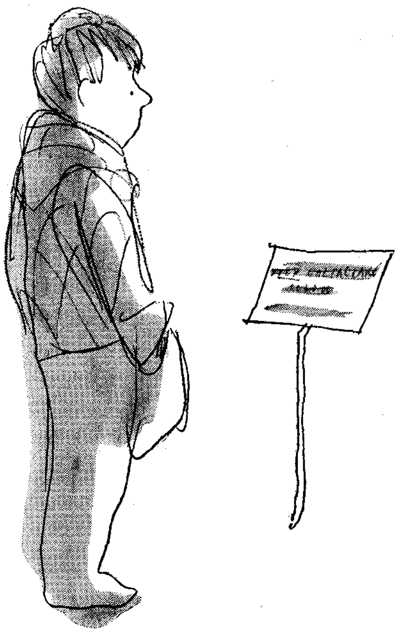
BOTANICAL GARDEN

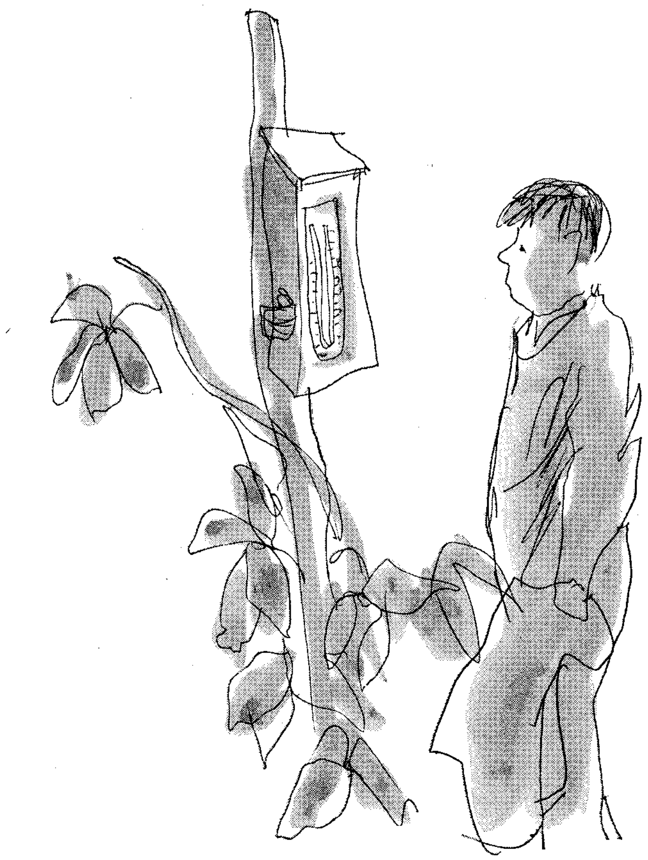


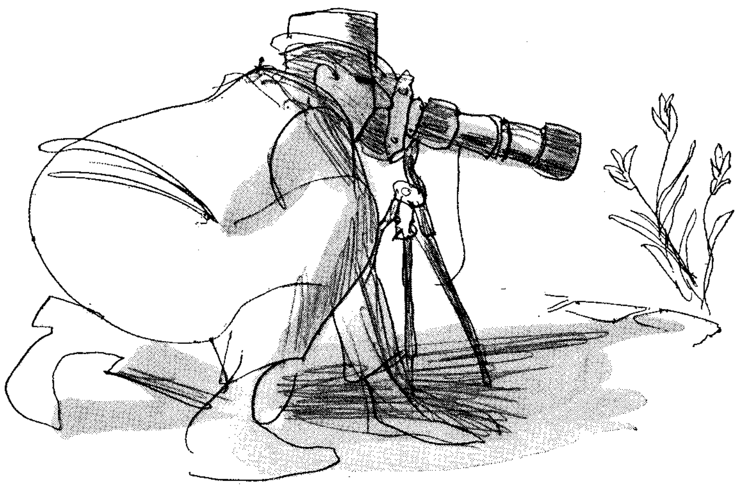


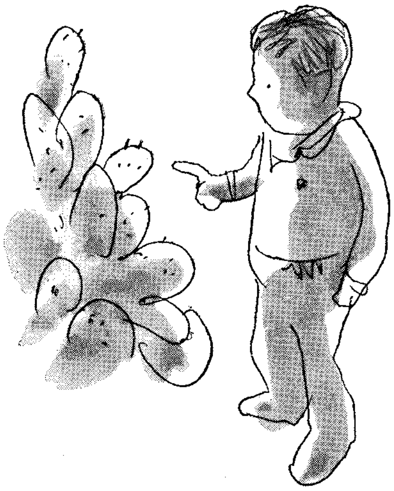


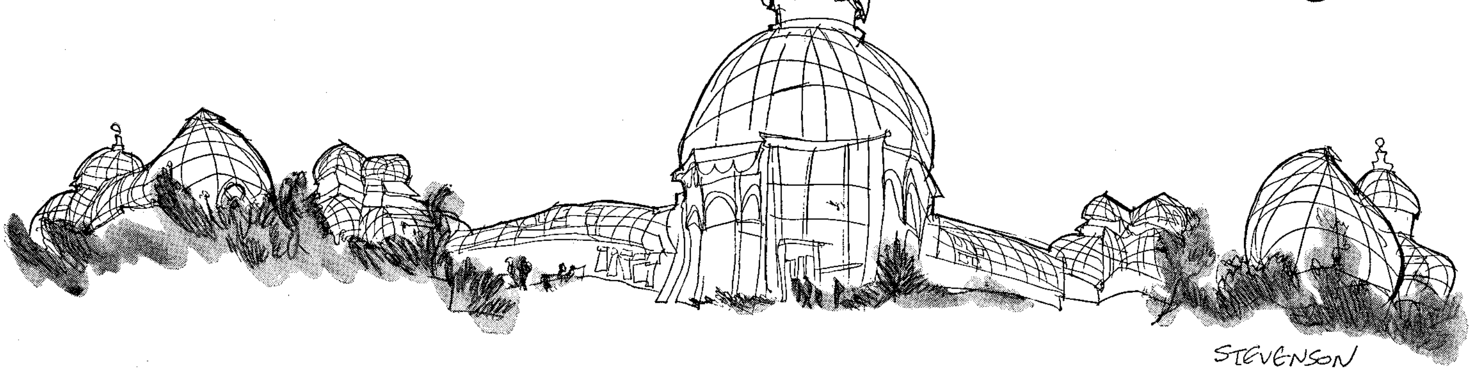











STEVENSON

IN AND OUT

I. SEVERANCE OF CONNECTIONS, 1946

1. CIVIS

Walking the town as if I owned it all—
Each lilac leafing out in Brattle Street,
Each green vane in the hollow square guarding
The gargoyles on Memorial Hall, each inch
Of rubber tubing in the Mallinckrodt
Chemical Laboratory, each
Particle who would learn and gladly teach,
Each English bicycle chained to its rack,
Each green bag humping on its scholar's back,
Each tally for a Cambridge traffic death,
Each boyish girl who makes you catch your breath,
Each Argyle sock, each Bursar's bill, each ounce
Of shag, each brick, each doctorate—as if
I owned the entire spring-wound town, I walk
Up the north path to University Hall.

2. MAGISTER

The Master's teeth squeak as he sprinkles me
(Too hot to handle) with a mist of spit
That dries quite coolly. "Edwards, I've got some
Rough news for you." In his glazed, padded, blue,
Old double-breasted serge suit and his bat-
Wing bow tie (navy, with pink polka dots),
He lets me have it right between the eyes,
His aces on the table, man to boy.
"Look, if there's one thing I can't tolerate
It's smart guys that won't work. The deans are soft
On geniuses. Not me. What we need more
Of is Midwestern athletes who get C's."
He stands up to reveal that his brown vest
Is perfectly misbuttoned. "Now, don't think
That I'm the least bit sorry about you.
I'm sorry for your mother and your dad.
You let them down. Now, you get out of here
And do something worthwhile. Work with your hands.
Stick with it two years. Maybe they'll take you back.
O.K., fella? That's it. Now let's shake."
We shake. I shake in secret with the shame of it.

3. EXILIUM

The ghost goes south, avoiding well-worn ways
Frequented by his friends. Instead, he slips
Into loose shadows on the sunless side
Of the least-travelled street. But even there
One with a bony finger points him out
And pierces him with questions. Zigzagging,
He hedges hastily back to his route,
Which leads on past his windows, tendrilly
Embraced already by the outriders
Of summer's ivy, past his pipes and books
And dirty shirts and mother's picture, past
The dining hall where his name is still good
For a square meal, no questions asked, and past
The common room which is too good for him.
Across the Drive his beast heaves into view:
A monster boathouse lolling on the bank
Of the high river, backside in the water.
Inside, he greets the landlord's black-haired daughter,
Miss Jacobs, with a nod, and goes upstairs
To put his chamois-seated crew pants on.
Then, past the ranks of Compromises, he
Walks out to the land's end of the long float,
Selects his Single, and stands out to sea.

II. A HOME AWAY FROM HOME, 1947

1. ONE O'CLOCK

With gin, *prosciutto*, and Drake's Devil Dogs
In a brown-paper bag, I climb the Hill
On Saturday, the thirty-first of May,
Struck by the sun approaching apogee,
Green comments issued by the Common trees,
Mauve decadence among magnolias,
The moving charcoal shadows on the brown
Stone of the moving brownstone where I live,
And a spring breath of Lux across the Charles.
My key mutters the password; I step in
To the dense essence of an entire past:
Rugs, chicken, toilets, Lysol, dust, cigars.
Through that invisible nerve gas (which leads
In time to total incapacity),
I climb the two flights to my little flat.

2. TWO-THIRTY

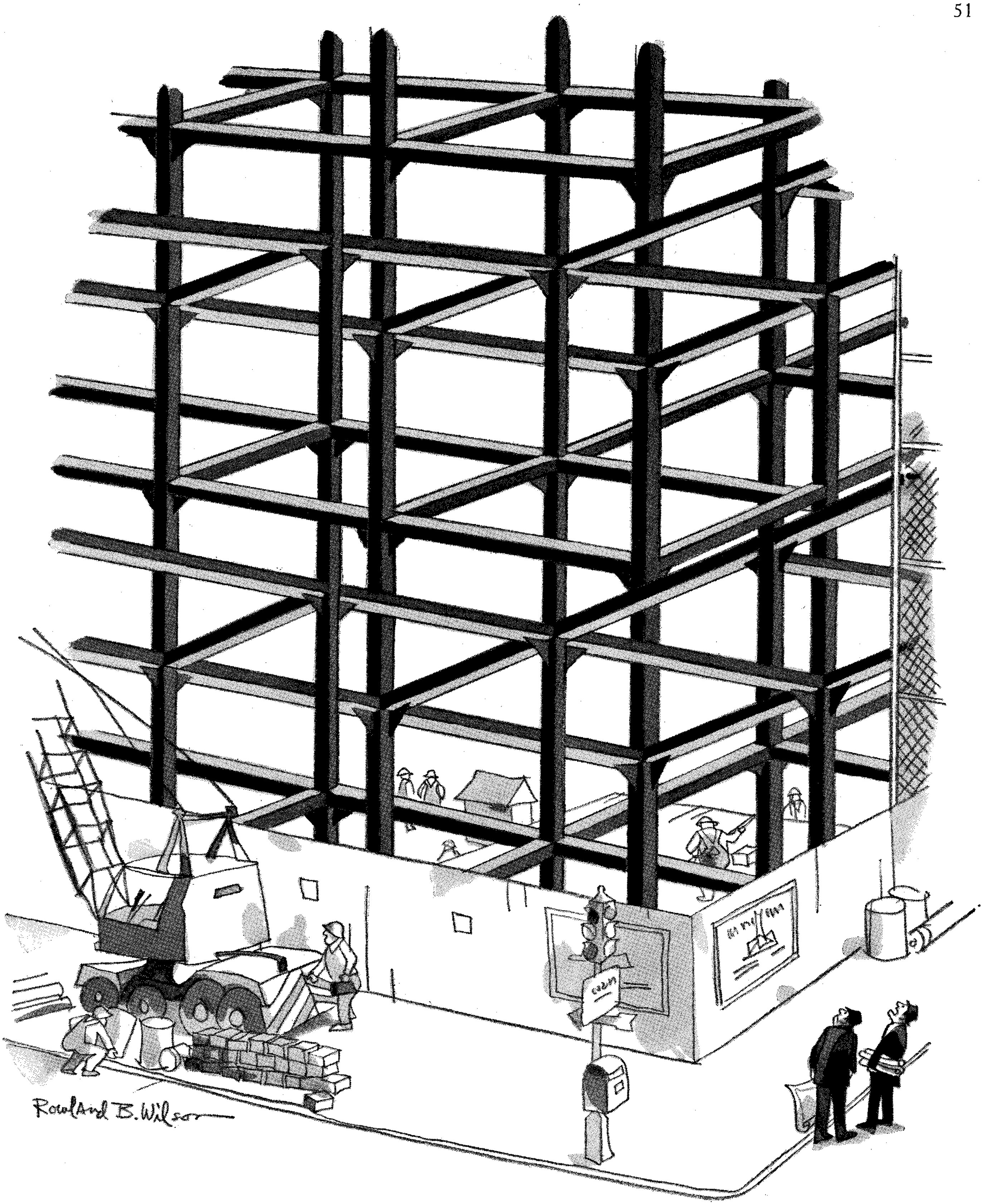
Done with the Devil Dogs, I take the brush
Out of the tooth glass and decant my first
Gin of the afternoon. In half an hour
She will be here. All is in readiness:
The bedspread taut, the ashtrays wiped, a glass
Swiped from the bathroom down the hall, a small
Plate of *prosciutto* canapés. Now Fu
Manchu reclines at ease in his hideaway,
While his nets, broadcast, sweep their victim in
To an innocuous address on Pinckney Street.
Now Lou the Loser uses all his ten
Thumbs to count up the minutes till she comes,
Or till (more likely, with his luck) she never shows.
The gin sets up a tickle in my toes.
I blow my nose. The room is hot. A fly
Does dead-stick landings on my neck. She's late.

3. THREE-TEN, *et seq.*

The doorbell rings. I barrel down the stairs
To meet the coolest copy I have seen
Of Sally on the steps. Up in my room,
I fix her gin and secretly survey
This manifestation by which I have so
Astoundingly been visited: a girl.
She walks on her long legs, she talks out loud,
She moves her hand, she shakes her head and laughs.
Is this mechanical marvel to be mine?
Quite paralyzed, I nod and nod and nod
And smile and smile. The gin is getting low
In my tooth glass. The hour is getting on.
Gin and adrenalin finally rescue me
(With an assist from Sally) and I find
My lips saluting hers as if she were
My stern commanding officer. No fool,
She puts us on an equal footing. Soon
My strategies and tactics are as toys
Before the gallop of her cavalry
That tramples through my blood and captures me.

4. FIVE-FIFTY

Later, as racy novels used to say—
Later, I turn to see the westering sun



"I think we'd better have another look at those plans."

• •

Through the ailanthus stipple her tan side
With yellow coin dots shaped to fit her skin.
This Sally now does like a garment wear
The beauty of the evening; silent, bare,
Hips, shoulders, arms, tresses, and temples lie.
I watch her as she sleeps, the tapering back
Rising and falling on the tide of breath;
The long eyelashes lying on her cheek;
The black brows and the light mouth both at rest;
A living woman not a foot away.

The west wind noses in at the window,
Sending a scent of soap, a hint of her
Perfume, and the first onions of the night
Up the airshaft to where I lie, not quite alone.

—L. E. Sissman

MRS. BARKER

IT was in the spring of the last year of the First World War. I was running through the gardens of Orford House, a kindergarten-school in the country, near Wokingham, in England. I was howling, and my friend Oliver Burford was running after me, saying, "Don't, David, don't, please stop. . . ." I was looking for Mrs. Barker and comfort. She was the headmistress of the school, and I knew that if I screamed loudly enough she would appear. The sound of a child crying always brought her running. She appeared now, framed in the open French window of the drawing room where she taught her older children the beginnings of Latin and math. She looked anxiously around, and then caught sight of me. We ran toward each other across the lawn and as I reached her she scooped me up into her arms. "There," she said, "there. Whatever is it, my poor pet? What horridness is upsetting you?" Then, turning to Oliver, "You haven't been upsetting David, have you?"

"Oh no, Mrs. Barker," he said. "We were playing—and then he suddenly ran off screaming. I don't know why."

"Oh, Oliver dear, there must have been more to it than that. You know there must."

"Oliver showed me something beastly," I said. The thought of it brought back a spasm of disgust, and I buried my face in her shoulder again.

"I didn't, Mrs. Barker," Oliver said desperately. "It was a spider's nest. It wasn't beastly at all."

"You mean a spider's web, dear," said Mrs. Barker.

"No, it was a nest. There were thousands of baby spiders in it."

"Why, you silly particle!" Mrs. Barker said, smiling. "Is that what upset you? A wonder of nature! What a clever little image you are to find such a thing, Oliver. Will you show it to me?"

She carried me as Oliver led the way back to the lawn on the far side of the house. She set me down when we got there, but kept a tight hold on my hand so that I wouldn't run away again. Among the branches of a dark-green Irish yew, there was a seething mass of tiny creatures in a bag of dirty gray gossamer. We all three peered in at it. The eggs had hatched an hour or so before.

NOW PLAYING
Debbie Reynolds as "the Singing Nun"
O. SOGLOW

"Why, there really *are* thousands of them, Oliver," Mrs. Barker said. "And I was sure you were exaggerating. Well, I have to apologize for doubting you—this time at any rate." I looked at the swarming spiders in the nest. Their bodies were shiny and seemed to be wet. Their pale legs were a nasty, bilious, yellow color. "You see that they're just insects, don't you, David?" Mrs. Barker said. "There isn't anything to cry about or to be frightened of here, is there?" Her smile was forced, and I knew in my bones that she didn't like them any more than I did.

I said, "There are too many of them."

"You mustn't be silly, David," Mrs. Barker said. "Being afraid of things you don't understand is silly." She looked up and saw two stubby, thick-legged five-year-old girls passing by. "Twins!" she called. "Come and see what clever Oliver has found. Imagine! A whole nest full of baby spiders."

Oliver scowled. He hated both the Martins, because they teased him about his name, Oliver de la Poer Burford. They called him "poor Burford." They divined instantly that publicity was being given to some private discovery which he would have preferred to keep to himself, and they came running. "Oooh! Do show us, Mrs. Barker."

In no time at all, she had assembled a little crowd of eight or nine boys and girls, who were taking turns looking at the at once fascinating and repulsive sight.

"Oh, come on, David," Oliver said. "Let's go to the mine. It's all spoiled here."

We walked off. Oliver kicked crossly at the pebbles and twigs in his path. "I wouldn't have shown you if I'd known you were going to tell *her*," he said.

"What would you have done?"

"I don't know. We could have watched."

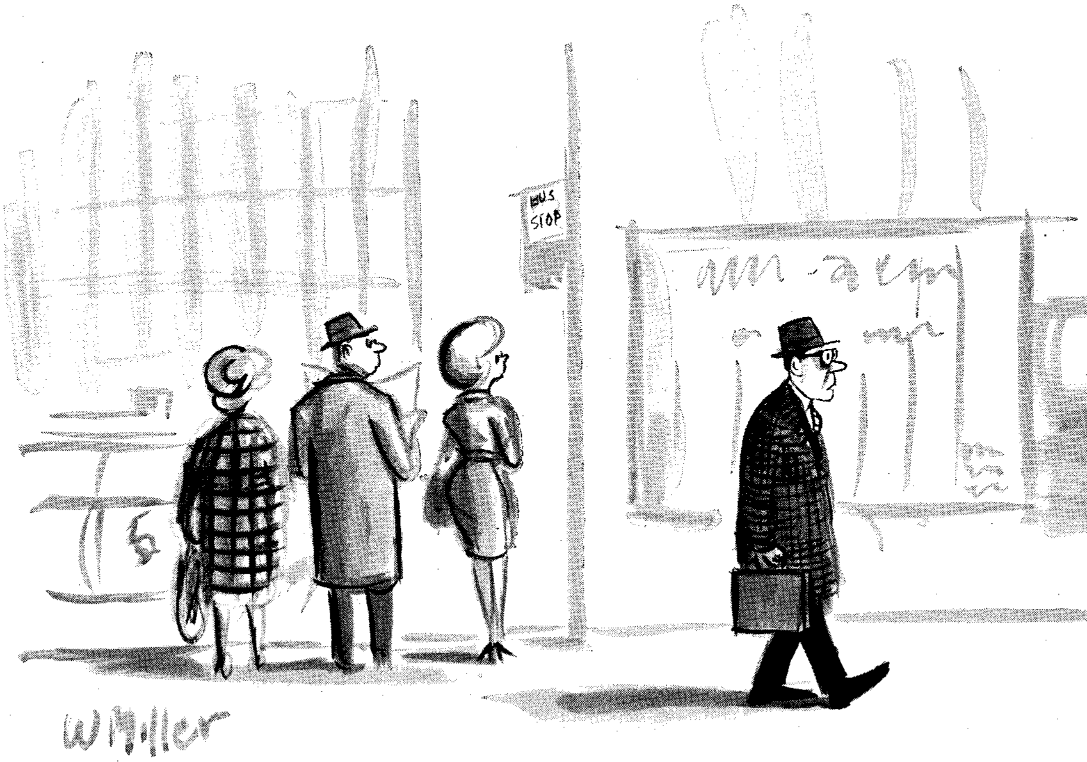
"Watched what?"

"What's going to happen. What they're all going to do."

"But why?" I said.

"I don't know. Mrs. Barker always spoils everything."

We came to the faded green door of the walled garden and slipped in through it. Nobody had ever told us not to go there, but we felt that we were on forbidden ground once we were inside. An unpruned fig tree had forced its way through the roof of the neglected greenhouse, pushing aside panes of glass, which lay shattered among



"*. . . Data . . . Data . . . Data . . . Data . . . Data . . . Data . . . Data . . . Data . . .*"

empty, moss-encrusted flowerpots on the cement floor below. All but one of the gardeners had been called up because of the war. He had no time for anything but the vegetable plots, with the result that the suckers on the fan-trained fruit trees and the weeds in the borders had got beyond him. If he saw one of the children watching him, he would say, "Don't you come a-bothering me, me dears, an' I shan't come a-bothering you." Oliver's mine was in a far corner of the enclosure. It was a hole in the ground, over five feet deep, in a small clearing at the center of a thicket of hairy-stemmed Jerusalem artichokes. Oliver had started it by himself, using a cast-off dustpan and two old garden trowels, which he had found in the green shadows under the fig tree. But then, wanting company and finding progress slow, he had asked me to join him. We had reached the yellowish subsoil, a silky, fine sand, before Oliver broke it to me that it wasn't a mine, really; it was the beginning of a tunnel that would come out in Australia.

When we reached the clearing, Oliver immediately jumped down into the excavation and set to work with one of the trowels. Minutes passed. I said, "Oliver, are we really going to get through?"

He climbed out of the excavation and sat down on an upturned flowerpot. "I don't know," he said gloomily. "I expect Australia's miles away. There's probably no point in going on. I never thought there was, actually. I just wanted to see how far down we could get." He stuck the trowel into the ground. "I know," he said. "Let's go back to see what the spiders are doing now. I expect those beastly Martins and the others will be fed up with them by this time."

As soon as we were out of the walled garden, we started to run. The Irish yew had been in the shadow of the house when we abandoned Oliver's discovery to Mrs. Barker and the interlopers she had gathered, but now it was in the warm sun. "They're nearly all gone," Oliver said angrily, examining the nest. "I suppose they were upset by all those faces gawking in at them."

I nerved myself to look at the swarm without flinching and saw that he was right—only a few hundred spiders were left. I felt a considerable relief. We stood back simultaneously, brushing at our faces to clear them of strands of cobweb that had fallen across them. Streamers of gossamer were rising from all the branches on the sunny side of the yew. Every now and then one of these strands would break loose and float off into the air, drifting across the lawn until it came to the sun-warmed gravel of the driveway. There a rising current caught it and lifted it airily to blow away over the roof of the house. Every branch of the yew was covered with spiders from the nest. They were climbing upward and outward toward the light. When they reached a point from which they could go no farther, they began to spin their exquisitely fine filaments into the warm air. As the threads reached a certain length, they lifted the tiny spiders from their feet and carried them off, to float along, up, and away. When we had seen a couple of dozen of them taking off in this fashion, we ran round to the other side of the house to see where they were going. Staring up into the vast deeps of the blue sky with our heads thrown back made us sick and dizzy until we thought of lying down. When we were lying on the earth we saw better, and discovered that the whole sky above us was filled with strands of white gossamer, looping and billowing as they drifted with the wind. "There must be thousands of them," Oliver said. "Thousands and thousands, and thousands. They must be coming from hundreds of nests, all over the place." We lay in awe and delight, watching a mystery and a marvel.

A circle of girls developed round us. "What are you doing, lying there like that?"

"Nothing."

"But you are. We can see you're doing something."

"Don't tell them, David," Oliver said. "It's secret."

The Martin twins came up to jeer. "What's poor Burford doing now?"

"He won't tell, and he's told David not to."

The Martins lay down beside us, and after a moment so did all the others. We found ourselves in the middle of a row of little girls lying on their backs staring upward. They rolled their heads this way and that, chattering. "I can't see anything. Can you?"

"No. There's nothing to see but sky."

"I don't think there is anything to see. They're just pretending."

"I think it's silly."

A girl sat up and leaned over me so that her face filled the sky. "Is there

Donald Reilly

"It was on this very spot that we first befriended a borrower."

really a secret, David? Or is it just a pretend of Oliver's?"

"It's a secret," I said.

Dora Martin sat up. "If David says there's a secret, it must be a pretend. He always tells lies. You can't believe anything he says. I'm going." They stood up one after another and hung over us discontentedly, and then they went, all at once, like a flight of birds. Oliver began to laugh and so did I. We rolled on the grass, hugged each other, and then lay on our backs, drumming on the ground with our heels for pleasure, staring up at the drifting veils that the others hadn't seen because they didn't know what to look for.

It was part of a day like almost any other at Orford House, random and unpredictable. Being there was like being at a long-drawn-out children's party at which a wide-ranging game of hide-and-seek was always in progress. Mrs. Barker, who was indulgent and scatterbrained, gave it that feeling; her air of vagueness made even the regular meals seem to be improvisations. The cracked bell in the stable tower which called us in to wash our hands before lunch with its thin "tan, tan, tan" never failed to sound at five to one, but it always seemed to take Mrs. Barker by surprise. "Oh! There's the bell," she would say, looking up with her delighted smile. "Why, do you know, I believe I've quite an appetite. Aren't any of you little people hungry?" "Yes, Mrs. Barker, I am." Other voices chimed in in agreement. "Well then," she would say, "let's go in and see what they have for us."

Practical Mr. Barker, a burly man with a sun-baked face and a loud, frightening laugh, saw to it that the bell rang on time and that there were meals to eat. When he interviewed parents or guardians who were thinking of sending children to Orford House, he liked to have one or another of us with him, nestling against him as he sat in his study chair, or holding on to his hand, to show how much we trusted him and how well he understood the art of making children happy. Standing beside him while he absently caressed the top of my head, I had heard him telling a newly widowed officer who was placing his two daughters before he went back to the front, "It's not really my show, you know. I just run the home farm and the gardens, and I do the paperwork, of course. Looking after the children is my wife's end of it. She's the one who adores them. Couldn't bear it when our own grew up, you know, and didn't want to interfere with our grandchildren. So she took on this place, and landed me with thirty of these little blighters!" He laughed his noisy laugh. "A great change after the Indian Civil Service, I can tell you. But, you know, after ten years of it I'm almost as keen on children as Dorothy. I don't believe I could do without my flock of little people now." He ruffled my hair in a friendly way. "You must run along, David. Captain Gardiner and I have got serious things to talk about."

As I left I heard him telling the sad-faced Captain that I was a "dear little chap. His aunt is Gwen Rees, the pianist, you know." On those occasions when the visitors were civilians, Mr. Barker liked to have Oliver at his side. Then he would let fall the name of "General Burford, who did so splendidly at Ribécourt with the Third Corps last November." He had learned that the names of corps commanders and other brass hats no longer held any magic for men who had been to the front.

With another kind of parent he made play with Cynthia Hurst: "A pretty little thing isn't she? She's an 'honourable,' of course, but we don't bother with any of that nonsense here. She may be Lord Denbury's daughter when she's at home, but she's just another nice child, while she's with us."

No doubt he saw that if he was to get away with this tactic we would really have to like him. He took no part in the ordinary daily routine of the school, except when he broke into it with some treat or excitement, such as that we were to have a special holiday for the haymaking on the home farm, or when he appeared in the dormitories just before the set hour for lights-out and silence and began to tell us about the things he had seen and done when he was in India. Sometimes he read to us from books which he pulled out of the pockets of his shooting jacket as if he had just found them there by chance. His head was full of rhymes and jingles. "You know what those terrible Huns say when they see a paw like yours, with four little fingers and a thumb on it?" he would say to us. "'*Sälzchen, Schmälzchen, Butterchen, Brötchen, Kribbelkrabbelkrötchen. Kribbelkrabbelkrötchen!*' There's a piece of Hunnish frightfulness for you, eh!" If his laughter hadn't been so loud, and so sudden, we would have worshipped him. He really had, as Mrs. Barker said, a wonderful way with children.

"We were looking for somewhere to live and we found this dear, dear house," she would say. "We both fell in love with it, but it was so very much too big for two old people to live in all by themselves that it seemed absurd for us to even think of it. And then I had this stroke of inspiration. I said, 'My dear Jack, you've always had such a wonderful way with children, and I just adore them. Why don't we buy this heavenly place and fill it up with boys and gels. We'll have the happiest time running it as a kindergarten!' . . . Of course, it was just what I'd been longing to do for years, ever since our own babies grew up, but I'm sure that if we hadn't needed an excuse for taking on this perfect property, I'd never have dared to tell Jack what I had in mind for his old age—poor darling."

NO DOGS ALLOWED

IT was an easy house to fall in love with—a comfortable, many-gabled, many-chimneyed building, covered with vines and creepers. It looked as if it had grown slowly out of the ground, like a very old tree. A small part of it had been an Elizabethan farmhouse, and a huge rambling addition had been made to it in the eighteen-forties. Its straggling plan, its bow windows and oriels, its odd-shaped rooms full of unexpected nooks and corners, its frequent changes of floor level, and its many staircases, large and small, open and enclosed, made it seem much larger than it was. We had the run of the house on wet days, as we had the run of the gardens and the farm on fine ones, but no matter how often we played hide-and-seek all through it, or went exploring in its long, twisting corridors, it always kept its air of having surprises in reserve. All through the time I was at Orford House, I felt that somewhere in it there was probably a forgotten door opening onto a staircase which would go up to a shadowy set of rooms that the Barkers themselves might never have seen. We slept scattered about the second floor and the attics, four of us in this room, three in that, six here, five there.

Orford House seemed to belong in an ideal world in which wishes might easily come true, and when I lay down to sleep in my first weeks there it always seemed possible that I might wake later to hear Aunt Gwen playing downstairs and know that she had come to stay. Several times I dreamed that this had happened, but when I sat up in bed listening, I heard an untalented hand playing with a coarse, mechanical accuracy. Perhaps it was the recurrence of this dream which led to the habit of snapping into wakefulness each night after an hour or two of sleep. If it was not cold and the moon was up, I would slip out of bed and tiptoe over to the window. Leaning out across the broad sill, kneeling on the window seat, I would listen to the minute sounds of night—the faint stirrings and rustlings, and the occasional small squeak which came from within the thick mat of jasmine on the wall, the far-off crystal-clear crowing of a cock made tiny by distance. In the fields beyond the garden, wreaths of milk-white mist hung in the hollows between the dark, sleeping trees, and the murmur of grown-up voices came quietly from an open window below.

There was no terror in being caught out of bed. If anyone came, it would be Mrs. Barker taking a last look around, and her rule was that there were no rules and no punishments at Orford House. "I've never seen the need for it," she would say. "I just talk to my babies and tell them *why* I want them to be good." When she found me at the window absorbed in the chalky magic of the moonday, she would whisper, "David, David, you bad little pickle, you should be fast asleep in your bed! You shouldn't be sitting there, watching the trees grow. Thank goodness you've had the sense to put on your dressing gown." Then she would kneel on the window seat beside me, with an arm round me protectively, and we would look out at the hypnotic otherscape of transformed everyday things together. Once she said, "Why, look, there's that yew tree where you and Oliver found all those baby spiders. I hardly recognized it. I wonder what became of them all, don't you?"

Without thinking, I said, "I know. They all flew away."

"Oh, David, David, what a storyteller you are! Spiders don't have wings. They can't fly. Even a dreamy silly like you must know that."

I remembered Oliver's words, too late. I was not to tell anybody. It was a secret. "I expect they just crawled away, really," I said.

"Of course they did," Mrs. Barker said. "David, I want you to promise me something. When things come into your head, try to think whether they're true or not before you speak about them. And if they aren't true, you'll just forget them, won't you? Will you promise me that?"

"Yes, Mrs. Barker, I promise," I said, and yawned enormously.

"Why, you poor lamb, here I am bothering you for promises, and you're dropping with sleep. I'm going to pop you back into your bed where you belong, this very second."

THOUGH by day we had the run of the warrenlike building, of the old-fashioned flower gardens and shrubberies surrounding it, and of the parklike home farm beyond them, where the Barkers' little herd of Jersey cows grazed under great oak trees which had been there for three hundred years or more, and though we felt as free as air all the time, we were more cared for and supervised than we knew. We were watched over by a band of girls aged between fifteen and nineteen. Some of them were English—paying pupils who were supposed to be learning the art of kindergarten management from the Barkers. The others were Belgians, the daughters of a group of refugee families who had fled out of their own country when it was invaded in 1914. They played with us and gave us playlike lessons in classrooms made out of the old stables, the carriage house, and the downstairs reception rooms in the house. Big Jeanine taught us dancing. "Watch my feet; mind ze beat; pam, pam, *pam;* one, two, *three;* do like zees; now like *zees.* Now try again." The piano struck up, and the room filled with twelve voices shrilling out with exaggerated emphasis, "*Sur le pont d'Avignon, l'on y danse, l'on y danse. . . .*" Big Jeanine stopped playing. "Philip! Philip! You di'n come in right. You missed ze beat again. David shall do it for us, an' you watch 'eem. David—" She gave me an encouraging smile as I stepped out to the center of the floor. I was her star performer.

I did as she wished, with a certain sullenness. I enjoyed dancing, but I didn't like her. I knew that she was responsible for Mrs. Barker's concern over my habit of lying, and I wasn't grateful to her for that. Mrs. Barker held a weekly staff meeting every Monday, while we were having our after-lunch rest. Anxious to know what a staff meeting could be, I had crept up to the window of the ground-floor room where it was going on and heard Mrs. Barker saying that she had noticed that I was getting more than my share of teasing. "It's his own fault," Big Jeanine said. "He will tell the others these ridiculous stories about his family. They are so—*démesuré*—what should I say—fantastical . . .?"

"Exaggerated, dear," said Mrs. Barker.

"No, it's more than that," Big Jeanine said. "He tells things that can't possibly be true, anyhow. The others egg him on, and when he's finished, they tear his stories apart, and he cries."

"Oh dear," Mrs. Barker said. "I think we must try to cure him of that. We must remember to be kind, but we must be firm. We'll all have to pull him up whenever we hear him saying anything which can't be so. He won't like it, but it'll be better for him in the end. Be careful not to tell

"Would you mind waiting a minute while I make myself presentable?"

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him he's been lying—particularly in front of the others. Just let him know you've seen through him. Ask him a question—you could say, 'Is that true, David, or is it just another of your stories?' Something like that. Now on to item number three. The twins are beginning to speak in a very rude, unmannerly way. . . ."

I crept away. I didn't want to hear anything about the Martins, and I didn't *think* it was going to be very pleasant when Big Jeanine and the rest of them started to be kind but firm with me. I had quite enough on my hands already.

I was telling a great many lies just then, for a simple reason. When it came to certain matters that children are naturally interested in, I didn't have enough truth to tell. When I went to Orford House as a boarder, I knew that my name was David Rees and that I lived with my Aunt Gwen, who had just moved from Leigh-on-Sea, in Essex, to a flat in London because three very noisy anti-aircraft guns had suddenly appeared, practically in our front garden. My Aunt was beginning to make a reputation for herself as a concert pianist. That was all I knew, and it had never dawned on me that there might be any more for me to know until I found myself alone with other children.

A girl named Mary Truscott opened my eyes. We were standing in front of some rhododendrons. The dark-green bushes were loaded with hundreds of huge purple, rose-pink, and white flowers. Mary showed me how to pull single trumpets out of the clusters so that they brought their drops of nectar away with them. When sucked, the flowers released a flash of sweetness, which lasted on the tongue for an enjoyable instant. We stood side by side in grave contentment, happily tearing flower after flower to pieces. She said, "What does your father do now? Is he a soldier? My father is."

"I don't know," I said.

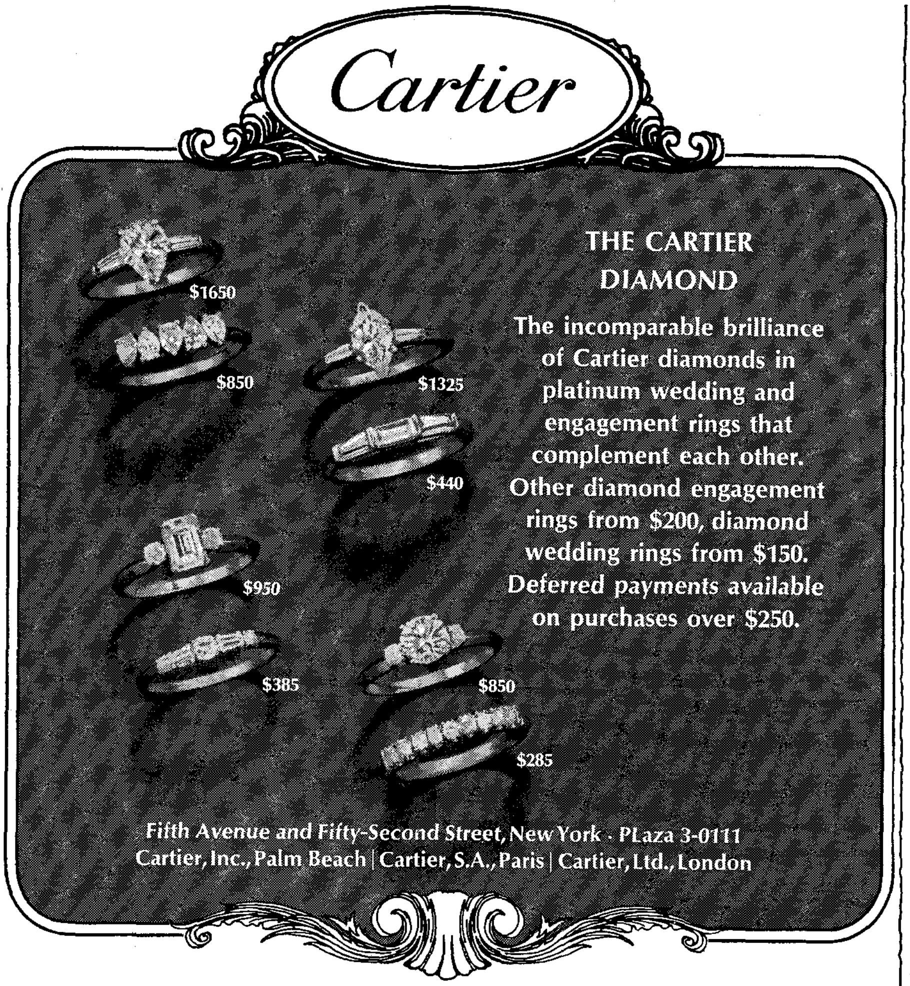
She sucked a trumpet thoughtfully. "That was a lovely, sweet one," she said. "What do you mean? You must know. Or is he, well, dead?"

I said I didn't know.

"Don't be silly, David, you must know."

"I don't," I said. "Really and truly, I don't know anything about him."

"Don't you even know his name?" She looked shocked. "My father's name is Richard St. John Philby Truscott. When there isn't a war going on, he thinks about money. He's an economist. But now he's a major. He wears riding britches and helps General Harrison run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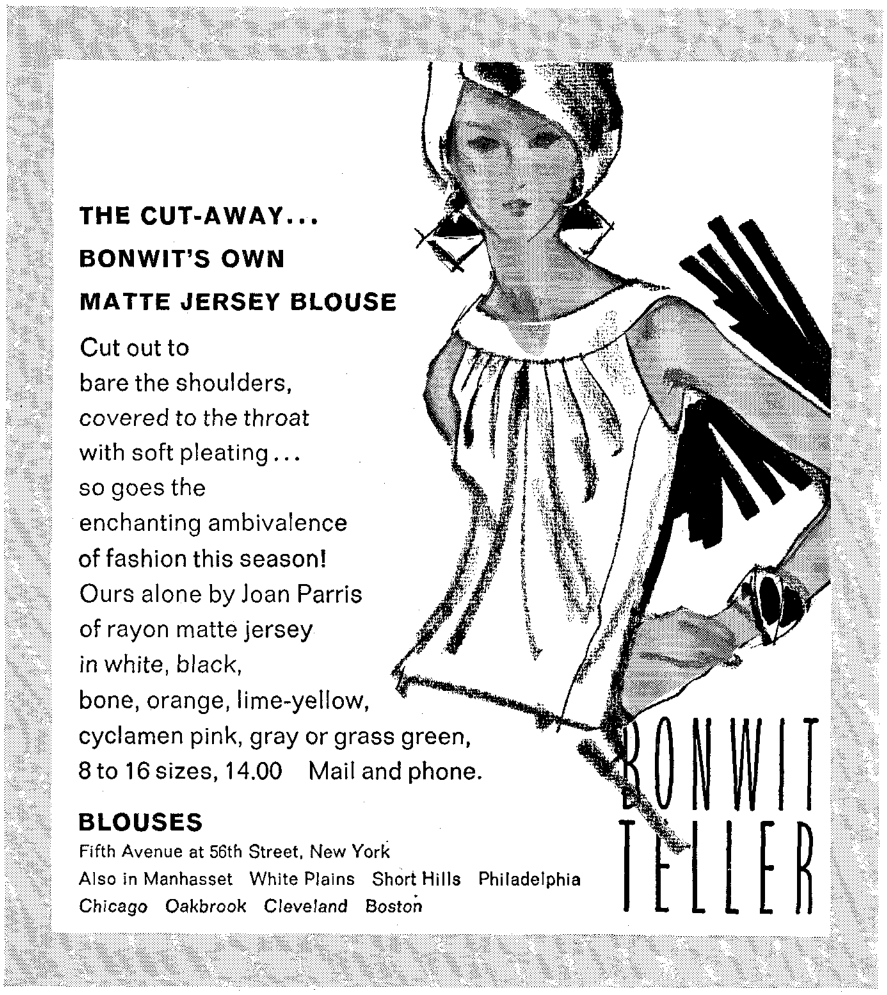
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BONWIT'S OWN
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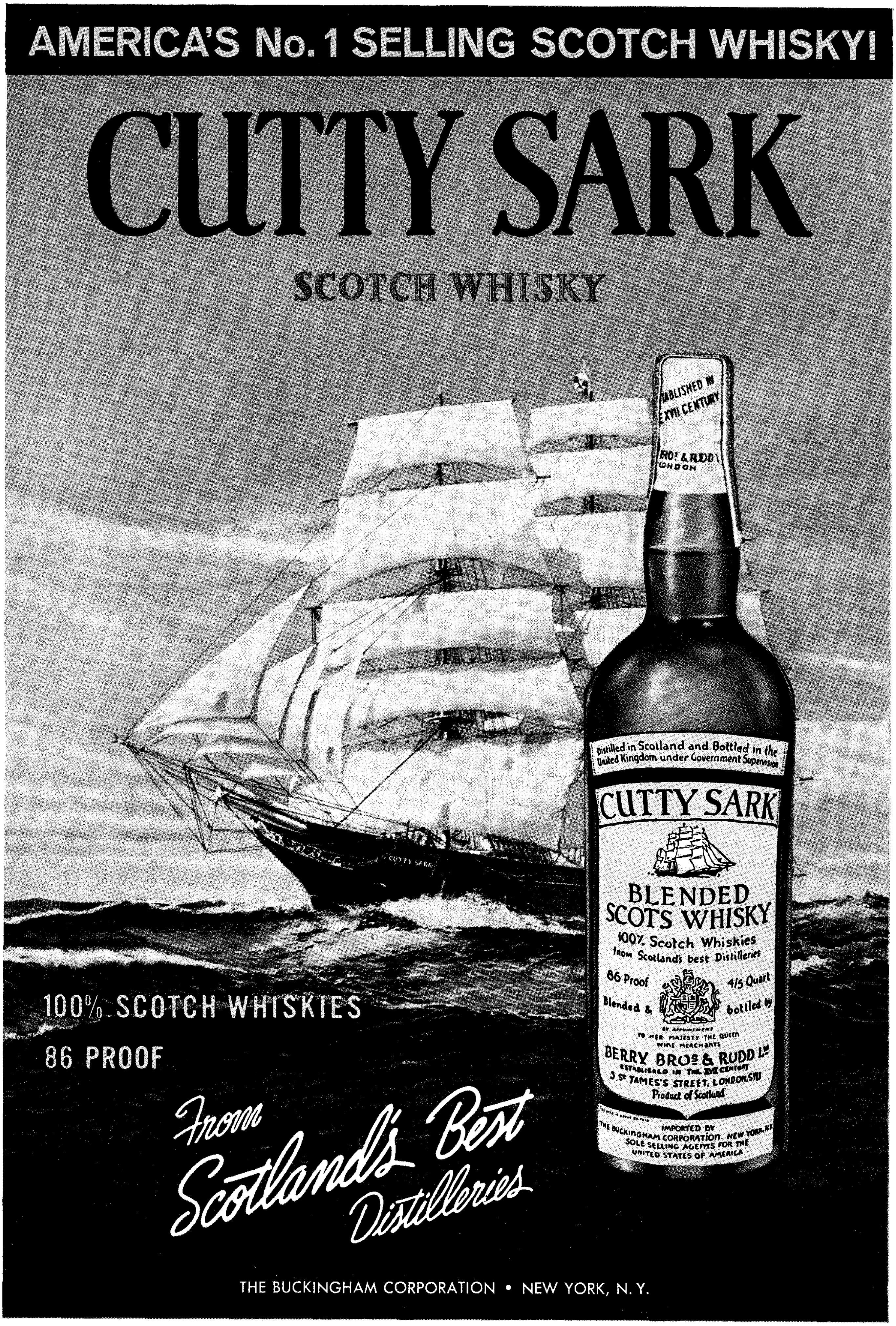

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his trains in France. He says he feels silly wearing britches to sit in an office running trains, but someone has to do it. Don't you know things like that about your father?"

I said, "No." I was as surprised as she was.

"That's awfully funny," she said. "I mean, it's extraordinary."

I felt that it was, but I didn't wish to admit it. I said, "I don't know. I expect it's the same with lots of people."

"I don't think so," she said. "I don't see how it could be."

I said, "I'm going into the walled garden to see if I can find Oliver. Do you want to come?"

"I don't like Oliver," she said.

"Oh, all right, don't come, then," I said, and we parted.

I didn't expect to find Oliver on the other side of the faded green door, but I did want to get away from Mary before she began asking me if I knew anything about my mother. When I was inside the enclosure, I didn't think about the strange deficiency of which I had become aware. I nibbled a piece of parsley, smelled the scent of currant bushes, and from a certain distance watched the gardener earthing up potatoes. I did not think he had seen me until he straightened at the end of a row to look at a fat round silver watch, which he pulled from a tiny crevice in his corduroy waistcoat. When he had held it in his large red hand for a moment, he said, "Ten to five! I'm off home to me tea. And you mus' be going on up to the 'ouse, or you'll be missin' yourn." He slid the watch back into its hiding place, and we considered each other.

"My name is David Rees," I said experimentally.

"Well, Master David," he said, "you may call me Mister Richards when you pass the time of day with me in future." He put on his jacket, which had been hanging in an apple tree close at hand. "If so be you wants to," he said.

I said, "What do I do to pass the time of day, Mr. Richards?"

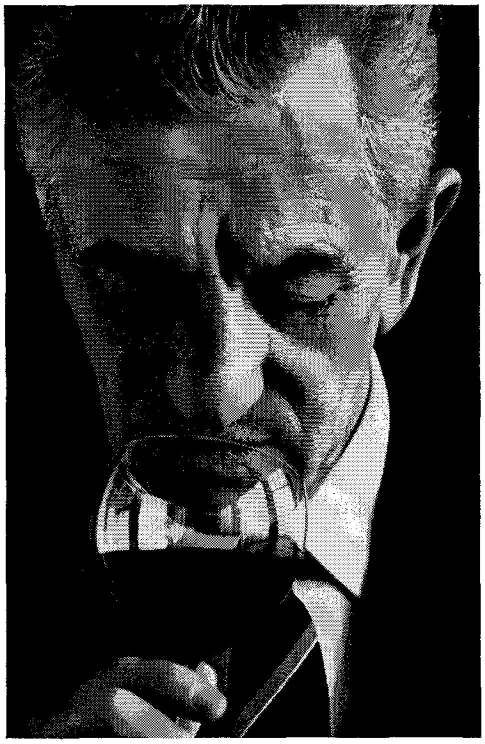
"If 'tis with me, you says 'Good morning, Mr. Richards' or 'Good af'ernoon, Mr. Richards,' as the case may be. It ent very difficult when you sets your mind to it."

The flat sound of the stable bell came thinly to us through the trees, calling me in. "I have to go now. Goodbye, Mr. Richards."

"And good night to you, Master David."

When I looked back at him from the doorway, he was lighting his small pipe and contemplating the work he had done during the day from the spot in

Our man in Bordeaux knows his Bordeaux.



The gentleman's name is Louis Vaudable.
And when he's not being our man in Bordeaux, he's our man in Paris.
He is, you see, the owner of *Maxim's of Paris,* one of the world's truly great restaurants and the inspiration for all of our President Specialties.
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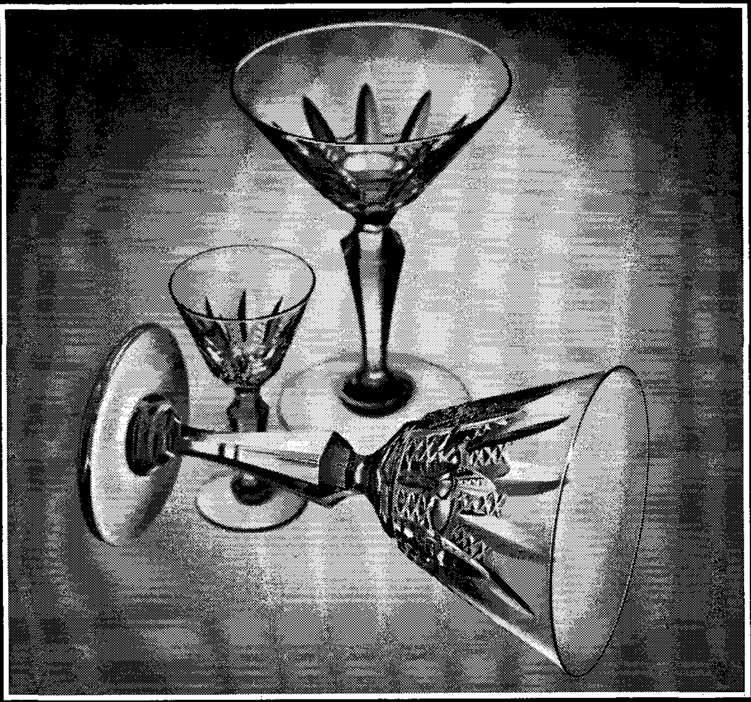

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the center path where I had left him. I waved. He emitted a puff of brilliant blue smoke, threw his match aside, and waved back. I ran on up to the house feeling privileged, fortunate, and happy.

I was ambushed halfway. Cynthia Hurst bore down on me with her friend Diana on one side of her and Mary on the other. They had been talking about me. "I can tell him what his father's name is, even if he can't," Cynthia had just said. "It's easy. What's your other name, David?" she said now, smugly.

I said, "Rees."

Triumphantly she said, "Well, that's your father's name, then."

I said I didn't know.

Cynthia stamped her foot. "That's stupid!" she said. "Of course you know your father's name. Everybody does."

"I've told you all about *my* father," Mary said, accusingly.

I didn't know what to do. I screwed my fists into my eyes and burst into noisy tears. "They're dead. They're both dead. It's so horrid I don't want to talk about it."

Just before bedtime, I met Cynthia in the upstairs corridor. I was coming back from the washroom with the taste of toothpaste in my mouth. She said, "You might have said you were an orphan right away, instead of going on about not knowing."

"An orphan?" I said uncertainly.

"Oh, you're hopeless," she said.

She was like a fox terrier. She came after me again the next day while we were having our midmorning milk and biscuits. "If you know they're dead, then you must know their names, and it can't hurt you to tell us that much, David. After all, your father must have been called Rees, you know. That's why you're called Rees. Everybody takes their father's name."

"But your father's called Lord Denbury."

"No, he isn't. That's his title. His name is Johnny Hurst. Anyone could have told you that. You don't know anything." Cynthia was brisk and she seemed to know everything.

I saw that it wasn't any use going on sticking to the truth. I said, "My father's name was Edward Rees."

"Where did he come from?"

I remembered that Aunt Gwen had once told me where I was born, so I put Edward Rees there. "Hunstanton," I said. "That's where my mother came from, too. She was called Mary."

"Mary what?"

"Mary Rees."

"I don't mean that, I meant before."

It was on the tip of my tongue to say

"The fatal flaw in your scheme, Edwards, was your appalling ignorance of sherry. Any butler who doesn't know the difference between amontillado and oloroso, manzanilla and fino, shouldn't serve sherry to a Scotland Yard man."

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He should have come to Pedro Domecq before he tried to flummox the inspector.

We could have set him straight.
Pedro Domecq makes and sells more sherry than anybody in the world.

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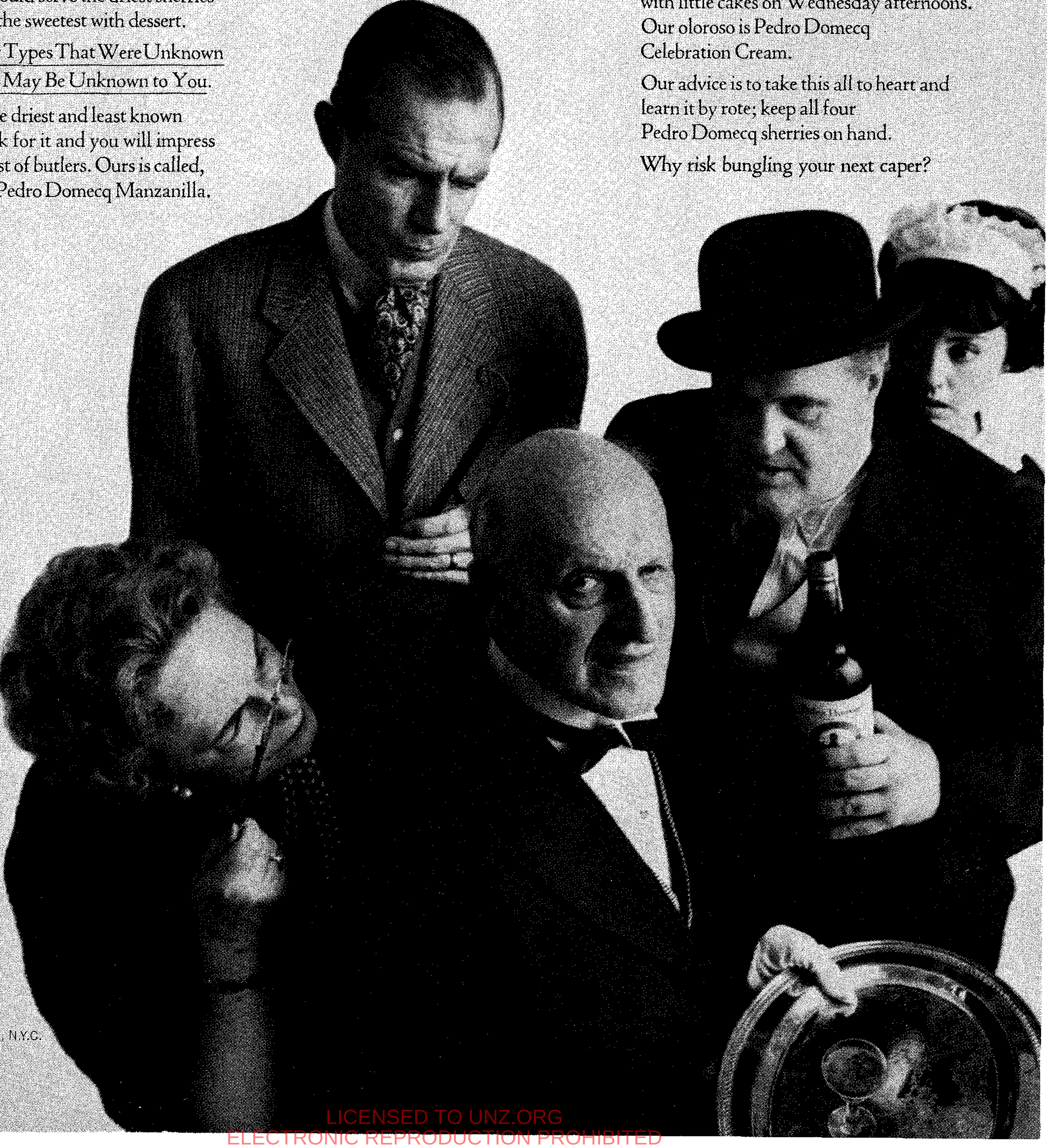
Our advice is to take this all to heart and learn it by rote; keep all four Pedro Domecq sherries on hand.

Why risk bungling your next caper?



Canada Dry Corporation, N.Y.C.

that I didn't know, but I caught Cynthia's eye and my nerve failed me. "She was always called Rees," I said, failing to think of a single other name.

"I suppose they were cousins," Cynthia said.

"I think so," I said, "but I'm not sure."

"They must have been," Cynthia said, and hesitated. "My father doesn't approve of cousins marrying cousins. He says if there's any battiness around, that's sure to bring it roaring out."

We drank milk. Now that I had named them Edward and Mary, I could begin to realize what I didn't know about my parents. I didn't know the color of their eyes, or of their hair. I didn't know what kind of clothes they would have worn, what their voices would have been like, what sort of things they would have said, or what expressions they would have had on their faces when they spoke. They didn't have any features or qualities.

"Was your father nice?" Cynthia said.

"Oh, he was very nice. He had gray eyes that crinkled up at the corners because he was always laughing. He used to let me stay up at night. My mother would say it was bedtime, and then he would say, 'Give the boy a bit longer, dear. Let him have his supper with us.' I used to have dinner with them almost every night. . . ."

I had a free hand. It wasn't difficult to invent enough, and what I invented didn't have to make very much sense. None of the children at Orford House were much more than seven years old, and though Cynthia might not have been willing to admit it, none of them knew so very much more about the world than I did. The trouble was that I couldn't remember half of what I made up.

"But, look here," Philip Alan said, "the last time you told us about your father getting killed you said it happened in France. You've just said he was torpedoed. You've changed everything."

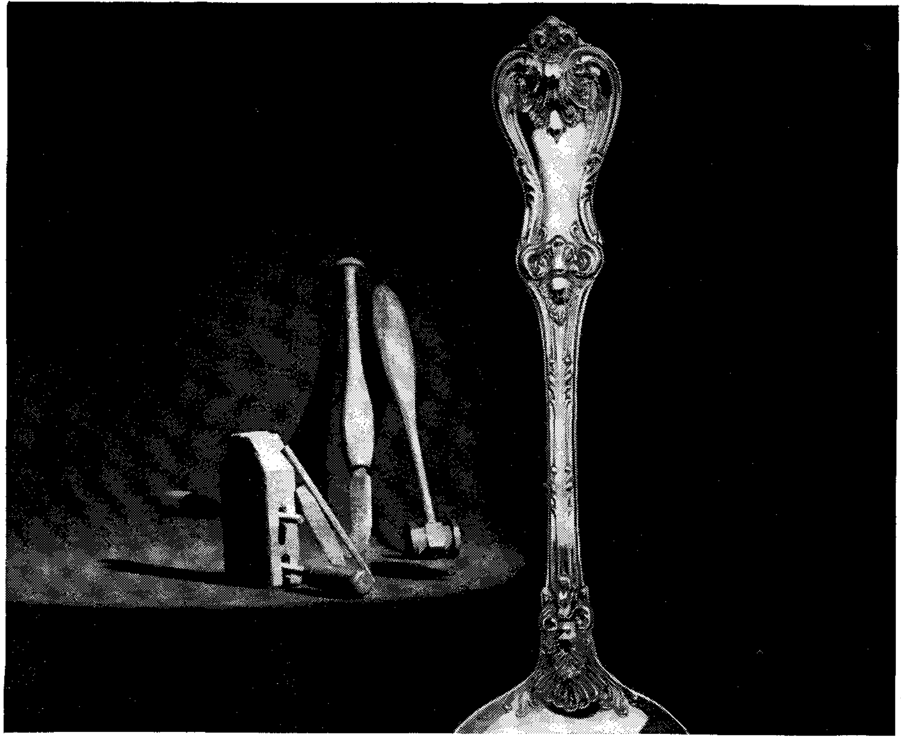
"I haven't."

"You have. You remember him telling it the other way, don't you, Diana?"

"Yes," said Diana spitefully. "It's all different this time. I remember. I think he's making it all up."

They had given me time. I said, "You didn't let me finish. I never said he was drowned. I said he was torpedoed." I hurried on, seeing the way out. "He was in a ship going to France which got torpedoed. The ship sank, and hundreds of men were lost, but he

Once you had to inherit it



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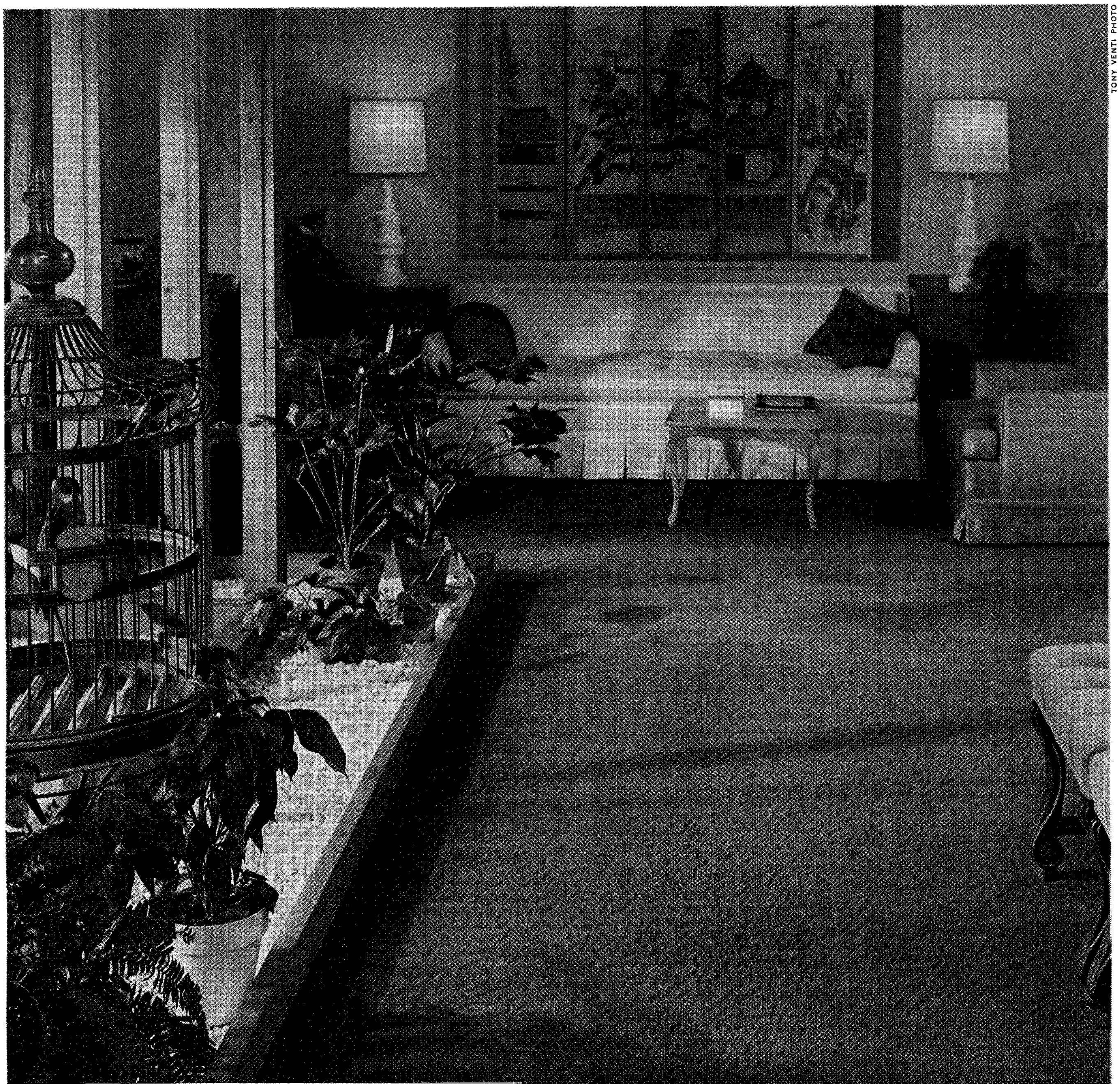
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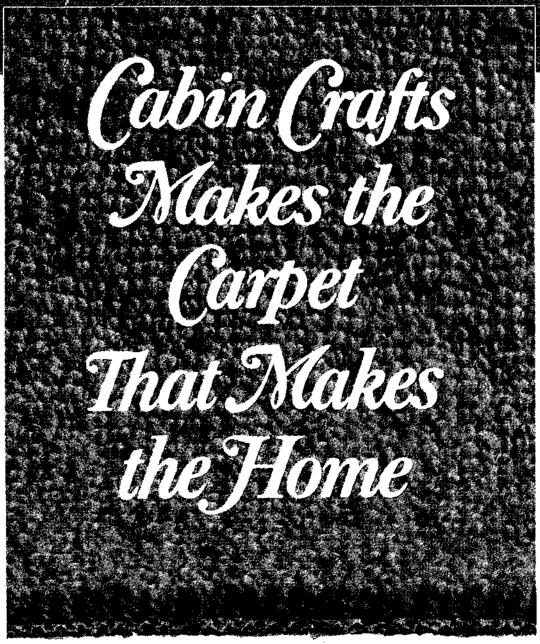

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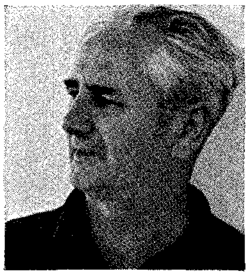

Author of The Cruel Sea

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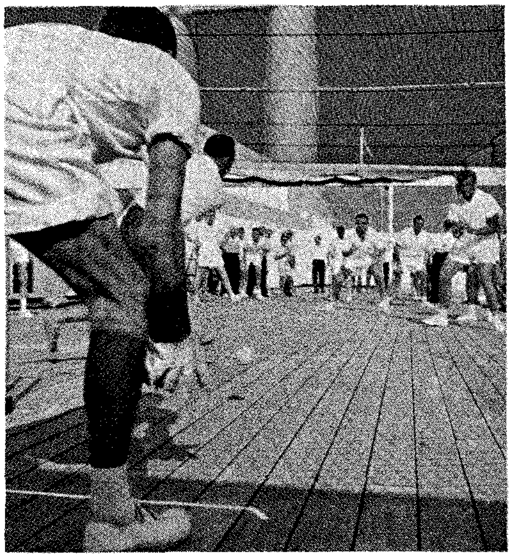
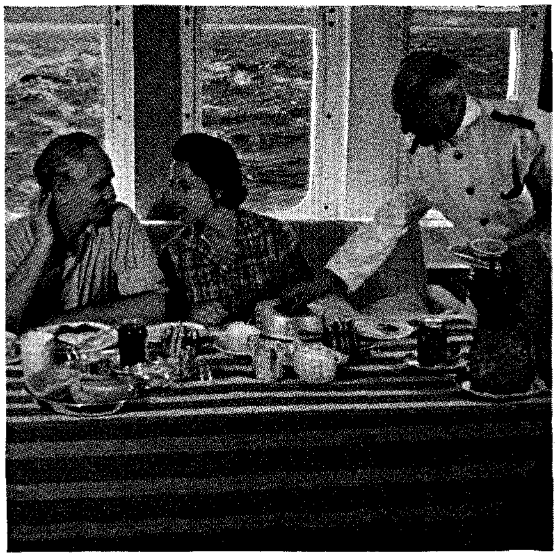


"The choice of activity was wide. You could play deck games, or swim. There was Canasta and movies and horse races. Time for gossip and wondering if people were really married." *(You can do something different every hour of the day and night, if you like, on a great P&O-Orient liner.)*



"We had been assigned a steward named Streetly; a benign, efficient, grey-haired man. It was clear that Streetly had been at this job a long time and still found it worth doing. Only the best lines make such men and hang on to them when made." *(On P&O-Orient, there's a crewman for every two passengers!)*

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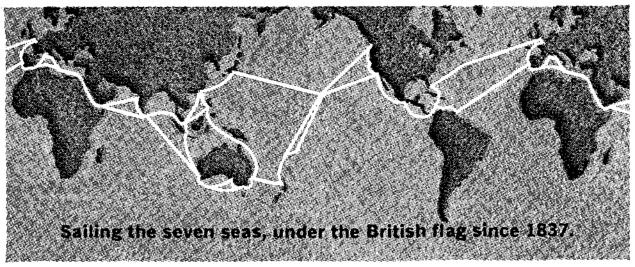

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was saved. He was picked up by another ship."

"Oh."

"And then he went on to France in the other ship."

"Oh."

But each time I wriggled out of a tight corner in this way I multiplied my chances of getting caught out later on in further contradictions. Sometimes there was nothing to do but run away to hide, or to take refuge in tears, and sometimes Oliver rescued me. He did it disapprovingly. "I wish you wouldn't go in for all that rot."

"What rot?" I asked, pretending not to understand him.

"All that silly stuff you make up about your family. I don't know why you do it."

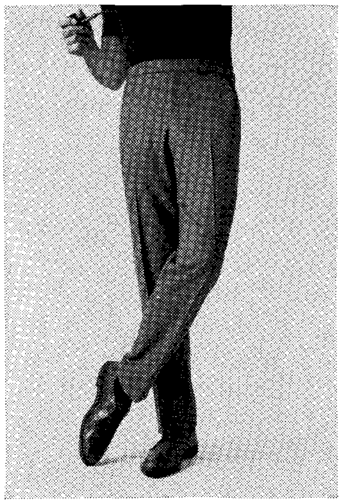
"I don't want to," I said. "But they make me."

"You shouldn't let them. That sort of thing isn't any good."

"I know," I said, envying him his General. Oliver's father had come down to Orford House to see him once on the way back to France after a flying visit to England to talk to the war leaders in Whitehall and Downing Street. He arrived in a big War Office Daimler, flying his army commander's pennant. When the soldier chauffeur opened the door, General Burford climbed out in glory. He was wearing a flat cap with a red band around it and a great deal of gold braid on its visor. His riding boots shone like mirrors, and his Sam Browne belt, with its shoulder strap, seemed more romantic and soldierly than plate armor. We all peeped at him from one vantage point or another as he walked up and down the lawn with Oliver, talking to him, and tapping himself on his thigh with his leather-covered swagger stick at every other stride. The gold braid and the bands of medal ribbons on the breast of his tunic above his heart put us all in awe of his magnificence. And it seemed most wonderful that he had come away from his battles to spend ten minutes with his son.

LATER on, when I was spending the Easter holidays with Aunt Gwen, I found a portrait of the General looking out at me from the front page of the daily paper. "That's my friend Oliver's father," I said, pointing it out proudly.

Aunt Gwen did not see glory, as I did; she saw written across General Burford's face the ravaging strain of over four years during which the organized murder of one British Army after another had been the only fruit



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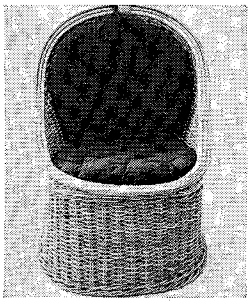
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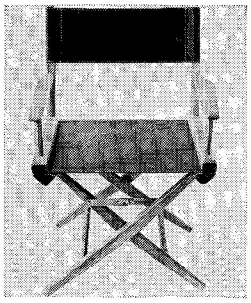
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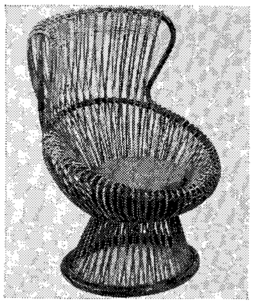
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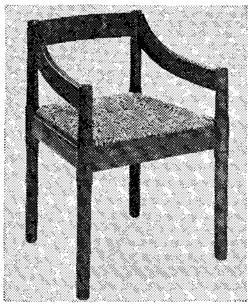
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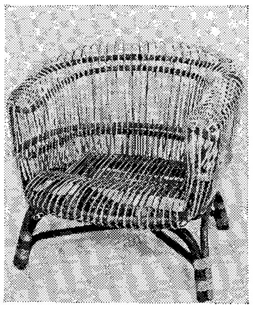
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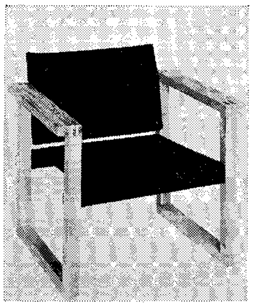
Finland

Summer sitting at Design Research, 57 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass./ 53 East 57th Street, New York City/ Ghirardelli Square, San Francisco.

Design Research

of Haig's leaden leadership. A sigh of pity escaped her. "Poor man," she said.

"Why is he a poor man?" I said in surprise. "He went to Buckingham Palace to be given a medal by the king. He's a famous general."

Faced with my innocence, she let the point go. "Oliver must be very proud of him," she said.

I studied the face of my friend's father again. I said, "Aunt Gwen, what were my father and mother like? Do you have any photos of them, anywhere, put away?"

"Don't ever say 'photos,' please, David," she said automatically. "It's vulgar; say 'photographs.' " She lapsed into silence, considering me. She knew, since she could see the evidence for thinking so in front of her, that I couldn't possibly understand the complicated story of her youthful entanglement with a married man who had died suddenly before I was born, and before he could obtain the divorce which would have set him free to marry her. No doubt she felt that if she told it to me and I was to repeat what she said, without understanding the implications of her words, I might find myself confronted by an ugly side of human nature sooner than she would wish. Her own family, in its dismay, had cut her off utterly as a disgrace to them, and she had no reason to expect better of strangers and the world at large. She said, "It's going to be very difficult for me to tell you what you want to know. If I tried to explain why, you wouldn't understand me. You'll have to know much more about the world than you do now before the story can make any kind of sense to you. I will tell you as soon as you're old enough, I promise you." She patted the hand she had been holding and got to her feet. Her voice underwent a complete change of tone. "Go and get Jessie to help you on with your coat, dear. We must fly, or we shall miss our appointment."

I felt the child's bruising awareness of being treated as a child. I was not to be told what I wished to know. I took the only evasive action a child can take and hid my feelings. I ran off as if I had not attached any importance to the question, and as if I had already forgotten asking it.

WHEN I was back at Orford House, a reckless desperation overtook me. It seemed as if the only thing to be done was to bury curiosity in extravagance. I told stories about my parents and my life with them that were ridiculous from the start, and I found that I could make the other

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the best Colombian

made for Brewing Tolerance

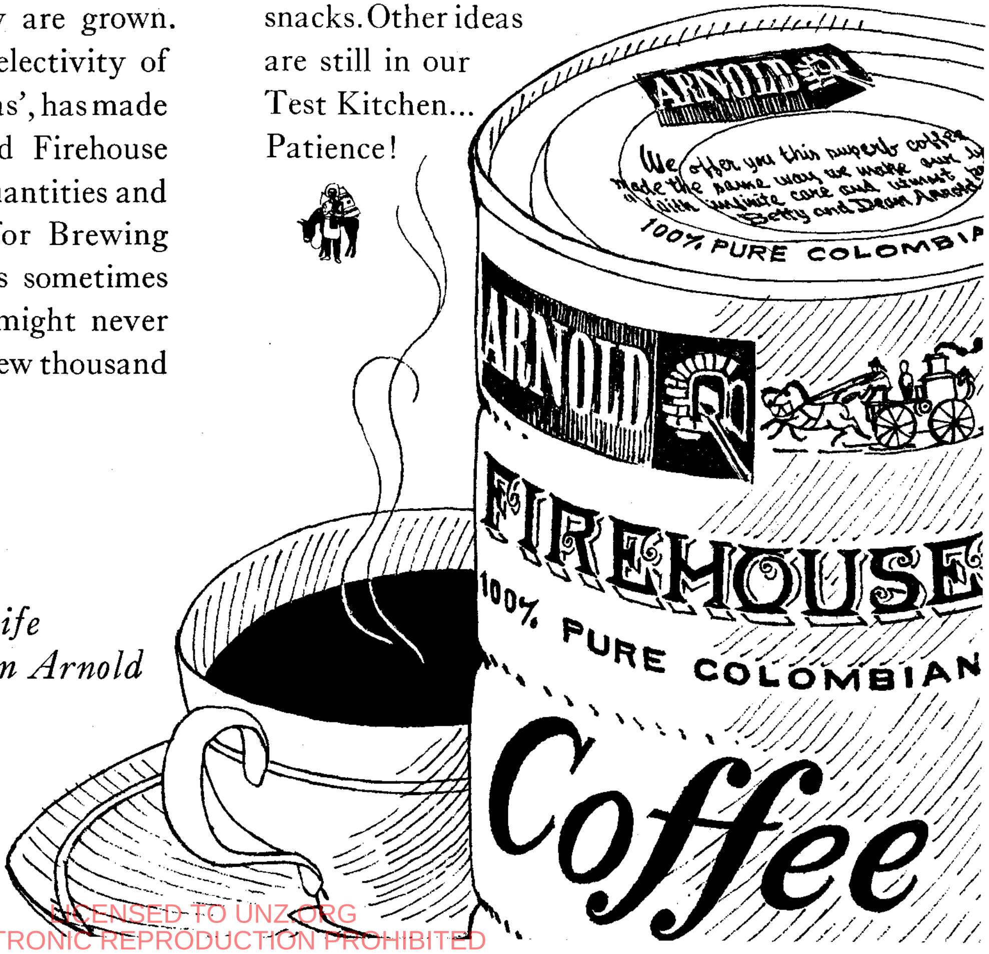
Arnold Firehouse Coffee is every bit fine Colombian. The beans for our blend are grown on small plots, some as small as four acres, the way the great grapes of Burgundy are grown. Then, the fanatic selectivity of our buying team, the Truebas', has made the supply smaller. Arnold Firehouse Coffee is roasted in small quantities and carefully blended for Brewing Tolerance. So it has sometimes seemed as if there might never be more than just a few thousand pounds of it a year.

the drought may be over

But on a recent trip the Truebas were able to arrange for added top-quality sources. Roasting, too, has been stepped up and there is a good chance that when you go to the store Arnold Coffee will be there for you. If it is, buy! If it is not, write! (Sorry, but since there isn't enough extra for samples we'll have to send a pound and charge $1.)

Arnold Creative Foods

Our Firehouse Coffee, with Brewing Tolerance, is just the start of a series of Arnold Creative Foods. Some may be as hard to find as the Coffee used to be. Some are as plentiful as Arnold Peasen (Japanese) snacks. Other ideas are still in our Test Kitchen... Patience!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Coffee

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from Arnold

CREATIVE FOODS DIVISION
ARNOLD BAKERS, INC., GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

In Paris, you can't miss us. We have a rather large steel sculpture in our front yard.

The Seine, shops and tree-lined boulevards are very near, too. But to really see Paris, ride up to Le Toit de Paris, Manager Pierre Jaquillard's magnificent new roof-top restaurant. Another thing you'll enjoy at our new hotel is the weather. It's always April in Paris in your own spacious room because *you* dial the temperature. Like a preview of Paris before you get there? Fly Air France. For reservations, call your travel agent or any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation office.

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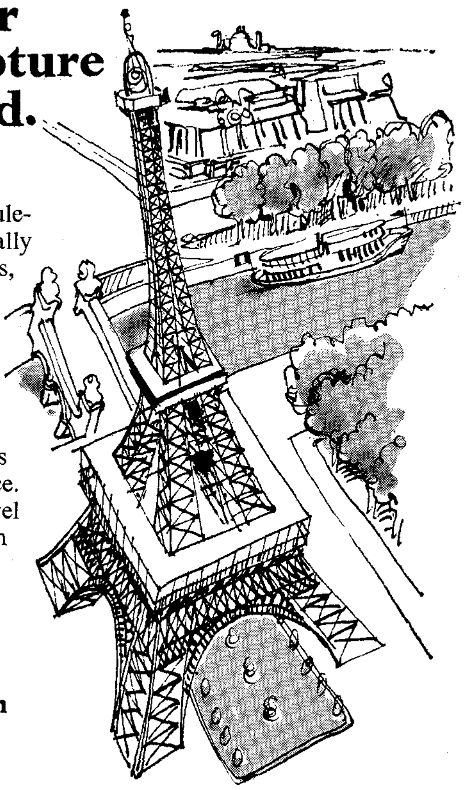

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children laugh with me when someone like Dora Martin, doggedly searching for the truth in my stories, said, "But David, when you told us that before, it was a snake your father brought back from India that *bit* the postman. Now you say it was a tiger that ate him. . . ."

"There were two postmen," I said. "The one the snake bit turned black and swelled up like a balloon; the other postman was eaten right up."

Dora frowned. "I don't believe it."

"It's true. They sent round the next day for his hat and his bag. They were still lying under the bush by the front gate where the tiger ate him. The people at the post office were awfully cross, because they'd had so many complaints about the letters not coming that day. The postmaster came in his special uniform to tell my father he couldn't have any more postmen bitten or eaten because it interfered so with deliveries."

"I know that's not true," Dora said.

"Of course it isn't," I said.

The others laughed with me and against her. But my laughter was hysterical and often turned suddenly into tears. After all, Aunt Gwen had been careful to avoid telling me anything about my parents, and her manner had made me feel sure that she must have had some pressing reason for not being straightforward. When the mystery of what that might be was troubling me, I would try to find some place in the house or in the grounds where I could be by myself, away from the others, at least for a while.

Mrs. Barker's watchful eye was on me, and would run me down in my hiding places and flush me out of them. "There you are, you silly David. You should be out in the fresh air with the others, you know. You shouldn't be skulking in here among these shadows." If she found me in tears and being laughed at, she would comfort me, and, as I nestled in her lap, she would try to win me back from my bad ways. "You see what comes of telling silly stories that can't be true, don't you, David? You will try, won't you, to keep that promise you made to me?"

My only certain refuge from her kindness and concern was inside the walled garden, where I could always shelter for an odd ten minutes or half hour behind the taciturnity of Mr. Richards. When I had passed the time of day with him, we entered into a largely wordless communion. I liked to be there watching him, and he liked to have me near him. He would sometimes break his silence to make a small request of me. "Do 'ee go over to the potting shed there, Master David, an'

PROMINENT EXECUTIVE DISAPPEARS

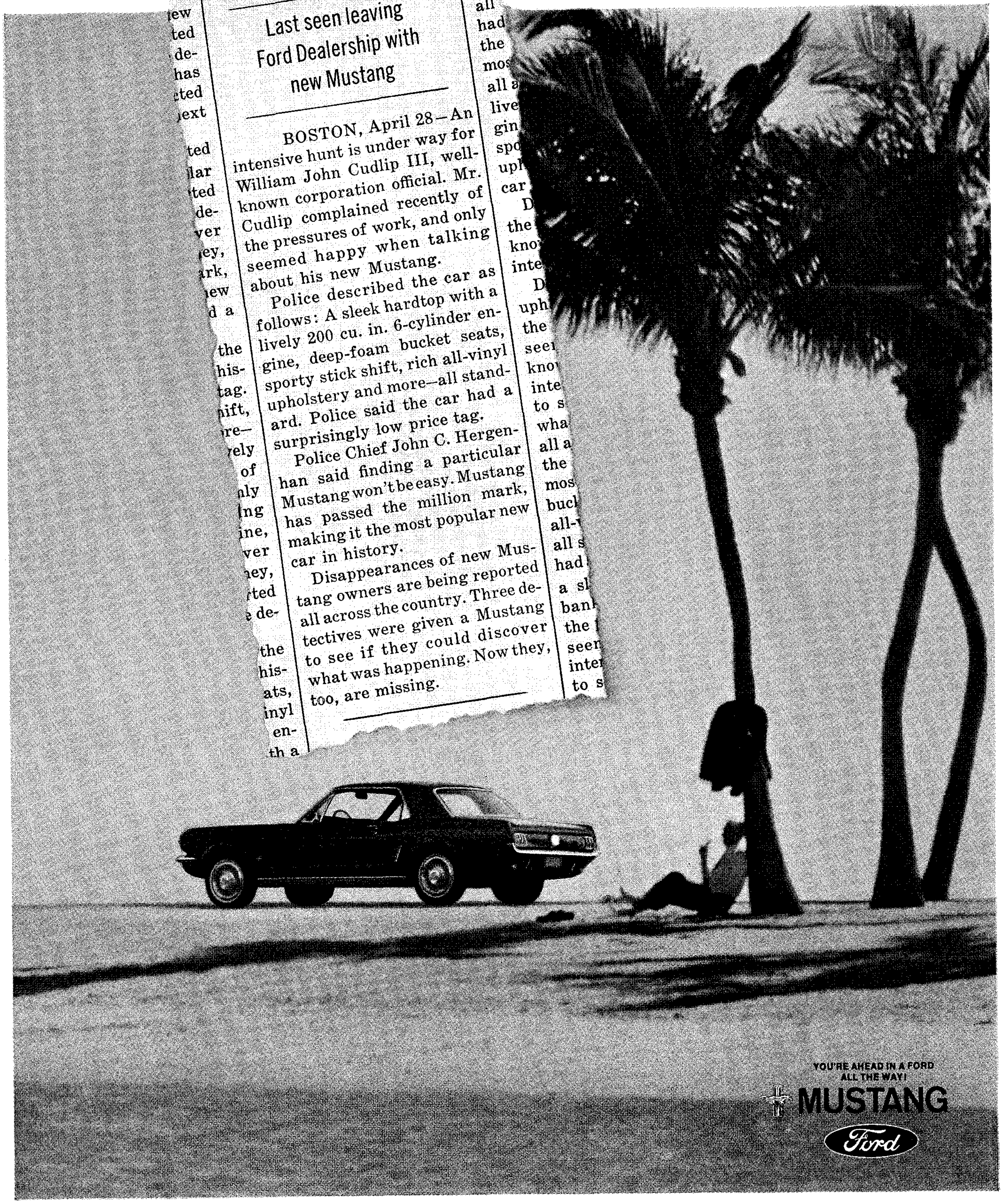
Last seen leaving Ford Dealership with new Mustang

BOSTON, April 28—An intensive hunt is under way for William John Cudlip III, well-known corporation official. Mr. Cudlip complained recently of the pressures of work, and only seemed happy when talking about his new Mustang.

Police described the car as follows: A sleek hardtop with a lively 200 cu. in. 6-cylinder engine, deep-foam bucket seats, sporty stick shift, rich all-vinyl upholstery and more—all standard. Police said the car had a surprisingly low price tag.

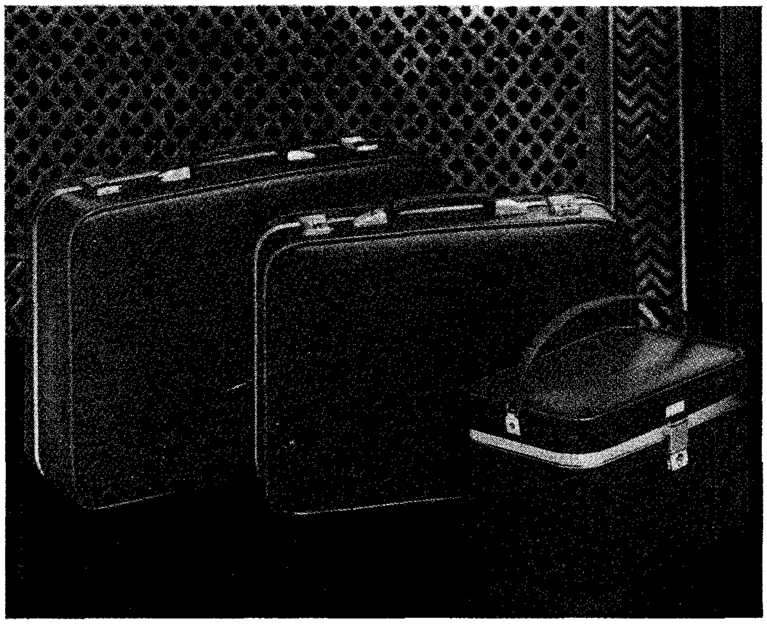
Police Chief John C. Hergenhan said finding a particular Mustang won't be easy. Mustang has passed the million mark, making it the most popular new car in history.

Disappearances of new Mustang owners are being reported all across the country. Three detectives were given a Mustang to see if they could discover what was happening. Now they, too, are missing.



This beautiful traveler is from New Delhi, India.

She has just arrived from London, England.



Her luggage is Amelia Earhart from Baltimore, Maryland.

Amelia Earhart gets around. Here or far away, it's the ultimate in casual luggage for contemporary air travel • Luxurious grained vinyl • Polished chrome die-cast locks • Air-lift handles • Lightweight, tempered aircraft aluminum frames • Rich, color-coordinated interiors • Rugged, full-strap hinges • Personal initials • Cases in chestnut, avocado green, light blue, white, red or charcoal, $12.95 to $44.95. Men's cases in chestnut or charcoal, $19.95 to $39.95. All prices plus existing taxes.

Amelia Earhart Luggage is manufactured by The Baltimore Luggage Co. For name of the fine store nearest you write to, The Baltimore Luggage Co., Dept. AN5, 304 N. Smallwood St., Baltimore, Md. 21223. A Division of Botany Industries.

Amelia Earhart® LUGGAGE

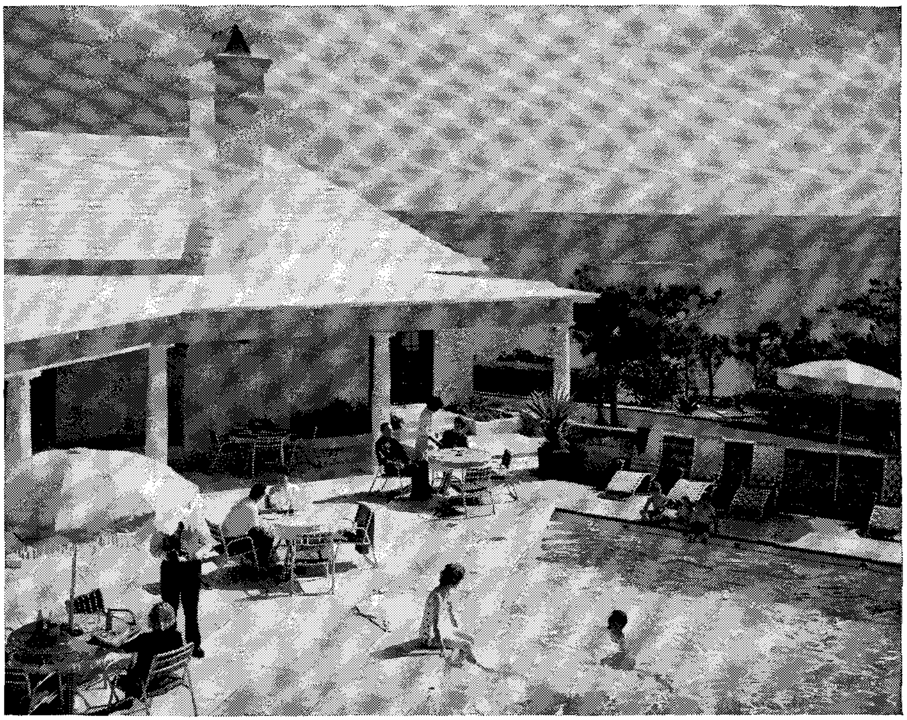
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

see if you can find me another basket like this one. There's four or five on 'em, but mind, I only wants one."

When I had done him such a service, I could tell myself that I hadn't gone into the walled garden to hide; I was there helping Mr. Richards with his work.

I would have had a hard time of it if I hadn't found this small chink in the omnipotence of Mrs. Barker before I discovered just how far her certitudes could take her. She gave the older children serious lessons in their last half year at Orford House, so that they would be in some sort prepared for the kind of work they would have to do when they moved on to more serious schools, and one day I disorganized her preparations for a geography class. Cynthia and the Martins were looking for me, and I didn't want to be caught by them. I had managed to dodge them down in the gardens, and I thought I had given them the slip by doubling back to the house, where their search had begun. But they were still calling, "Coo-ee, David! Dav-id, where are you?" and they were not very far away. As I was trying to think which way to go next, I saw that the French window of the drawing room was standing ajar. This room was used as a classroom for the seniors, and I knew that none of the juniors who were hunting for me would expect me to be in there. I stepped through the window and shut it behind me. The room was set up in a way characteristic of Mrs. Barker's method of teaching with games. She had drawn a map of the world with white chalk on the green linoleum on the floor. Here and there she had placed a number of oval china dishes, representing freighters. Each of these symbolic merchantmen lay in the neighborhood of one or another of the world's principal ports, and it was loaded with a token cargo of locally grown foodstuffs—a handful of wheat or barley, a cupful of currants, a few nuts, a heaping of brown or white sugar, a little mound of rice, dried figs, raisins on the branch, and orange apricots. I didn't know anything about geography or geography lessons then. All I could see was that all over the floor there were dishes of food. Lucky seniors, I thought, what nice games Mrs. Barker plays with them. I dipped into various dishes, and ended up by cleaning out a dish of currants and another filled with brown sugar.

The three girls who had been looking for me were sitting talking together in a close knot on the lawn outside, so I left by way of the door leading out of the drawing room into the big hall,



Pools are spacious and uncrowded. Here's the one at Pink Beach Cottage Colony.

Five special Bermuda resorts where the atmosphere is like a private club!

BERMUDA OFFERS VISITORS a wide selection of resort facilities, from large and lavish to small and secluded.

THE HAPPIEST MEDIUM. Somewhere in between are five of the most beloved and sought-after resorts on the island. We would call them cottage colonies but one is actually a small waterside hotel. All are privately owned and individually operated, and of a size that fosters a more personal welcome and a more relaxed atmosphere. So many guests tell us that they feel they have been taken into a friendly private club!

EACH IS DIFFERENT AND DISTINCT, but there are certain delights that all provide. Whether yours is a private cottage for two or for family, or a room at the inn, your vista will be of shining waters, and your terrace will be a bower of semi-tropical beauty.

You'll enjoy privacy and seclusion when you wish, but find congenial company at lunch, for cocktails, dinner, later evening entertainment. You'll probably find poolside buffets, beachside refreshment, dancing under the stars, and even picnic lunches for your sight-seeing jaunts by motorbike.

All five are your entrée into Bermuda's world of pleasures—golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, sight-seeing, shopping and water sports. Why not ask your travel agent today?

Horizons in Bermuda

Atop a sunny hill overlooking Coral Beach in Paget Parish with all Bermuda at your feet. A luxurious old Bermuda mansion and a cluster of elegant cottages. Big pool, tennis, golf, ocean swimming—and the food is famous. Robert F. Warner, Inc., Representative, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. JU 6-4500.

Lantana Colony Club

Beautiful coral cottages on Great Sound at lovely Somerset Bridge. Most attractive clubhouse, superb décor, choicest cuisine. Own private beach. Sunfish, O'Day Sailers, all water sports. Golf, tennis nearby. John H. Young, Owner-Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Glencoe

A charming and informal waterside inn ideally located in Salt Kettle, Paget. Beautifully appointed air-conditioned rooms, dining on the pool terrace, all water sports with a special flair for sailing. Reggie Cooper is the Owner-Manager. Hetland & Stevens Inc., Representative, 211 East 43 St., New York, N.Y. TN 7-1450.

Cambridge Beaches

In lovely Somerset. Charming cottages in a unique setting with sparkling waters on three sides. Enchanting beaches everywhere you look. Superb cuisine, swizzle parties, English teas, sailing, tennis, fishing at your door. William P. Wolfe Org., Representative, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. LO 5-1114.

Pink Beach Cottage Colony

On its own lovely south shore beach in Smith's Parish. De luxe pink cottages, all air-conditioned. Magnificent pool and tennis courts. Golf nearby. Famous for its superb cuisine and bar. Sig Wollmann is the Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

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Scotchgard RAIN & STAIN REPELLER "SCOTCHGARD" is a Reg. TM. of 3M COMPANY

GALEY & LORD "Thundercloud," a 2-ply yarn fabric of 65% polyester/35% cotton.

and ran into Big Jeanine. "I hope you weren't there for long, David," she said. "I know Mrs. Barker has arranged something for the seniors she didn't want anyone to disturb."

Stretching a point, I said I'd just come in from the garden.

"Well, then, I don't suppose there's any harm done."

I went on my way with a faint stirring of unease. A little while later, I stood facing the assembled school. I was beside Mrs. Barker, who was telling the seniors what they would have been doing at that moment if I hadn't come in to upset all her plans. "I'm sure that we would all have had a lovely time and learned a great deal. But we won't be able to because David Rees has stolen all our brown sugar and all our currants." Mrs. Barker turned to me with the terrifying smile of virtue sure of its ground. "What do we call it when someone takes things that don't belong to them, David?"

"Stealing, please, Mrs. Barker."

"And what do we call someone who steals, David?"

I looked across the room at Oliver. He was twisting a lock of his hair round his finger and staring at Mrs. Barker.

"I asked you a question, David," she said gently.

"A thief, please, Mrs. Barker."

It was quiet in the room.

"Then you must be a thief, since you stole our sugar, mustn't you, David?" The faces in front of me were all blank; no one would meet my eye. I couldn't speak. "Mustn't you?" prompted Mrs. Barker.

I said, "Yes," hoping this admission would bring an end.

But Mrs. Barker wasn't finished. "And when you told Jeanine you'd only just come in from the garden, that wasn't true, was it, David?"

"No, Mrs. Barker."

"And what do we call someone who says things that aren't true, David?"

"I don't know," I said desperately. One of the girls in the class laughed.

"Oh, David," Mrs. Barker said sadly. "Who can tell him?" She asked the question of the class at large, but only one voice answered.

"There you are, David. We call someone who doesn't tell the truth a liar. And since you told Jeanine a story that wasn't true, you must be a liar, mustn't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Barker." I looked out of the window. There wasn't anything better for me to do.

"Well, you may go, David," Mrs. Barker said, smiling at me sadly.

During the next few days, everyone

No matter how hard he tried, Gene Littler couldn't help hitting the steel center First Flight ball 15 yds. farther than any other ball on the tour.

One bright morning when the greens were silver with dew, we led golf pro Gene Littler, his driver in his hand, out onto the practice tee at Chattanooga Country Club.

The course lay out wet and level in front of us and we all got the feeling you know any golf lover gets on that kind of a beautiful day. We lined up 100 unmarked balls, equally divided amongst the top five brands, and all equal in compression and told Gene to hit them as far as he could.

Now we don't have to tell you Gene Littler is in the habit of seeing his shots fly straight and true down any fairway. And they fall, most times, pretty much where he expects them to. This time, though, a strange thing happened. 20 of the balls Gene hit went an average of 15 yards farther than all the rest. And every one of those was a First Flight ball. Our ball.

(Which might have surprised Gene, but it didn't surprise us much. We'd quietly gone about the same little experiment on our own, quite a number of times, since we perfected the steel center First Flight ball.)

The reason for the 15-yard plus is a simple aerodynamic principle most golfers and even golf pros don't know very much about. It's the principle of concentrating the weight in the center of the ball (as it's concentrated in the center of the fuselage of supersonic jet aircraft). Every ball on the market weighs nearly the same; that's a USGA rule. But with 4½ times more weight concentrated in our ball's center, it flies a longer trajectory. What's more, the ball regains its shape faster after it's hit. And that means better control. Less hooking, less slicing. To a guy who's trying to close the gap between himself and the cup, that control also means distance. Dear, priceless distance.

So you or Gene couldn't help hitting a steel center First Flight ball a little farther than an ordinary ball, provided you always had a good consistent swing. Which brings us to the subject of the swing-weight principle of golf club design, which we'll talk about right here in a later issue of this magazine.

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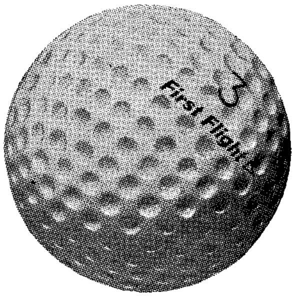

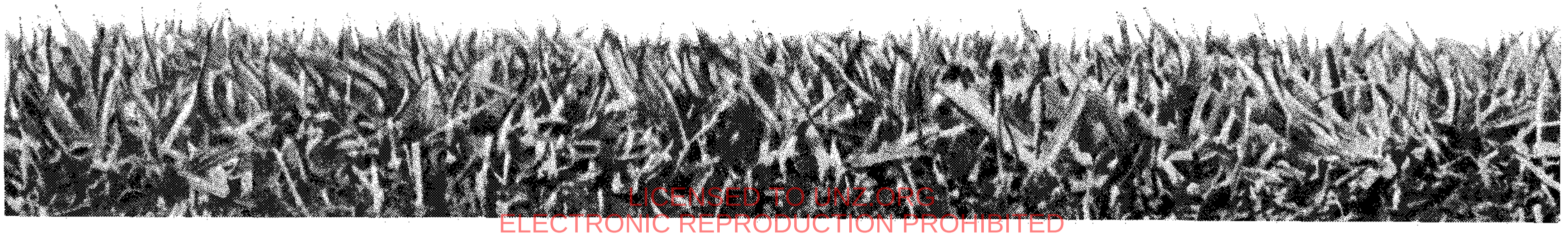

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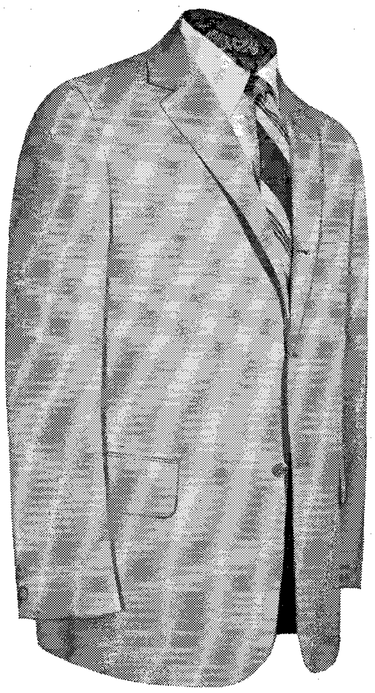
BASIC HOT WEATHER SUITS

Polyester/Cotton
Plain Weaves



POPLINS. The basic hot weather J. PRESS suit—always relied upon for a clean fresh appearance—fully stocked in plain shades of Desert Tan, Olive Tan and Deep Indigo Blue. Finished with lapped edges & seams and steep hook vent. Washable—dry-fast—no pressing needed....$55

'WORSTED WEAVES.' The demand at J. PRESS is again met for economical, wear tested, summer business and travel suits, with these excellent worsted-like blends. Tailored in the J. PRESS model with swelled edges & seams and hook vent. Oxford Gray, Olive Covert, and Bracken Tan $60

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COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

started calling me Taffy, because somebody had remembered the old song "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief, Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef," and had made new words for it: "Taffy Rees is silly, Taffy is a thief, Taffy Rees tells tall tales quite past belief. Taffy found a sugar pot, silly Taffy stole the lot. . . ." The rhyme lasted for a few days and then went out, but the name stuck. Even Mr. Barker took it up within the week and began calling me "young Taffy" in his jolly, friendly boom. Oliver went on calling me David long after everyone else had given up doing so. Then one day he, too, forgot the point of holding out and began speaking to me as Taffy, like everyone else. The nickname meant "Thief" to me. It was dishonor, and when it came out of Oliver's mouth, the world darkened. I began avoiding him, too.

IT was a hot, dry summer. The leaves hung motionless on the trees through the still days, and the lawns and fields burned brown. The earth hardened, and the hedges in the lane outside the front gate were thick with dust. The air was tepid far into the night, and we spent half our days almost naked, lying about in the shade. The German army was making one huge attack after another in France. It was eating itself up, but nobody knew that. It kept gaining ground. Mr. Barker spent hours in his study every morning sucking a dead pipe and reading the war news with the big Times Atlas open on a chair beside him. Until then, he had always been cheery about "beating the Boche in the end," but now he had nothing to say except "It can't go on. Something's got to be done."

In the walled garden, Mr. Richards, stripped to his woollen undershirt, was always either filling his zinc water barrow at the pump under the south wall or emptying it again onto his dusty vegetable plots. His red arms were covered with fine gold down, through which I saw the faded blue traces of old tattooings: clasped hands over a scroll with "Friendship" written on it; a heart impaled and surrounded by a garland, above the legend "Rosie, till death us do part;" a regimental cap badge and motto.

"Were you ever in the army, Mr. Richards?" I asked as we watched a barrowload of water sinking into the ground round his marrow plants.

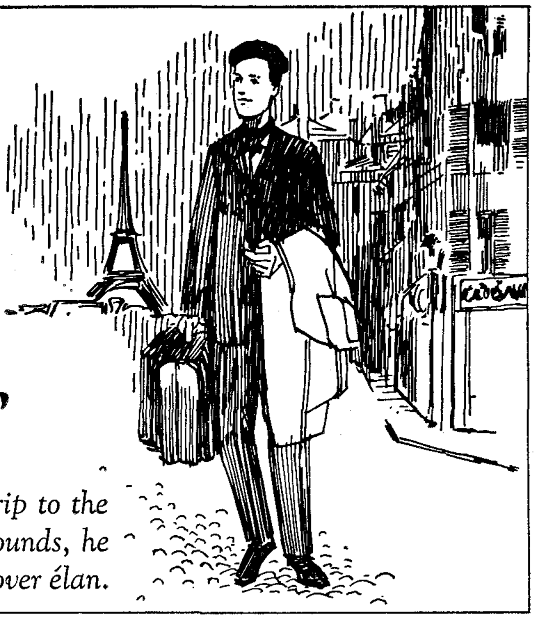
"I was with the Second Battalion of the West Kents for just about 'alf me life," he said. "I was in the war in Africa with ol' Kruger and 'is Boers. I

(*Advertisement*)

DINK STOVER GOES TO PARIS

OR

"APRÈS DINK, LE DÉLUGE!"



In which Dink is presented with the opportunity of taking a business trip to the "City of Light." Although understandably dazzled by the sights and sounds, he maintains a level head and concludes his business with the customary Stover élan.

As this portentous episode opens, we see Dink gravely digesting some fresh linage figures. Abruptly the telephone rings. It is his Boss, the kindly Media Director. Reluctantly putting aside his slide rule, Dink hurries out of his office, wondering what pressing emergency faces the agency this time . . .

"DINK," the Media Director began (a little testily, Dink thought). "This is hush-hush. But I was supposed to go over to Paris on a little business . . ."

"Yes?" said Dink, imagining what a wonderful opportunity this would have been for his Boss to come to grips firsthand with European marketing stratagems. "But, sir, the trip is off, then? What rotten luck!"

His Boss continued: "Something just came up that requires my attention here, darn it. Now you've said on more than one occasion that you would go to the ends of the earth, if need be, for our agency. So, how would you like to take this Paris trip in my place? By the way, do you speak French?"

"*Oui*," said Dink simply.

"Great!" exclaimed his Boss. "Here's your plan of action . . ."

Three days later we pick up Dink as he disembarked — a little shakily, if the truth were known — from a large jet at Orly Field. He gallantly doffed his blue beret, especially bought for the trip, and thanked the two trim French stewardesses for the solicitous treatment they had extended him. "Next time you're in America," he added, "maybe you'll find time to drop around to________" (naming the well-known and eminently respected advertising agency where he worked). "We have a bunch of really dedicated people there I'd love to have you meet."

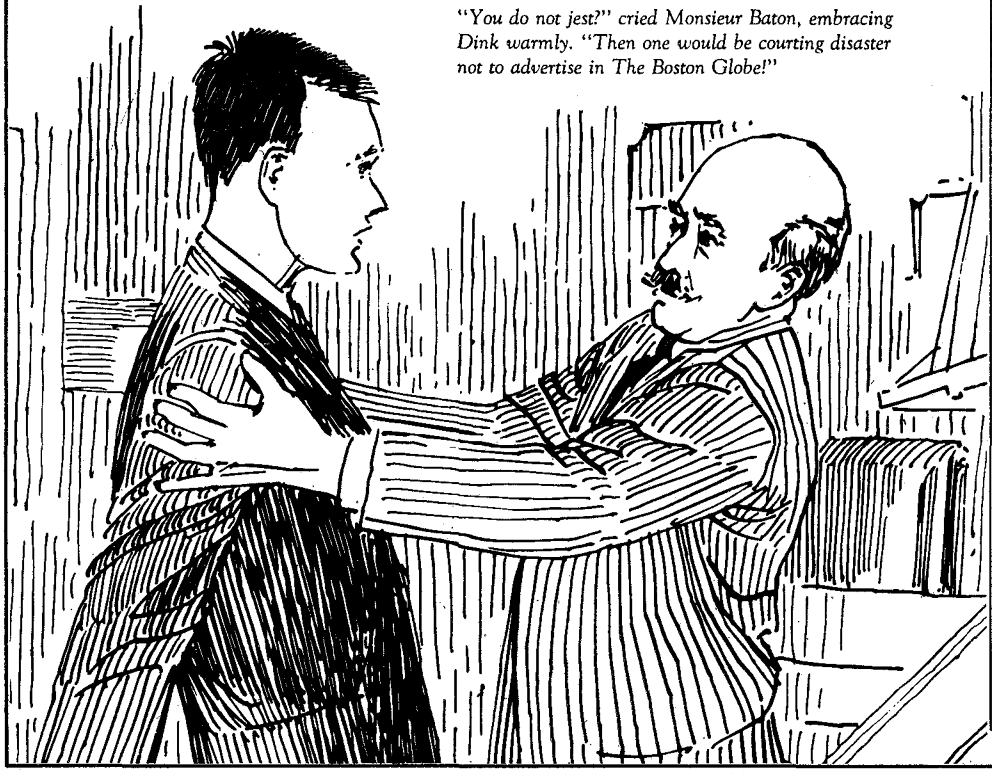
Soon after, beret respectfully in his lap, Dink was seated in the imposing office of Monsieur Baton, president of an important European agency closely allied with Dink's own. Baton spoke: "*Monsieur Stovair. Comme vous savez, notre . . .*"

Dink raised his hand. "Please, sir, call me 'Dink.' Everybody does. And you may speak English, if it would make you feel more comfortable."

"Incroyable!" Baton gasped.

"Very well, Dink," Baton continued. "As you are already aware, the company we represent is planning to test market a new baked bean in America. In Greater Boston, to be exact. And we need your expert opinion on what media to announce this new product."

"*Alors*," said Dink, accompanying his remarks with some Gallic gestures, "that's easy. Use le Boston-Globe. It's the number one newspaper in Boston!"



"You do not jest?" cried Monsieur Baton, embracing Dink warmly. "Then one would be courting disaster not to advertise in The Boston Globe!"

"You do not jest?" cried Monsieur Baton, embracing Dink warmly. "Then one would be courting disaster not to advertise in The Boston Globe!"

"Le Boston-Globe is read by more young, growing families than any other Boston newspaper," Dink continued confidently. "It is (how do you say?) first in total advertising — and last year increased its linage by over 4,700,000. That's a gain of 14.1%, the next to biggest increase among America's top 50 newspapers!"

"*Incroyable!*" Baton gasped. "It is easy to understand the grandeur of your country. Merci, mon cher Dink. I am certain our good client will soon realize a veritable *deluge* of sales."

Dink left the office of Monsieur Baton. He was content. Looking at his watch, it occurred to him that there were six precious hours before he had to catch his plane back to the States. Plenty of time to buy some cherished souvenir for Mary Jane Hightower and make a quick tour of the Louvre. "Now where is the downtown shopping area?" he mused.

Dink started walking briskly along the Champs Elysees when suddenly — but this latest adventure must unfortunately wait until, perhaps, a future Dink Stover installment.

ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million-Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

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'ad time in Burma too, an' in India, an' I been to 'ong Kong." He paused. "Soldiering warn't too bad in them days. If I was to 'ave me life over, I don't know as 'ow I wouldn' take that part again, jus' the same."

We walked back to the pump. The empty tank of the water barrow boomed as he pushed it along. I thought I would get an expert opinion. "Do you think this war will ever end, Mr. Richards?"

He let go of the pump handle and stood staring down to the far end of the garden at nothing. "I don't know," he said tonelessly, "an' to tell God's truth, I don't care. I 'aven't cared since the last of my boys was took. Rosie—Mrs. Richards she was—give me five boys. Proper men they were too, all of 'em, well made an' 'andsome. Four on 'em lies in France now. They shovelled 'em under where they was shot, like dogs. Old Sir John French done two on 'em in. Harry at Neuve-Chappelle, and Ned at Loos. General bleedin' Gough scuppered Tom and Frank at Bullecourt. An' Alfred, 'im as was Rosie's spit an' image, little snubby nose and all, 'e died of misery arter they brought 'im 'ome from the salient with both 'is legs took off below the knee. I went to see 'im in the orspital so often as I could, to try to cheer 'im up, but it warn't no good. I'd told 'im many a man as 'ad 'ad worse 'ad made a life for 'imself arter 'e got better, but 'e said, 'Dad, I ent goin' to get better, I 'aven't the 'eart left for it. It ent me feet as sickens me, it's bein' alive on the face of the earth with them as sent us into that lot.' There warn't nothing you could say to 'im, and before three months was out, 'e was gone. Back in the year before the war begun, when Rosie passed on, I thought it was near enough the end of the world. I never thought the day u'd come when I'd thank God I put 'er away in 'er grave. But that's just what I done arter I put the last of 'er boys in the ground beside 'er. I used to take the two on 'em flowers, Sundays, but it suddenly come to me one time they was none on 'em never going to look on no flowers no more, an' I give over tormenting meself wi' that." Mr. Richards suddenly reached out and touched me. His hand caressed the top of my head for a second, and then tilted it backward so that my face was turned up toward his. He bent down. "Whatever else you may do when you grows up, Master David, don't you go for a soldier, no matter what they tells you. Win or lose, it's been all one since them machine guns come in. There's nothing in war nowadays but murder of young chaps by old fools, and don't let nobody tell you

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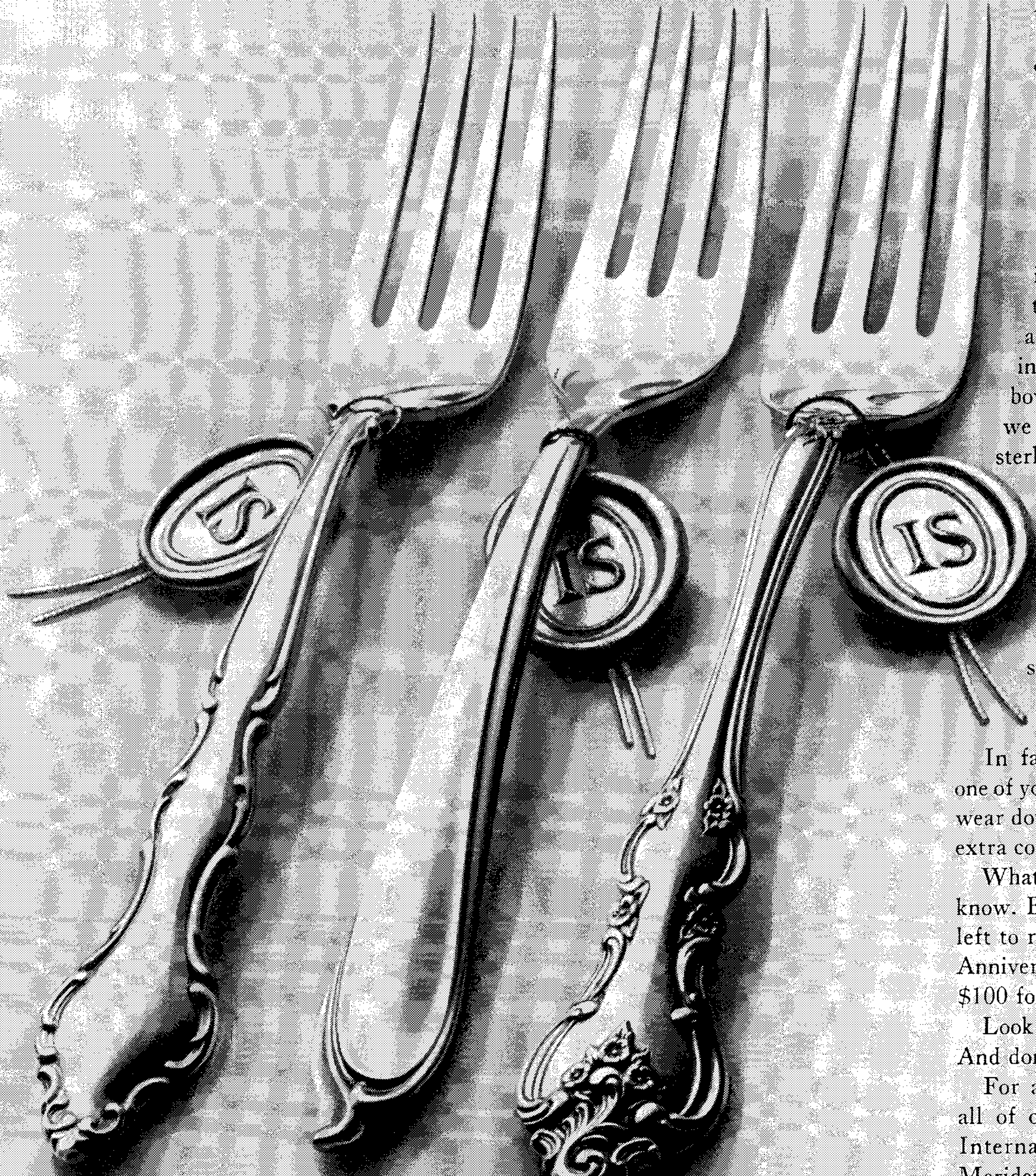

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different." He stared intently into my eyes. "If ever they come after you to fight their battles for 'em, you tell 'em to . . . well . . . you just tell 'em you got better things to do. That's all."

He removed his hand and lapsed into silence. A crystal drop of water fell from the spout of the pump into the brick basin beneath it, where a single goldfish lived its mysterious life. Mr. Richards lit his pipe, but knocked it out after he'd had a puff or two, muttering, "I must get on wi' it, or I shall be getting be'ind'and." He took fresh hold of the pump handle and began refilling the water barrow with even strokes. "You mark my words," he said. "Remember what I jus' told you. They murdered my boys. And all for nothing. The truth'll out one of these days. You'll see it in your lifetime, if not in mine." The strength went out of his voice and the fire went out of his eyes. "Not that it will do any good. It won't bring any on 'em back."

He sank into absorption with his work, and after a while I left him. I turned around to wave to him from the doorway through the wall, but he wasn't looking in my direction. I went out and shut the door behind me for the last time. The garden wasn't a place of refuge anymore; it was filled with the anguish I had seen in Mr. Richards' eyes, and with the mystery of poor snub-nosed Rosie lying under the ground with her Alfred beside her, with his feet gone. Mr. Richards had frightened me with the clear sight of something I wasn't ready to understand—the dangers there might be in loving, and in trusting life.

JUNE wore out into July. The near panic caused by the French collapse in Champagne passed away, the Marne battle ended. "They're not going to get Paris this time," Mr. Barker said, triumphantly tapping the maps we didn't know how to read. "Master Ludendorff has had a real lesson."

A few days later he was jubilant. "Good old Foch and our American friends seem to have got the Huns on the run at last!" he said. "It looks like the turn of the tide. I really believe it may be going to be all right!"

"Wouldn't that be glorious, Jack," Mrs. Barker said. "I do hope it's true. But we've had so many disappointments."

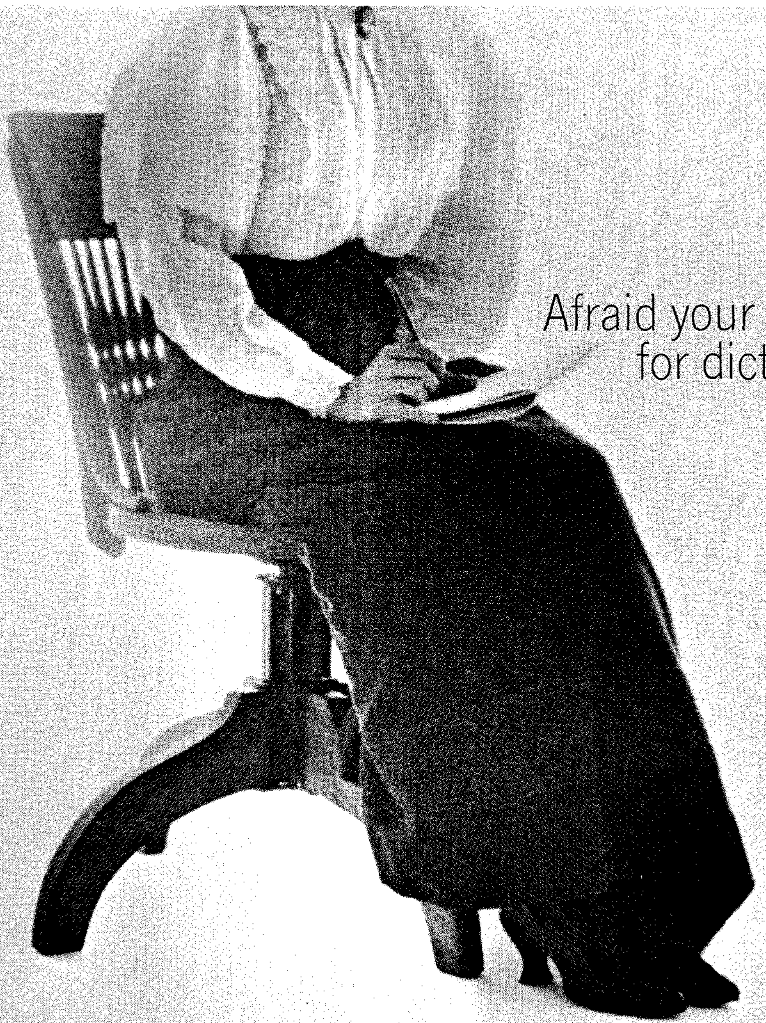
The hot weather went on. The children whose parents could take them for the holidays went away. Only about half of us were left, and the atmosphere was more than ever light and casual. I slipped away by myself one afternoon and climbed up into one of the oaks in the field across the lane opposite the front gate. When I'd been up there for a few minutes, the Belgian girls and the pupil teachers drifted over the lane after me and settled into the pool of shadow below. One girl sat reading aloud a long letter from her brother, who was with the tank corps in France. Another, kneeling, braided the heavy gold hair of a third. The others sat with books or pads in their laps, half listening, not reading, or not writing letters. Not one of the children they were supposed to be watching over was in sight. Mrs. Barker, in a blue-and-white cotton dress, hatless, and with her hair looking, as it always did, as if it were going to fall down at any moment, appeared from the direction of the house. "There you are," she said, clapping her hands, "you silly dreamy creatures. Whatever have you done with all my little people?"

The girls started up guiltily, pretending amazement. "Oh Mrs. Barker, they were here just a minute ago! Where can they have gone!"

She laughed at them. "My dears, I don't blame you for wanting a minute or two to yourselves. I just thought it would be jolly if we all had a swim at the weir before tea. Get the children together as quickly as you can and bring them along."

The girls jumped up and flew off to make the rounds of all our various private places—our tree houses, our secret caves among the banks of rhododendrons, the clubhouses in the attics over the old stables, and in the thatched summerhouse almost smothered in brambles down at the end of the lime-tree walk. The sweet virginal voices of the girls were presently joined by the sparrow-like shrillings of the children, shrieking with delight, "Swimming! Come on, everybody! Swimming! Swimming! Swimming!"

Twenty minutes later, they were all laughing, screaming, shouting, bobbing up and down, splashing each other, sailing toy boats, or just lying letting the cool water flow over them in the wide, shallow basin below the weir. There was a deeper pool above it where the big girls swam and dived in the dark water beneath two huge gnarled and ivy-smothered ash trees. Mrs. Barker sat, up to her neck, in the one deep spot in the lower pool, beaming vaguely about, delighting in everybody's pleasure, and making sure by her presence just at that spot that no one of us could get out of our depth and into trouble. She loved her life when it was like this and every-



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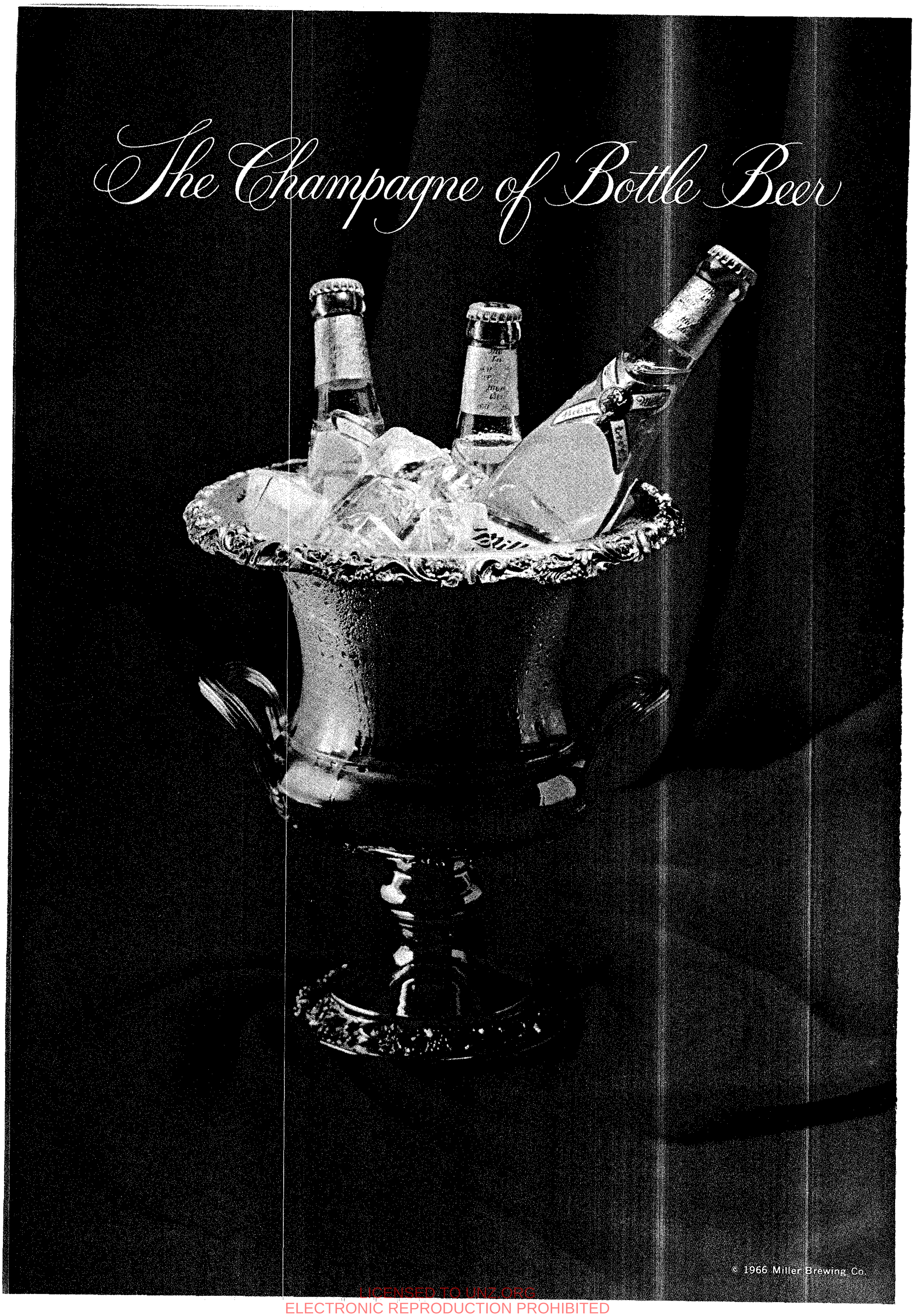
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one near her seemed to be as happy as she wanted them to be. She lay back for a minute, paddling with her hands to prevent the current from taking her too far from her post of duty, then sat up again to make sure that all was well. She caught sight of me. I was off by myself at the far side of the pool, away from the others. I was perfectly contented, as it happened. I had made a small harbor of pebbles, and I had set a fleet of sorrel-leaf boats afloat in its protected waters. Mrs. Barker saw that I was alone, sitting with my head bowed, staring downward, almost motionless. It couldn't be right, when all the others were so active, and so cheerful.

"Oh Taffy, Taffy, what is it now?" she called across the water. "Why are you such a solemn little image? Why are you always mooning about by yourself? Why can't you splash with the others, and have a good time? Forget your misery, whatever it is, and come out here. I'll teach you to swim."

She stood up, her shining bathing dress, with its elbow-length sleeves and its knee-length skirt, clinging wetly to her. She stretched her arms out toward me welcomingly and gave me a beam of encouragement. Her hair was tucked in under a close-fitting red rubber bathing cap with a chin strap which fastened below her right ear with a popper. She looked like a smiling reptile as she wallowed toward me. "Come on, Taffy, I'll show you how to enjoy yourself, if you'll let me. Let me teach you how to be a happy little person, like all the others." I could see suddenly that her expression didn't mean anything. It was almost a grimace, like the rictus of a deaf person smiling good will out through the surrounding silence. She came implacably on, determined to do me good, unreachable and enclosed in the stiff armor of her set ideas of what children were like. "You silly little particle!" she cried. "I believe you're afraid of the water." She was as remote as the stars. She didn't, she couldn't, understand anything. I scrambled out of the pool and ran away across the dry, empty fields.

THE war ended, and at Christmastime Aunt Gwen took me away from Orford House. After I'd been going to a London day school for a while, I began to believe that I was safe from the terrible goodness of Mrs. Barker at last. We moved from our first Kensington flat to another, where the neighbors didn't knock on the wall to stop Aunt Gwen practicing. Presently I went off, a boarder again, to a preparatory school at Maidenhead-on-

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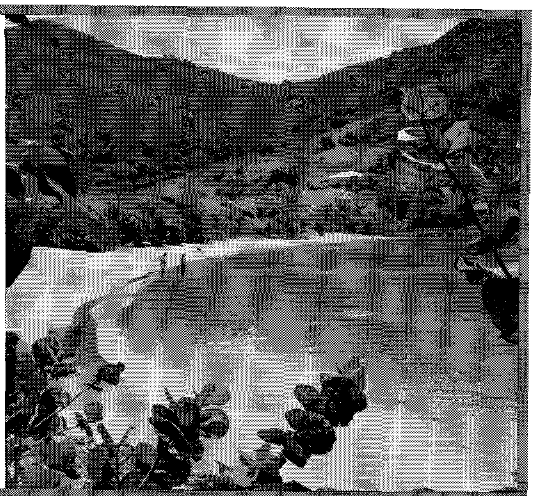

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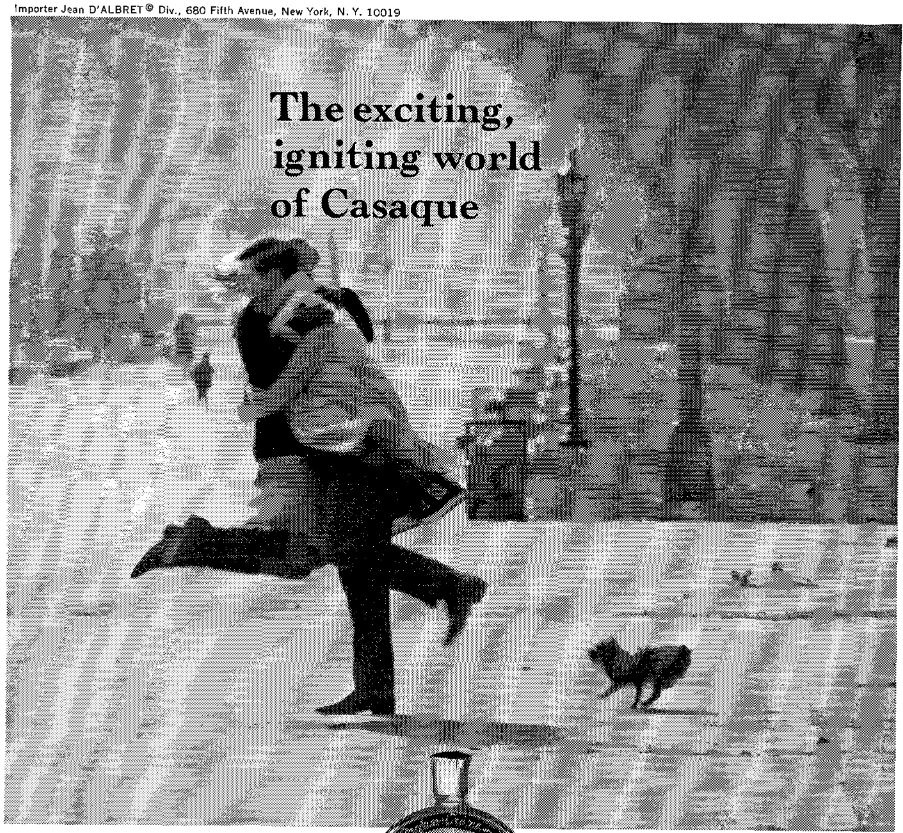

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Thames. One of the first boys I met there was Philip Alan, who had been at Orford House with me. We were both wearing gray flannel school uniforms, white shirts, and school ties. The bare corridor where we had run into each other echoed with the noises of flapping swing doors and trampling feet. "Hallo, Philip," I said, tentatively.

"That Christian-name stuff is supposed to be soppy," he said. "It's not done here. You've got to call me Alan."

"Oh, all right," I said. "But after all, we're friends."

"Don't be wet," he said. "I've been here for a year, nearly. I couldn't be friends with a new bug. You can't be friends with anybody but another new bug until you've been here for a whole term."

"I'm sorry, I didn't know." I hesitated. "What's it like here?"

He looked up and down the corridor swiftly. "It's pretty awful until you get used to it," he said. "I mean it isn't a bit like being with the Barkers. You'll have to watch out, Taffy, you jolly well will. You'll really get it in the neck if you start pinching things and telling lies here."

I said, "I thought you were supposed to call me Rees."

"Nicknames are different," he said.

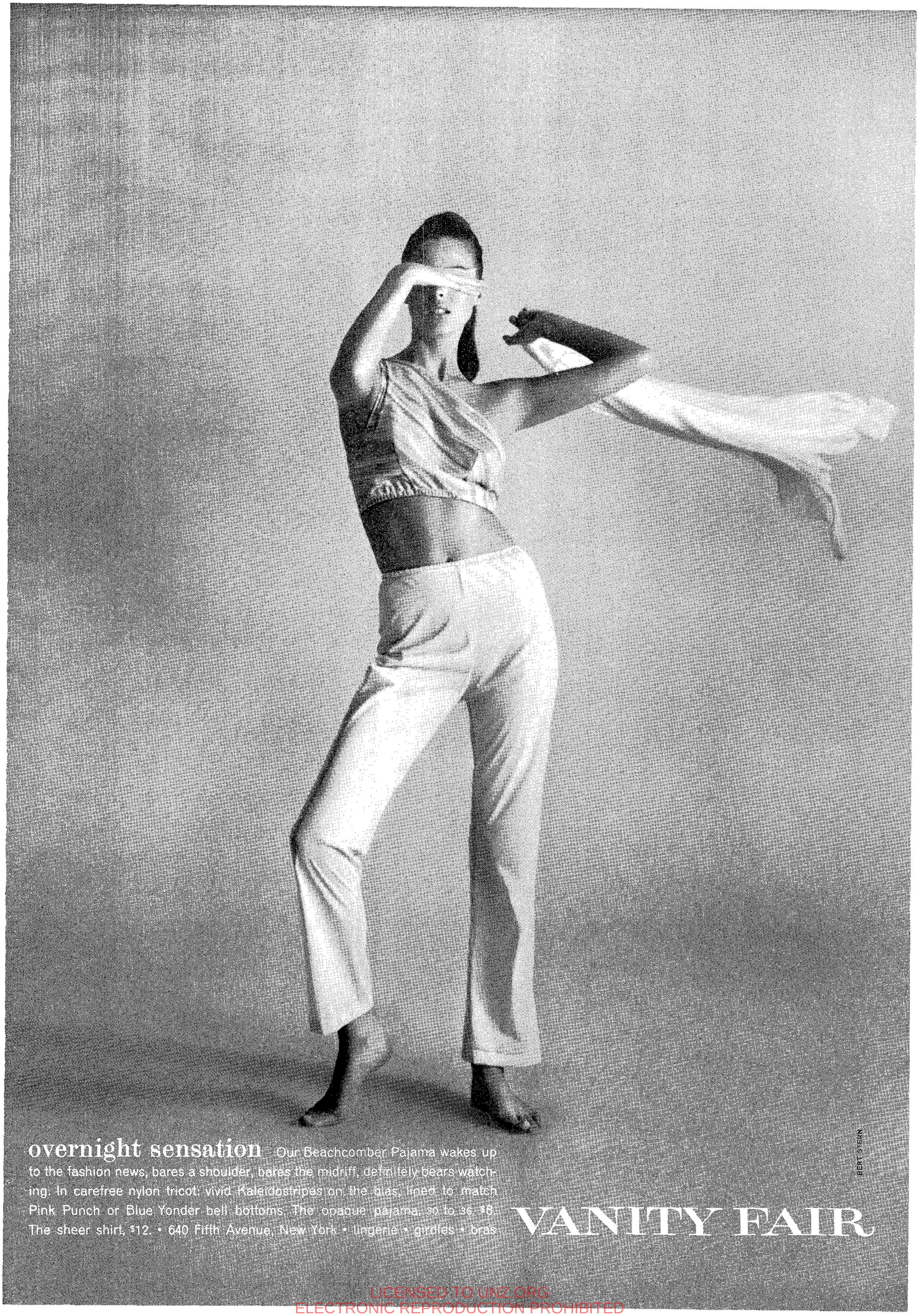
"Please forget about me being called Taffy, Alan," I said.

"It wouldn't be any good if I did," he said. "There are three chaps here now who were at Orford House with us. They'll call you Taffy even if I don't. You might as well get used to it. It's not such a rotten name anyway—it's like 'Paddy' for Irish boys."

"I hate it because of that beastly song," I said. "It's like being called Thief."

Philip said, "If you were going to mind that, you shouldn't have pinched all that sugar—and you shouldn't have lied about it afterwards. It was your own fault that people started calling you Taffy. You were asking for it."

Within a few days, everybody was calling me Taffy. The other Orford House boys saw to that. "We've called him Taffy for ages," they said, "because of the song. You know—'Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief.' Rees found a lot of sugar and stuff and pinched it. By the time he was found out, he'd eaten it all up, by himself. It was during the war when food was short. It was a pretty rotten thing to do. The Barkers were furious with him. They made him own up in front of everybody, so we'd all know. That's why he's called Taffy." My name was mud, and Mrs. Barker had given

**overnight sensation** Our Beachcomber Pajama wakes up to the fashion news, bares a shoulder, bares the midriff, definitely bears watching. In carefree nylon tricot: vivid Kaleidostripes on the bias, lined to match Pink Punch or Blue Yonder bell bottoms. The opaque pajama, 30 to 36, $8. The sheer shirt, $12. • 640 Fifth Avenue, New York • lingerie • girdles • bras

VANITY FAIR

BERT STERN

it to me. I wasn't out of her reach after all.

NEXT summer, while I was still at that school, we—my aunt and I and Jessie—went to Constantine Bay, near Padstow, in North Cornwall, for the holidays. Mrs. Coster, a friend of Aunt Gwen's, who had children of her own who were around my age, had suggested it as a place we would both like. She and her husband had discovered it when they were exploring that piece of the coast on a walking tour in 1909. There was nothing there then but Constantine village, a mile and a half inland, and three farmhouses on a stretch of unspoiled shore. Rocky headlands with cliffs over two hundred feet high reared up between deeply indented bays with long beaches of golden sand which were swept clean daily by the surging tides and pounded hard and level each winter by the Atlantic storms. As each tide ran out, it left behind it a wonderland of rocks and glass-clear rock pools freshly stocked with crabs, transparent prawns, and tiny fish. Under the cliffs there were a dozen caves, large and small, encrusted with a smooth pink deposit that seemed luminous in the dim light reflected from the bright sand and the tumbling green sea outside. One cave under Trevose Head ran back into chilly darkness for a twisting three hundred yards and then expired at a narrow cleft opening onto an even more intense blackness. An icy breath came from it when the wind was in the quarter between north and east, and it was said to be an arm of a seal cave which began round the corner beyond the lighthouse at a point a mile away, only reachable by boat even at low spring tides. The Costers fell in love with the wild shore, and with the wind-shaved cliff tops, where the whitewashed farmhouses hugged the earth in south-facing hollows. They saw their as yet unborn children running wild there, bought land on Marazion Cove, built a thick-walled house, half William Morrisy, half Voyseyish, in the progressive mode of the day, and began persuading their friends, and the friends of friends, either to build houses or to buy cottages in Constantine and do them over. A third group, with less money to commit, preëmpted lodgings in the farmhouses round about, returning to them year after year. A few speculative builders tried to cash in on the colony's development, and were in the main outgeneralled by strategic purchases of land along the shoreline and beside the twisting lanes, hedged in with brambles and feathery tamarisks running down to the beaches. Even so,

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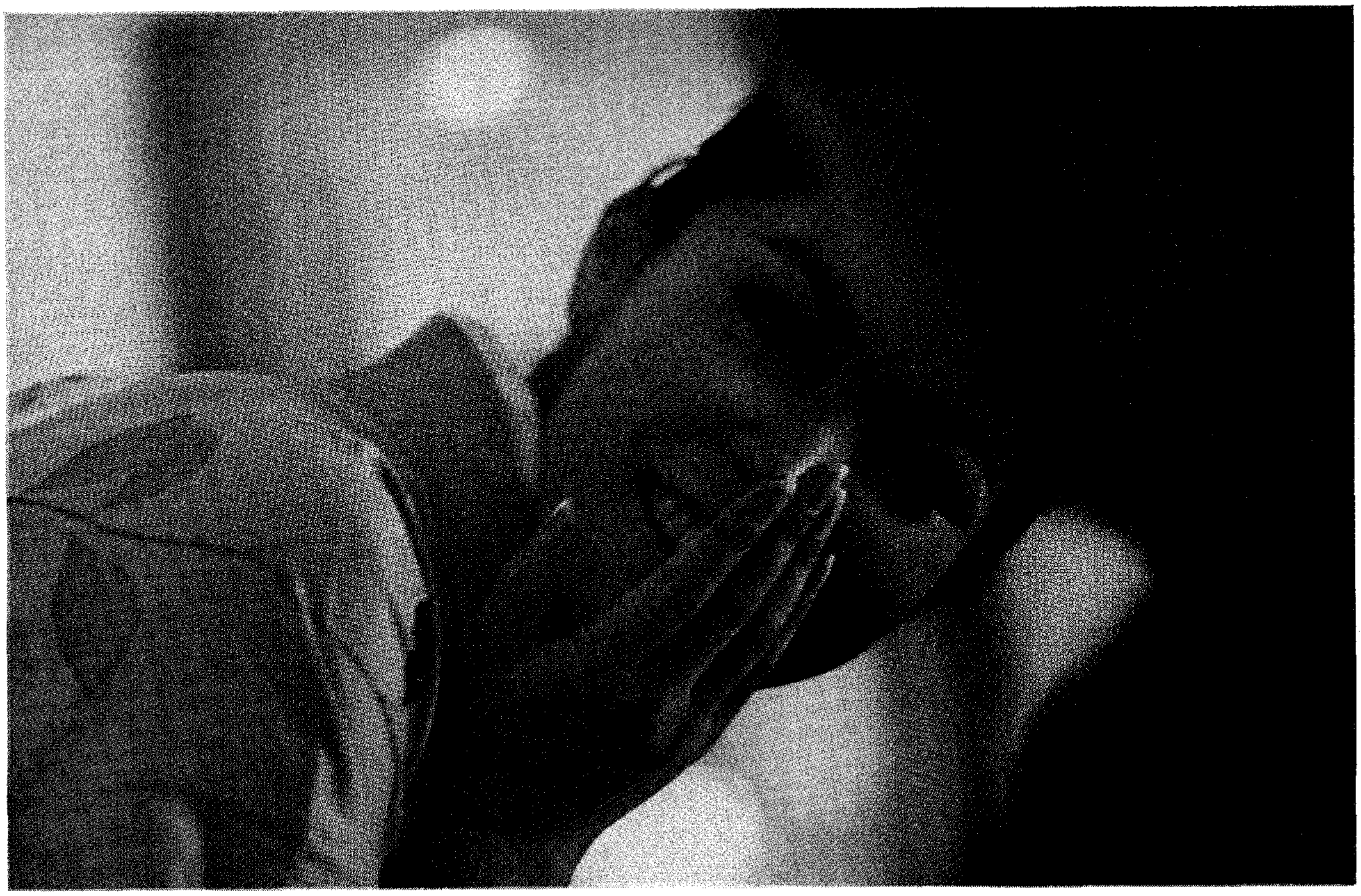

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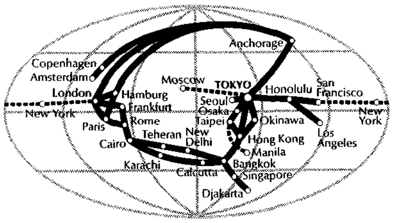
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Lamorna, the house Mrs. Coster rented for us, had been up just long enough for a climbing Ophelia rose to cover most of its south wall and to veil the worst of its raw ugliness. An army hut, tarred black, like a fishing boat, had been added to the northwest corner. From the front gate, the effect of this was so hideous that an "Oh!" of anguish was wrung from Aunt Gwen as she got out of the hired car which had brought us from Padstow station. Her eyes were full of tears of vexation as she went up the path, fumbling in her bag for the door key. "I really think Mrs. Coster might have done better than this for us. . . ." she said unhappily.

But inside the army hut was another matter. Three French windows on its north side opened onto a view over the fields to the long sweep of sand running across Constantine Bay to Trevose Head, and onto a splendid width of sea and sky. Wicker chairs and a comfortable sofa faced the view, and down at the end of the long, low-ceilinged room there was a grand piano, rented in Padstow by Mrs. Coster. Aunt Gwen sat down to it without great expectations, and offered it a small part of a Mozart sonata. She played on with raised eyebrows, looking pleased. "For a wonder it's in tune," she said, "and it really isn't such a hopeless instrument after all." She changed over to a Chopin mazurka. "It's all right," she said, turning her head sideways to see

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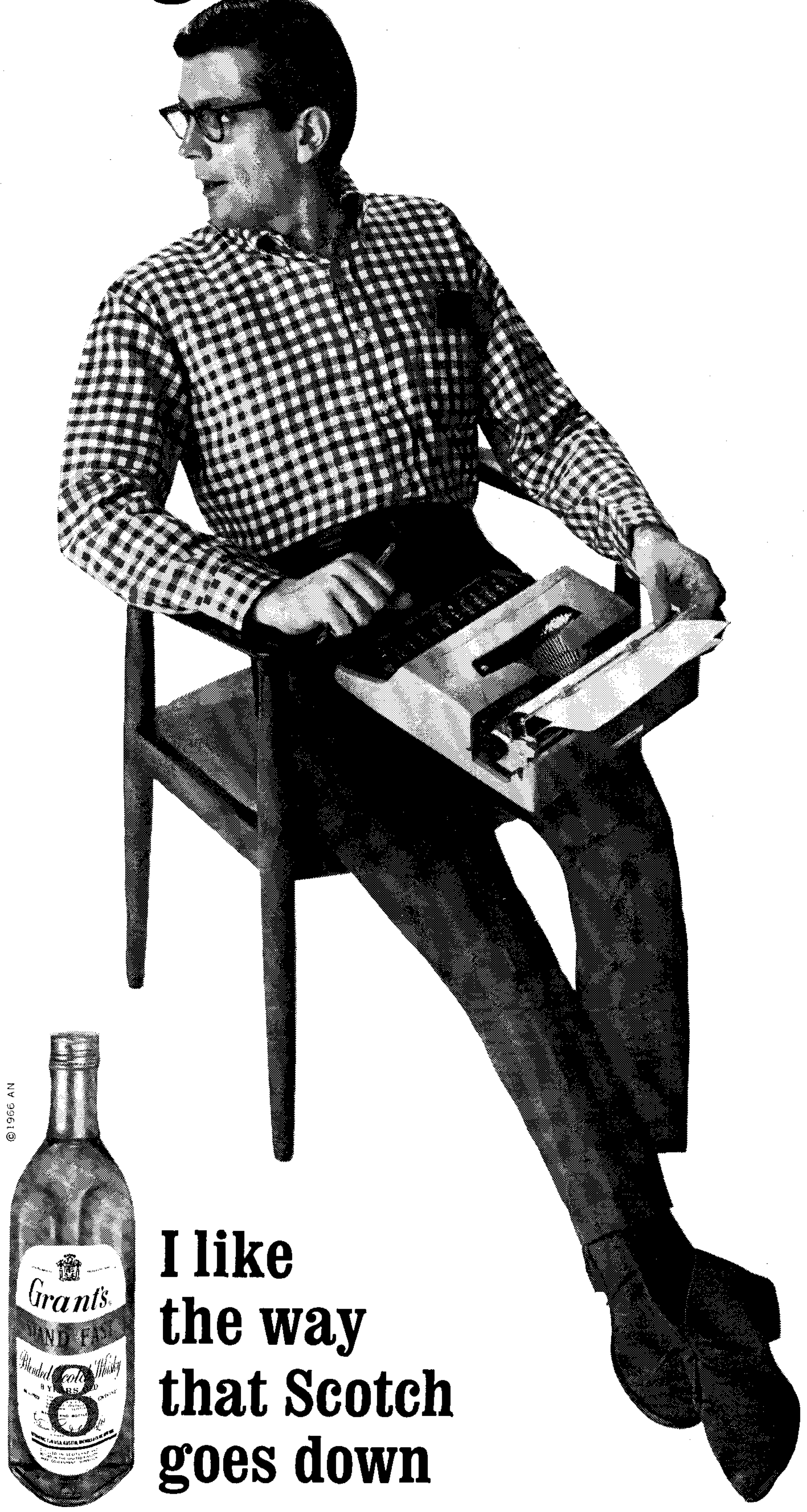

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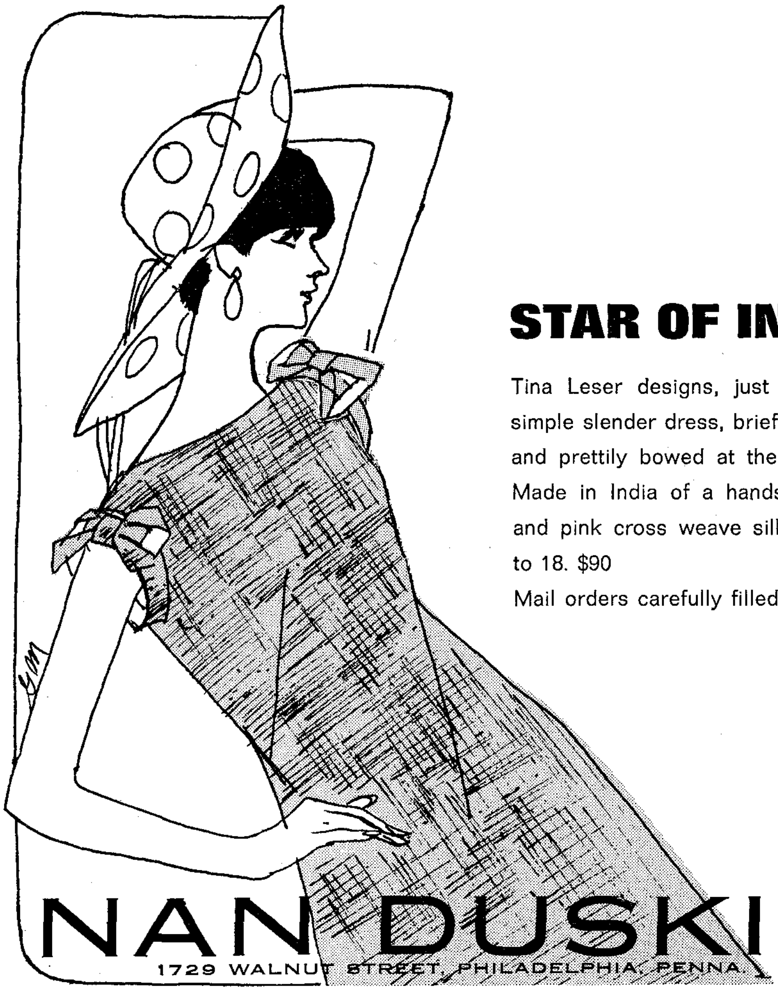

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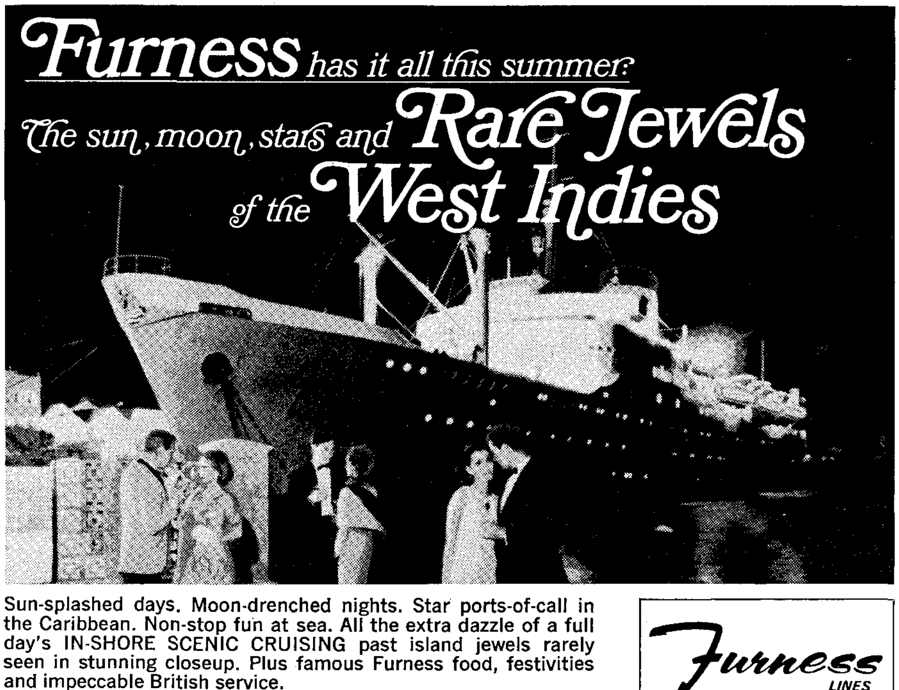
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the afternoon sun flooding over the sea and the grassy fields between us and the lighthouse high up on the dome of Trevose Head. "I really think it is going to be all right."

The room was dotted about with vases, in which Mrs. Manning, the local woman engaged by Mrs. Coster to ready the house for us, had put big bunches of the Ophelia roses. Jessie came in from telling the driver which rooms to put the boxes in upstairs and said, "The beds are all beautifully aired and the linen is spotless, Miss Rees. It's a poky wee place, but everything is right and proper and as it should be."

Mrs. Manning came through from the kitchen to introduce herself in a soft Cornish murmur. "I've the kettle on, and I baked a saffron cake, in case you shouldn't have had your tea."

I was too excited even to try a new kind of cake. The regular pulse of the surf came in through the big windows, and the air was filled with the smell of the sea. I had been cooped up in a compartment of the Cornish Riviera Express all day, and I didn't want to sit down indoors for as much as a minute. "I don't want any tea," I said. "I'm going down to the beach."

"You're not going in your good clothes," Jessie said forbiddingly, but Aunt Gwen checked her.

"It's a special occasion," she said, adding, "Don't stay down there too long, dear. You've had a tiring day."

I went to kiss her on the cheek and then ran out into the garden at the back. A square wicket gate opened off the croquet lawn, and a beaten path led away from it in the direction of the sea to a stile at the corner of the stone-walled field. It was the year of my butterfly craze, and as I walked among the flowers in the softly waving meadow grass I was making a catalogue of delights: six spotted burnet; small copper; tortoiseshell—no, peacock—yes, tortoiseshell; and peacock; red admirals; adonis blue; cabbage white; painted lady; meadow brown. What's that yellow one? I must look for him in the book. . . . Beyond the stile I dropped into a sandy lane, with Cornish wall banks of earth faced with stone on each side of it. Tamarisks grew on top of these thick ramparts, arching over until they touched, making the lane a tunnel roofed with a mist of smoky green. The lane expired abruptly by a ruined stone cottage smothered in ivy, where the sand dunes began. A narrow footpath ran on beside a stream half choked with cresses, reeds, and mint, which had kept a channel open between two towering

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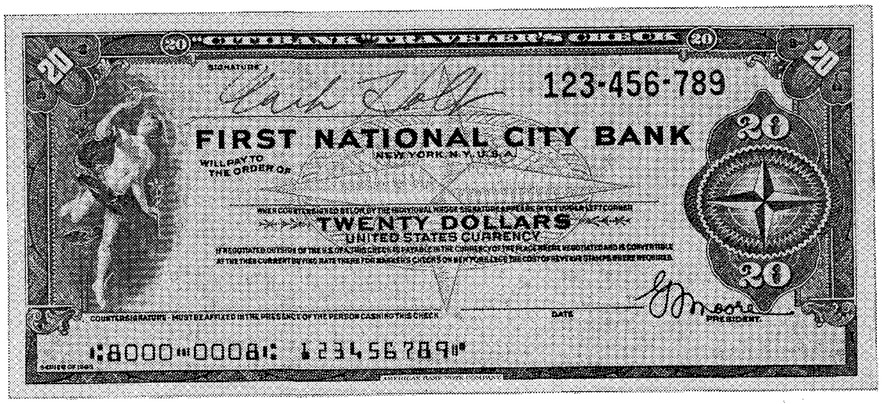

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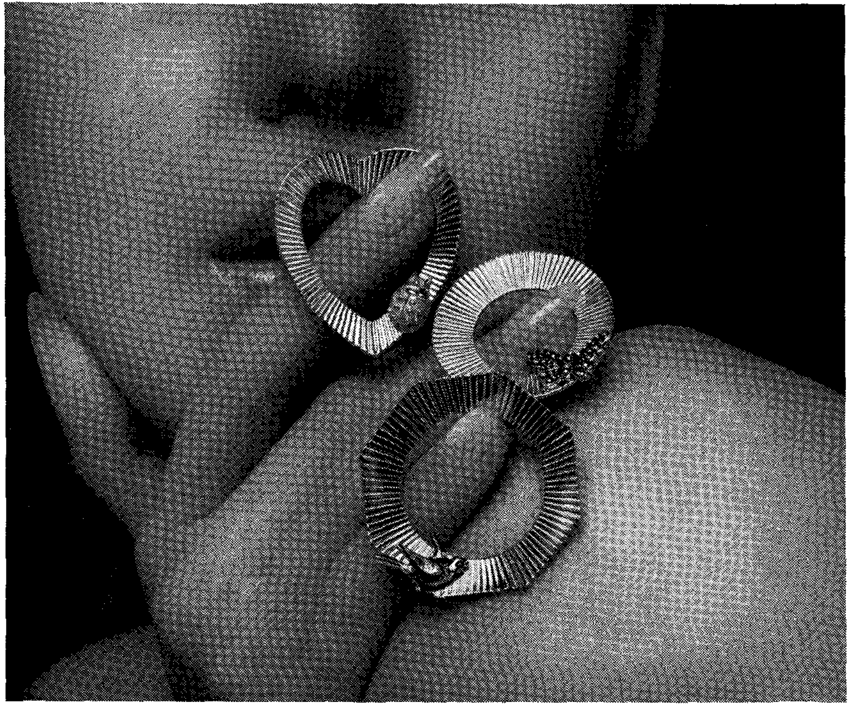

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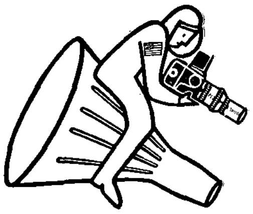

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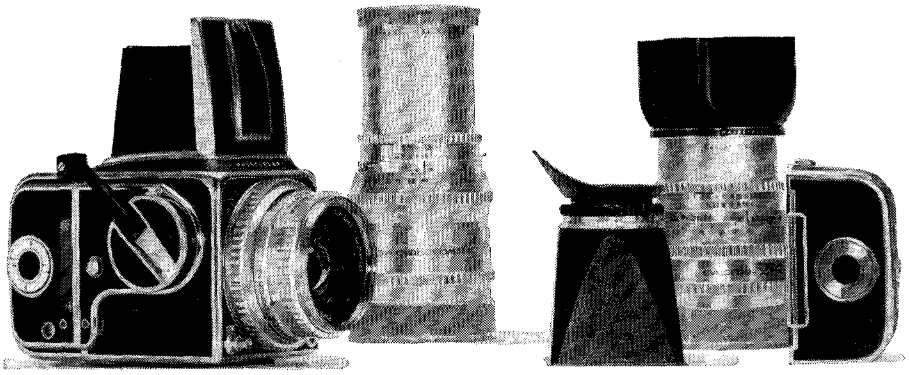

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dunes, and at the far end of this defile there was the shining beach and the sea. Great rollers were coming in with massive dignity, heaving themselves up, toppling as they became nearly sheer, then spilling forward in a smooth curve as they broke, to fall with a cut-off boom onto the almost resonant sand. I kept thinking it was silly to stay rooted to one spot, wasting exploring time, but whenever I reached the resolution to move on, my eye caught the movement of a larger wave than the others, rearing itself up out of the tumbling waters a couple of hundred yards out, and I would wait to see "just one more really big one" come in.

While I was watching them, absorbed, and a little drunk with the noise, the smashing power of the sea, and the unfamiliar salt air, a little band of boys and girls came up along the beach behind me, four of them on foot and two riding on shaggy, lavender-gray donkeys with patient, wise faces. A dark boy detached himself from the group as I looked round and came up to me. "You're David Rees, aren't you? I'm Bingo Coster. My mother told me to look out for you. We're going up to Trevose Head to see if we can see the green flash as the sun sets. Do you want to come?"

"I don't know if I can. My aunt said not to be too late."

"Oh, come on, she won't mind," said a girl, as dark and brown as Bingo, from the back of a donkey. "It's holidays. The flash is glorious if you catch it, and with a clear sky like this we easily might. She'll understand, if you tell her it was for something special. And if she does mind, we'll tell her we carried you off. Come on."

"That's my sister, Joan," said Bingo, "and that's my baby bro, Martin, and that's Hugh, and the other donkey rider's Ann—they're both Haywards—and this one is Clytie Stevens."

"I should take those beastly hard shoes off, if I were you, David," Clytie said. "You'll get on better barefoot."

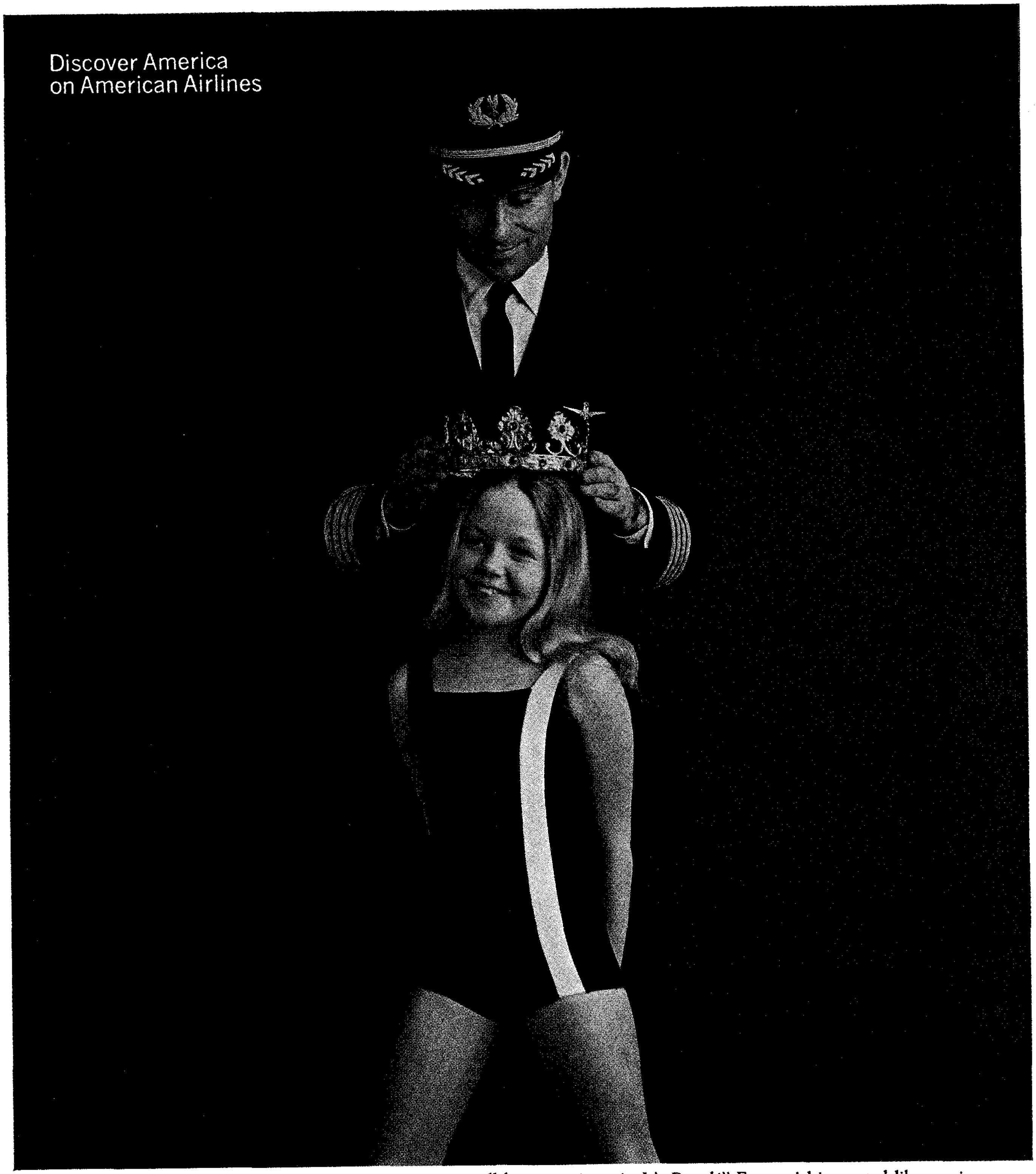
I took them off and stood uncertainly, not knowing what to do with them.

"Don't just stand there," Clytie said. "Put them down somewhere up by the dunes, where you can find them when we get back."

"Watch out, David," Bingo said. "She'll boss you to death if you let her start."

They waited for me while I ran up to the foot of the dunes with my black school shoes and came back empty-handed.

"Now, come on, everybody," Joan



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Coster said. She kicked her heels into the sides of the donkey, which broke into a rocking-horse trot. The other donkey began trotting, too, and we all had to run to keep up with the two girls. We came to rest at last, after we'd clambered up the rocks at the beginning of the cliffs under Trevose Head. When we were halfway up the soft, swelling slope of rabbit-nibbled turf which ran on up toward the whitewashed lighthouse, Bingo stopped us. "There's no point in going any higher," he said, "we can see the horizon from here."

The girls slid off the backs of the donkeys, which settled to graze immediately. We sat down in a row facing the western sea and the large globe of the setting sun. "That's our house, with the green roof," Clytie said.

"It's the center of the universe," Bingo said.

"Oh, shut up," Clytie said. "I'm just telling him the landmarks. That's superior Bingo's house behind it, and the Haywards live in the third house beyond that. There's the road winding back to Constantine village. That farm's called Tremeer. We get our cream and milk there. That's Lamorna, where you're staying, in the corner of the field there. There's Constantine church, with its tower sticking up behind the trees, and there's Mrs. Barker's cottage, with the bright-green door."

"Mrs. Barker?" I said.

"She's dotty, but harmless," Martin said. "She asks everybody to tea all the time. She gives you scones and clotted cream, and saffron cake with coffee icing. She's all right."

I didn't pursue it. I didn't want it to be my Mrs. Barker.

"And that big sand dune there is Mount Everest—at least we call it that—and the one beside it, on the other side of the stream, that's Chimborazo. And there, halfway along the dunes, that's the ruined church. It's ever so old, and beside it is St. Ninian's Well—where that clump of ivy is. If ever you get thirsty on the beach you can go there and drink—only don't go unless you have to, because it always rains within a few hours when anyone drinks there."

"That's rot," Hugh said. "It's just a silly superstition."

Clytie said, "It's what the old people in Constantine say, anyway. They believe it."

"Well, I jolly well don't," Hugh said.

"You needn't," Clytie said, "but it

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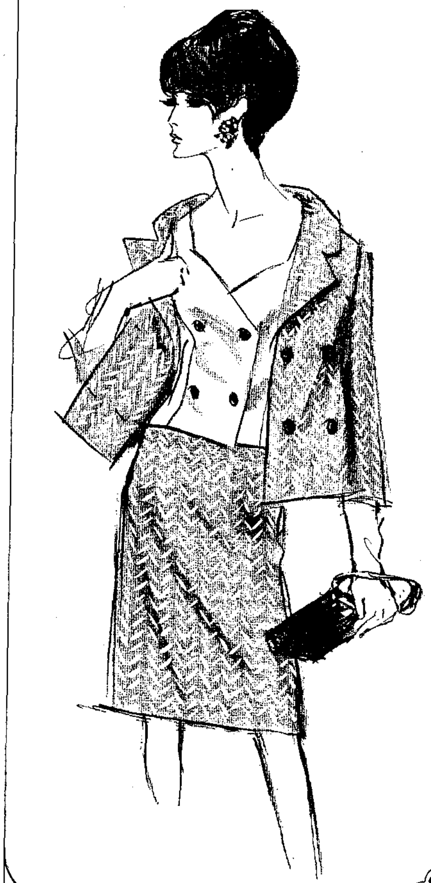

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always does rain if you drink there."

"Look at the bottom of the sun!" Bingo cried.

The huge ball, which had been so glaring and brassy, was now a hot, smoky red, and it hung just above the flat horizon line, enormous. We shaded our eyes with our hands or squinnied through narrow gaps between our fingers. "There it goes!" It seemed to drop suddenly, and as it touched the sea, a flash of brilliant green light stabbed suddenly out under the red mass.

"Oh, golly, golly, golly," said Martin as it vanished, rolling himself forward and doing a slow somersault.

Bingo stood up and inspected the eastern sky. A few small clouds hung there, very high up, orange, red, and purple in the sunset's glow. "It's going to be fine tomorrow," he said.

When we came to the gap in the dunes again, it was already dimming into twilight. When I'd found my shoes, the others went off home along the sand, but Bingo came with me up the lane. In the blackness under the tamarisks he said, "I've got lots of Gwen Rees records at home. She's marvellous. When I play, I try to play like her. It must be sheer heaven being able to hear her all the time." We climbed over the stile and he said, "Listen!" The Mozart Aunt Gwen was playing came across the dewy space, measured, fluid, and effortless, with the knowledge of joy and wisdom in it. We walked slowly up to the wicket gate, wanting it to go on forever.

I whispered, "This field was full of butterflies when I came out."

"It always is," he said, "and down by the stream too, though it's mostly fritillaries there— Hush."

Aunt Gwen came to the end of the sonata and stood up. She walked over to the window, reaching out to touch a rose with her fingertips as she passed the table. She had changed out of her travelling clothes into a plain white summer dress.

"Oh, golly . . ." Bingo murmured.

She caught sight of me and called out, "Why, there you are at last— you've been gone for ages."

"Please, Miss Rees, it's my fault," said Bingo, coming forward. "Really it was." He launched into explanations.

When I was in bed, Aunt Gwen came up to say good night to me. "Bingo Coster seems to be a very nice, mannerly boy," she said. "I'm glad you've hit it off together."

"He said I was to come down to meet him as soon as I'd had breakfast tomorrow," I said. "He's going to be

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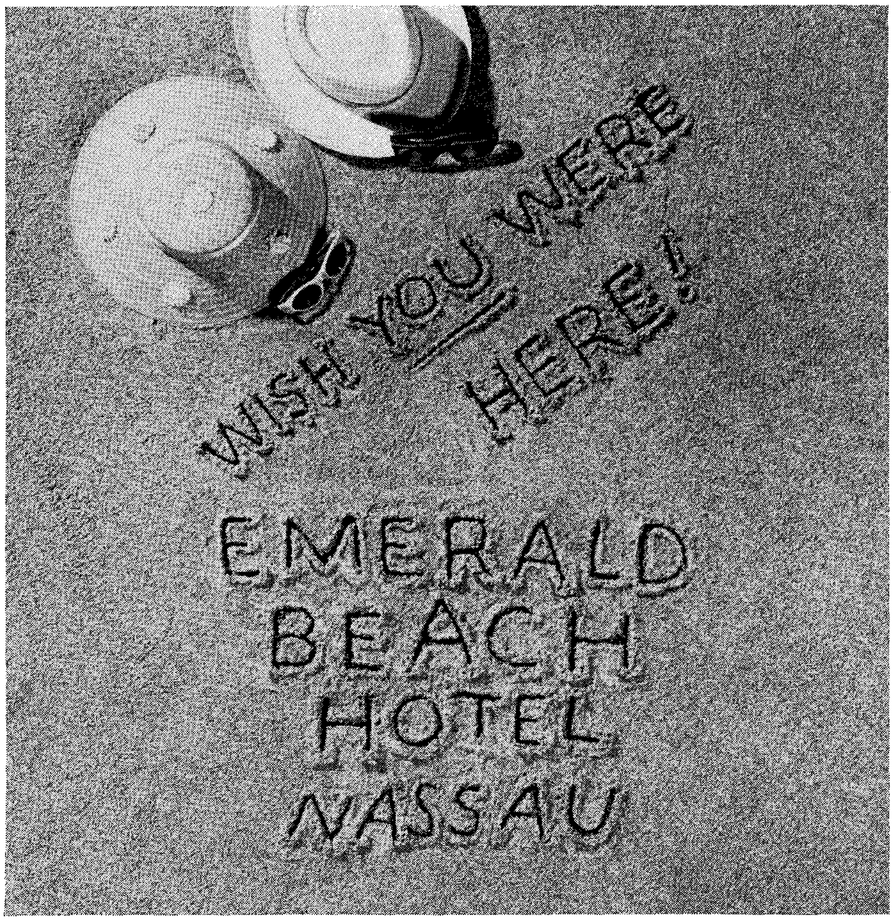

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in Marazion Cove." I was in heaven.

She saw it, and smiled as she got to her feet to turn out my light. Lamorna wasn't, after all, going to be a mistake.

AT the Costers' musical evening, the grownups filled all the chairs and sofas in the big party room, and the children could choose between the floor, the cushioned window seats, and the stone-flagged terrace outside. It began at the level of comfortable amateurism, with Bingo playing a Haydn sonata, the Haywards tooting sweetly through a baroque wind quartet, like a nestful of accomplished pigeons, and Muriel Coster singing a suite of Fauré songs while her sister, Clytie Stevens' mother, accompanied her. When they had done their creditable best, there was a break. We all stood about under Japanese lanterns among the wind-shaped bushes in the formal garden, talking and drinking lemonade or eating the creamy raspberry fool in glass cups handed round on trays by the Coster children. The warm light from the paper lanterns paled as the moon rose, and the stirrings of a soft night wind set them swinging. The wet sands shone like a sheet of silver, and the cliffs beyond them seemed to be silhouettes cut from black velvet. The sea, in the ten days of good weather, had fallen asleep. It stretched smoothly away into the night like milk, almost waveless. We all went indoors again, and Aunt Gwen, looking bigger and stronger than herself, as she always did when she was at the piano with an audience to play to, filled the world with the "Davidsbündler Dances" of Schumann.

THE next morning the rose vine woke me by tapping at the window. Small white clouds were sailing quickly across the sky from the southwest, and in Mrs. Manning's garden, up the hill toward Constantine, washing on a line ballooned and collapsed in a wild dance. When I ran out of the house for a before-breakfast taste of the day, I felt the air fresh on my cheek. It had a new transparency, Trevose Head and the hills inland seemed closer, and every detail in the landscape stood out sharp and clear in its separation and isolation from any other. I felt I had been lent the eyes of a bird. The sea was brilliant blue, and its jagged surface was covered with white horses. The Costers' donkeys in their thistly paddock brayed Eeehaw, Eeehaw, Eeehaw, ending on a long-drawn-out dying fall. The wind came into the house with me as I went

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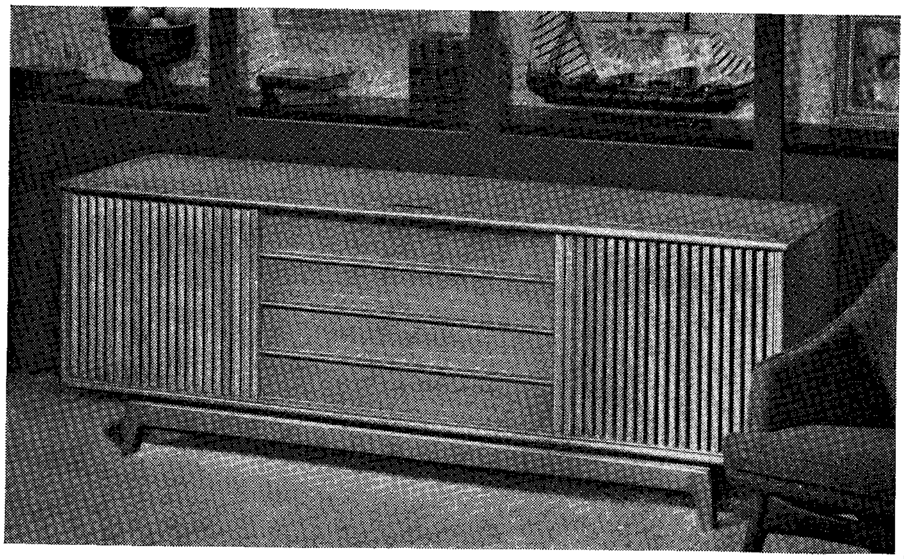

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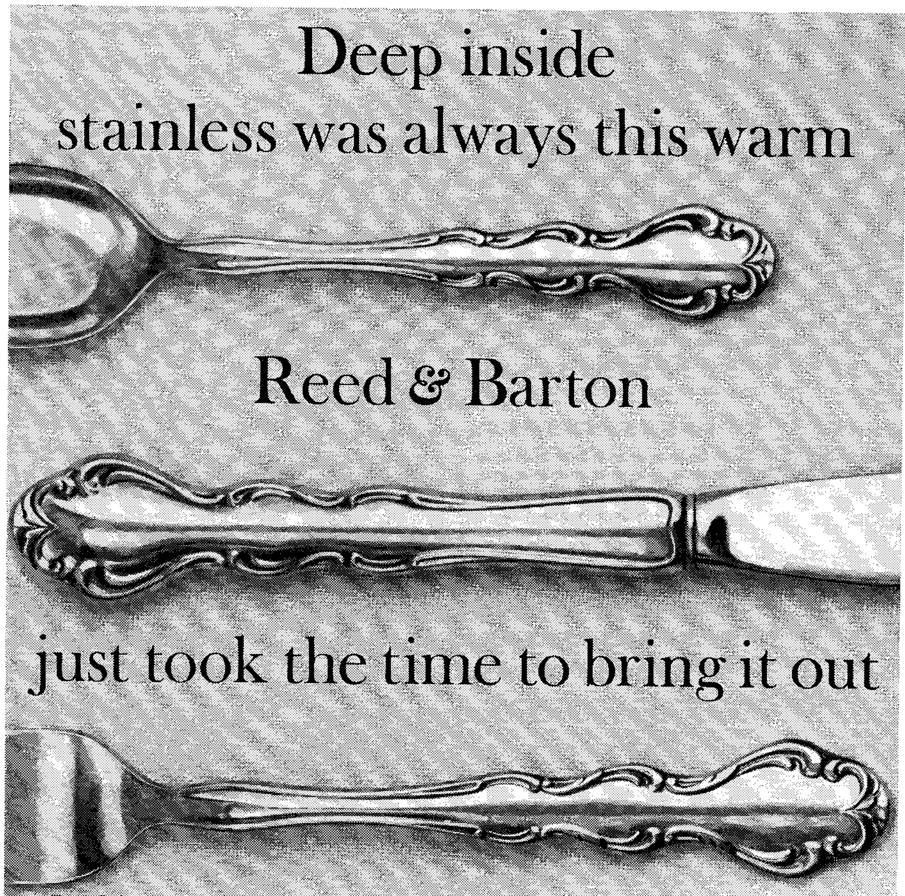
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in for my breakfast, banged a door upstairs, and set the light curtains fluttering. "No picnic lunch on the beach today, I'm afraid," Aunt Gwen said as Jessie set my porridge in front of me.

"No, Miss Rees," Jessie said happily. "I thought I'd be away up the hill to the village after a nice leg of lamb and some fruit to make a tart as soon as I'd cleared breakfast away. It'll make a change from those everlasting sandwiches."

Down by the sea later on, there were no grownups in sight, and all the children in Marazion Cove were thick-armed and bearlike in rough-knit woollen sweaters. The spray flung up by the slapping waves was whirled across the rocks to sting our bare legs, and the surfaces of the pools among them were frosted with racing ripples. We drifted away from our usual places, reluctantly abandoning our hope of swimming, and thinned out along the stretches of sand, searching for painted tops, cowrie shells, and other beach treasures. I found myself with Bingo, some distance from the others. He said suddenly, "Your mother was absolutely topping last night. My father says she's one of the very best he's ever heard, and he's heard everybody. You are lucky having a mother like that."

"She's not my mother, she's my aunt," I said.

Bingo sat back, examining the cowries in his hand for a second before looking up again. "That's all right," he said. "You don't have to keep up that pretense with us. We all know."

"Know what?"

"Why, that she's your mother—" He faltered. "Oh, golly, do you mean to say you didn't know? You must know. It's obvious. I mean, you're as like as two peas—and besides, it's the way she speaks to you, and the way she treats you. Anyone can see she's your mother. And, anyway, when my mother told us you were coming she said, 'Gwen Rees and her son will be at Lamorna.' " He straightened up with an anxious expression. "I say, I haven't said the wrong thing, have I? I mean if *I* didn't know and I found out, I'd be jolly glad, and proud, too." He stepped toward me. "Please don't look so upset. I didn't mean any harm. . . ."

I recoiled from his solicitude. "I've just remembered—there's something important I forgot to do," I said. "I've got to go back to Lamorna."

He flushed and said, "Take these shells. We found them together. And anyway, I've got lots already."

It was a way of finding out if I was angry. I wasn't. I just wanted to be

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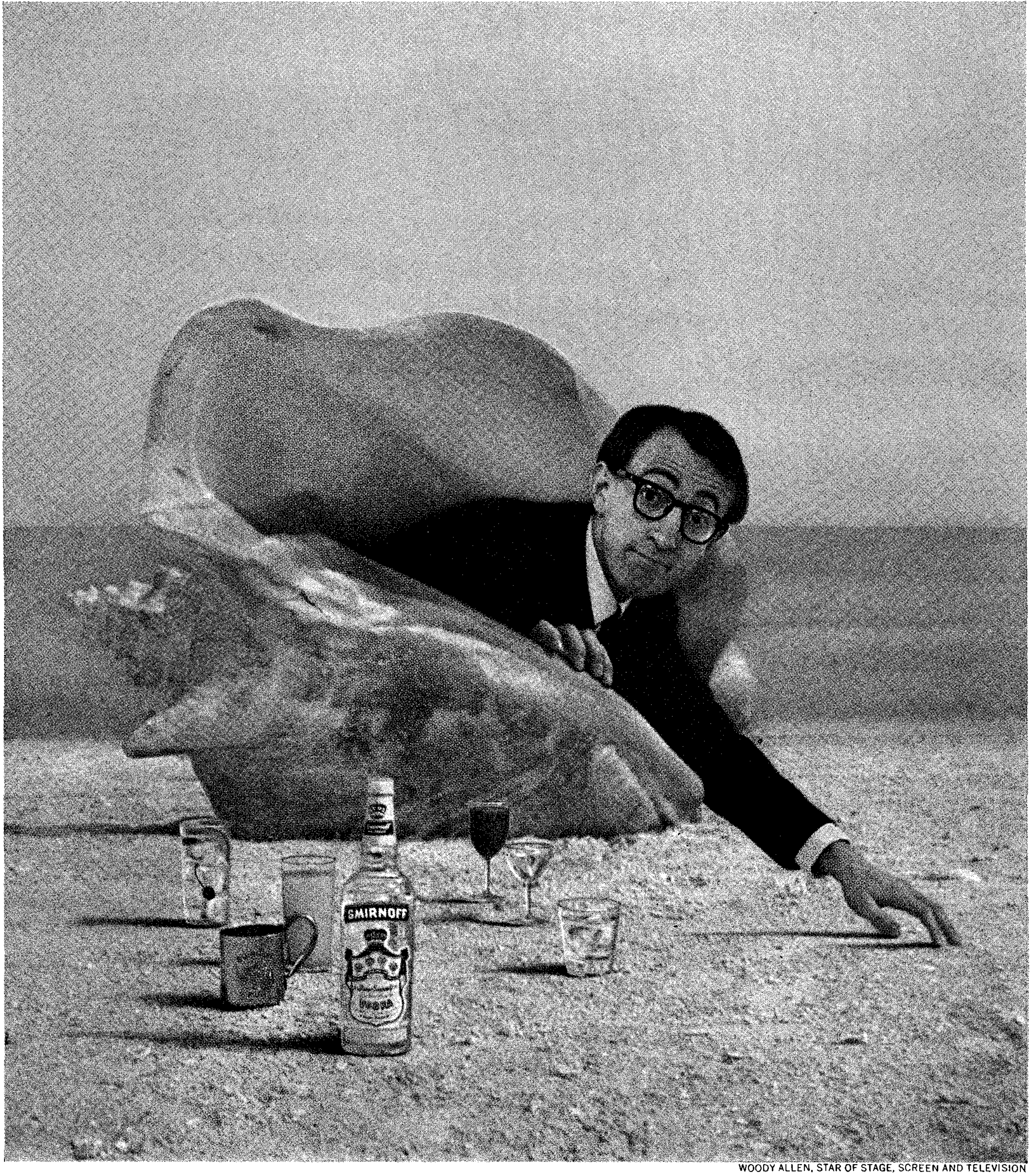

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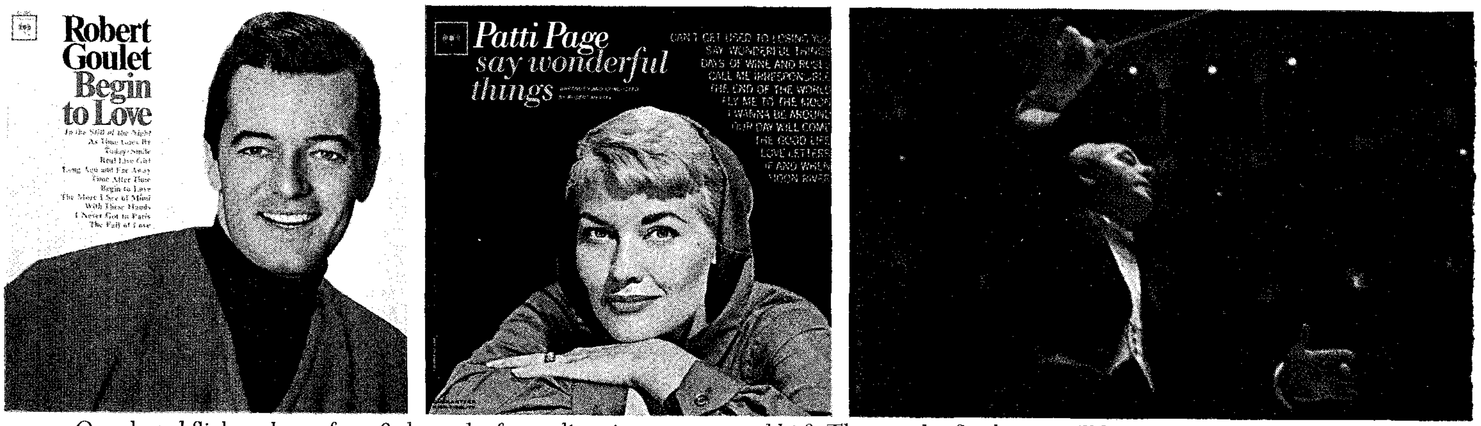
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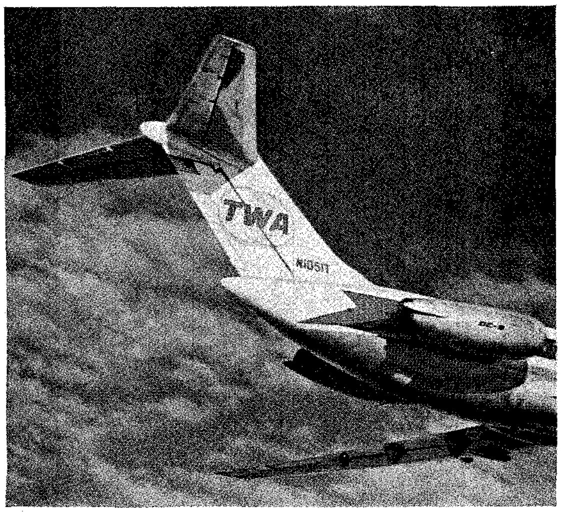
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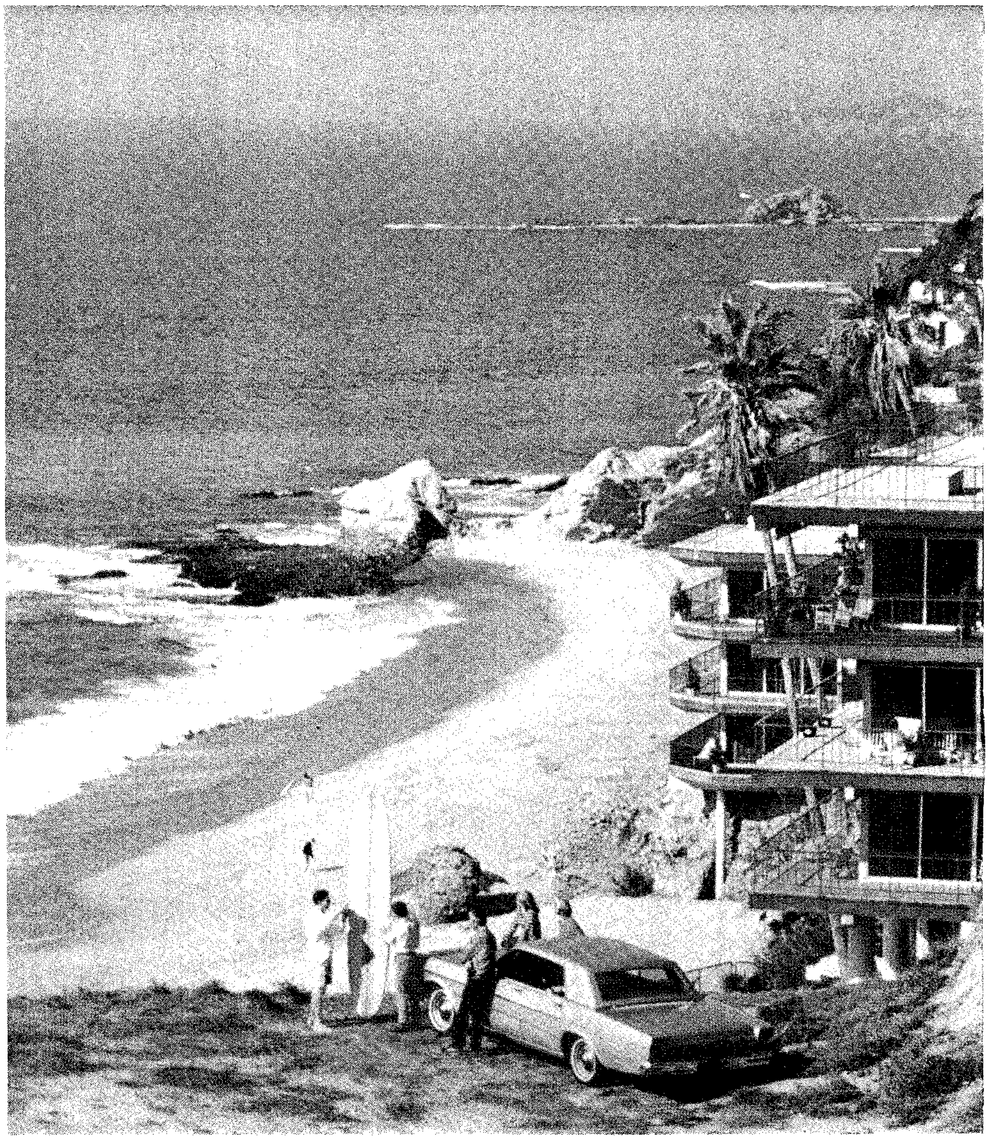

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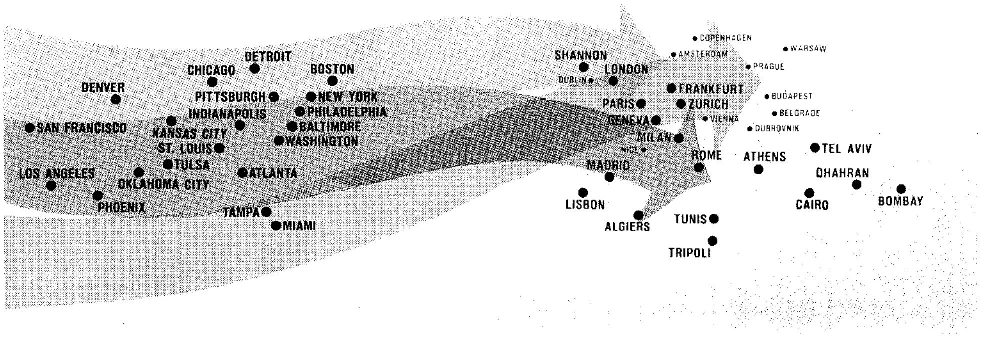
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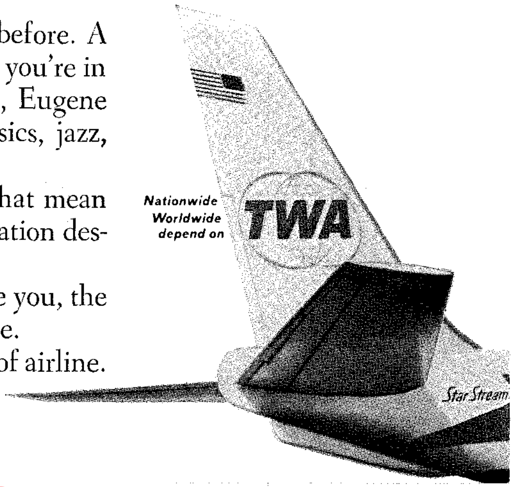
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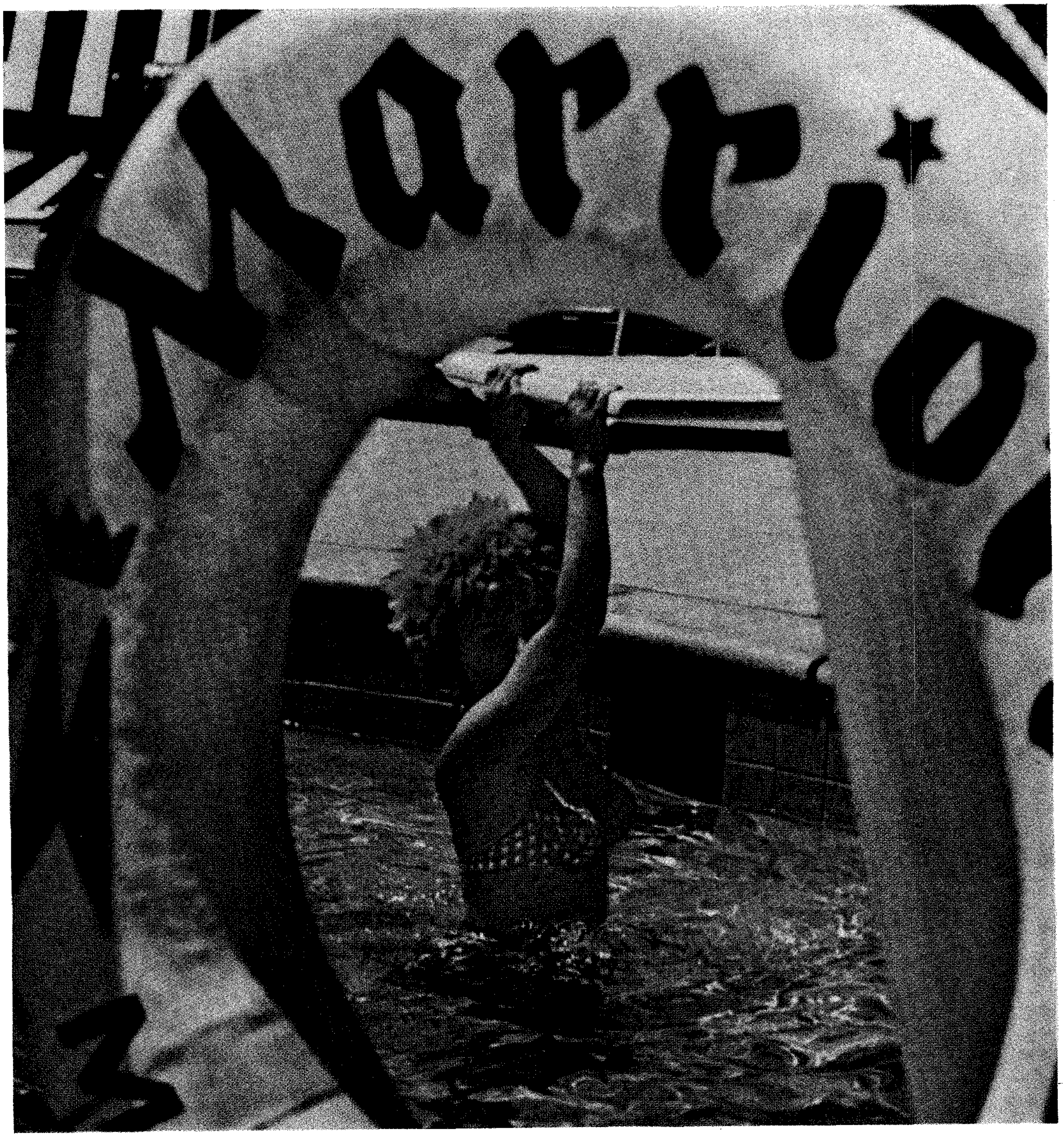

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by myself for a while. I took the shells to show him that everything was all right. He said, "If it's like this tomorrow, we'll go inland, I expect, up on the moors. Will you come?"

I said I would, absolving him from all offense, and started off toward Constantine Bay, round the corner from the cove, where I felt sure I'd be alone. When I'd gone a few hundred yards, I heard Bingo calling my name behind me: "Coo-ee, David . . . David . . ." I turned to listen. "See you . . . afternoon . . . party . . ." This remark didn't mean anything to me and I didn't feel like asking him what party he was talking about. I wanted to order my thoughts. I waved and went on. When I reached the beach in Constantine Bay, it wasn't quite empty. Down at the far end I could just make out a human figure with two white dogs racing and playing about it on the windswept sand. There were more clouds in the sky now, some gray. The sea and the land were dappled with racing patches of light and shadow. I felt a soaring interior joy. Of course Aunt Gwen was my mother, and I'd known it, in my heart, all the time. I stopped by a small pool and found and caught a crab lurking at one end of it. Its legs tickled my palms as I held it cupped in my hands. It menaced the tip of my nose with its minute pincers. "Tell all the creatures of the sea Gwen Rees is my mother," I whispered, bending down and turning it loose. I straightened up and stared out over the sea, now part steel gray and part so dark a blue as to seem almost purple. I ran across the beach with the wind jostling me and hustling me all the way, and scrambled up the smooth face of the big dune the Costers called Mount Everest. When I reached its summit I was out of breath and I couldn't tell why I'd gone up there. The wind whistled through the marram grass, and three gulls sailed close by me, yachtlike, on motionless wings, playing in an updraft. I shouted to them and my words were blown back into my throat. I remembered the game of "giant steps" the Costers had taught me, and plunged down the face of the dune again at its steepest part, taking enormous strides that were almost leaps, and going faster and faster, knowing that the impetus I was building up would hurl me—running as fast as I could to keep pace with my body and to prevent myself from being flung forward onto my face—into the fringes of the surf.

As I crossed the boundary between wet sand and sea, on the gently shelving beach, and my footsteps began to throw up spray, two white terriers appeared

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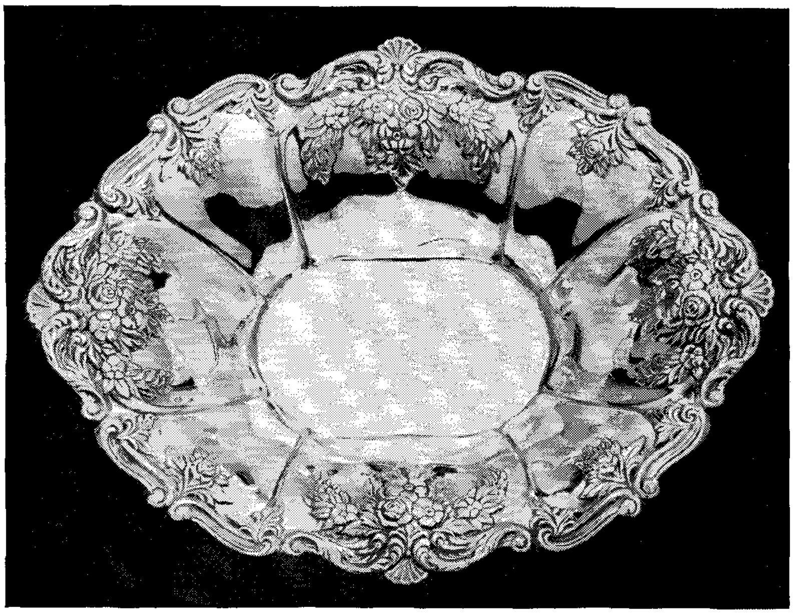

Only Wallace
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Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn.

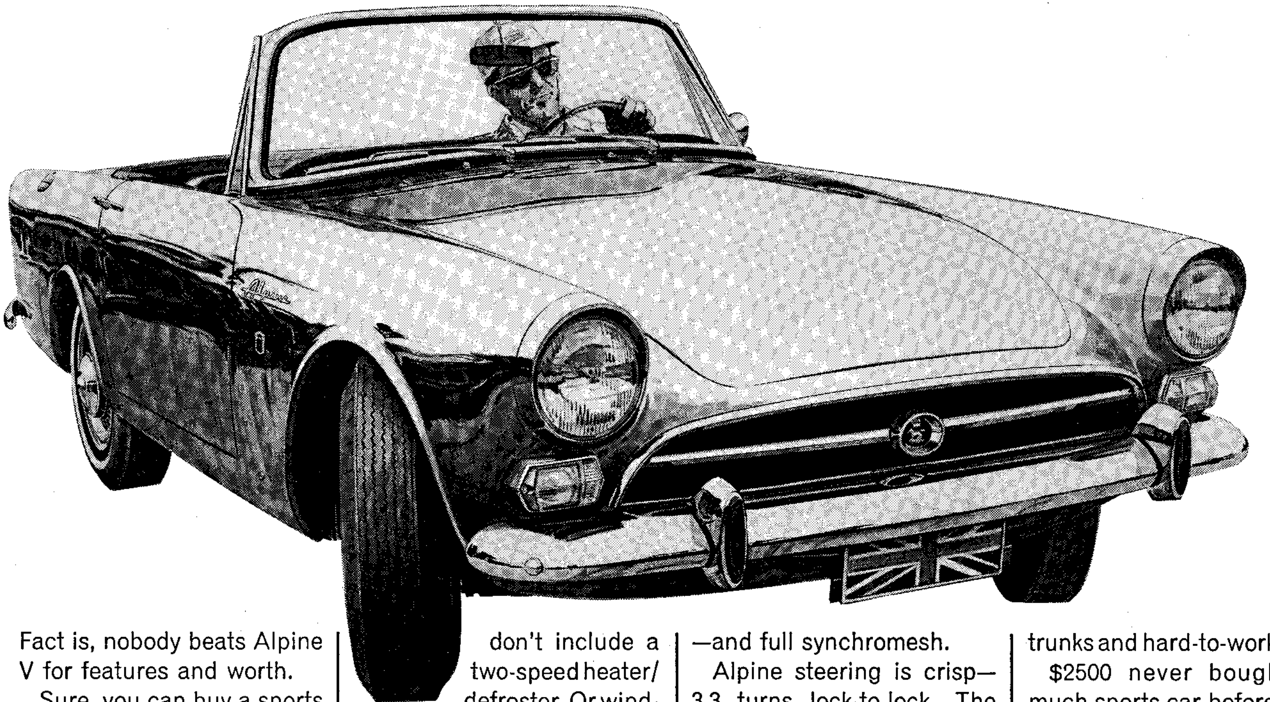
beside me, barking and leaping. Their owner came up, leaning to the wind, holding her straw hat in place with an age-mottled hand, the skirt of her mackintosh flapping. "You silly, silly doggies," she cried, "rushing into the sea like mad things! Now you'll have to be hosed with fresh water before we can have our lunch, or the horrid salt will give you eczema! Aren't they dears?" she said, lifting her head and beaming.

I had already recognized her; she was my Mrs. Barker.

"Why, it's Taffy!" she said. "I might have known. Still running away from everybody, to be all on his own. What a funny, solitary little pickle you are! And there are so many dear, dear children here. I'm sure you'll like some of them. You must come to my house this afternoon to meet them. I'm giving a tea party. There'll be lovely iced cakes, and a treasure hunt, and we'll play games in the garden. I've all sorts of ideas. I'm sure we'll have the greatest fun, and it will help you to come out of your silly old shell." Mrs. Barker laughed gaily. "I don't know what I'll do if it rains! I'm just praying it will hold off until tomorrow. My little house is so small! You've no idea. You can't imagine anything less like Orford House! When poor dear Jack died and I had to give up the school, I felt so alone I bought myself the littlest cottage you've ever seen—it's just, just, big enough for one lonely old woman to live in by herself. Three tiny rooms and a kitchen! I can have one or two children to tea indoors, but I can't possibly give a party unless we can use the garden. So I'm keeping my fingers crossed." She twinkled at me. "You haven't changed at all! You've grown, yes—you're quite a little man now—but you're still your old silent, locked-in self. I wonder who will be the first to find out what goes on in that secret old head of yours! I'd love to know." The dogs began to bark. "They want their lunch," she said. "Now, you're not to be shy about my party. You're to come. I know you'll love it when you do. Other people really aren't so frightening as you let yourself think, and I'll tell my little friends to be specially nice to you. So you must come to my house at four o'clock sharp, without fail. It will be a party for you, a party to make friends for Taffy Rees. You won't have any trouble finding your way; it's the first house at this end of the village as you come up the lane from Marazion, and it's got a bright-green door. You can't miss it." Mrs. Barker stood smiling into my disconcerted

There it is. 100 m.p.h. capability. $100 worth of 'extras.' Priced under $2500. Try and beat it.

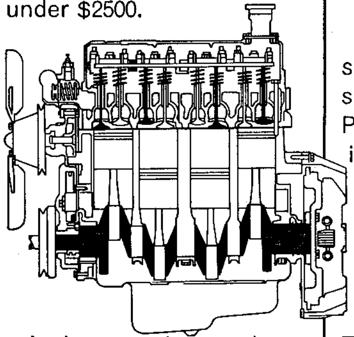
Friendly warning before you try: Chrysler's new Sunbeam Alpine V has another plus—our 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty.*



Fact is, nobody beats Alpine V for features and worth.

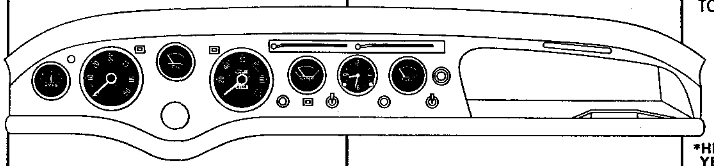
Sure, you can buy a sports car priced under $2468.† But not with 100 m.p.h. capability.

Sure, you can buy a higher top speed and a 0 to 60 less than 12.8 seconds. But not under $2500.



And no sports car at any price gives you a 5-year/50,000-mile warranty on the engine and drivetrain, unless it comes from Chrysler Motors Corporation.

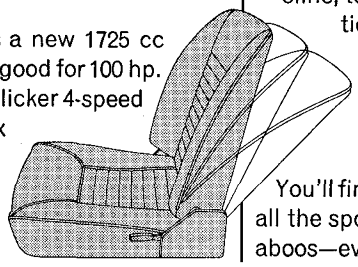
Another thing. Prices of those other cars probably don't include a two-speed heater/defroster. Or windshield washers and two-speed wipers. A console. Power assisted, self-adjusting brakes. And a telescoping steering wheel.



Alpine's base price does include them—and more.

New muscle

There's a new 1725 cc engine good for 100 hp. Plus a slicker 4-speed gearbox behind a very quick clutch—and full synchromesh.



Alpine steering is crisp—3.3 turns lock-to-lock. The wheels are unusually wide-set, so stability on turns is fantastic. And the ride is remarkably easy.

Inside are more things you'll like. A beautifully instrumented dash. Padded and pleated vinyl buckets that adjust 4 ways. And recline, too. Footwell ventilation. And pedals that are adjustable to your leg reach.

Alpine über Alles

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$2500 never bought so much sports car before. And for hard and fast proof of that, go see your Sunbeam dealer. He's got the keys to the car that'll back it up.

***HERE'S HOW THE SUNBEAM ALPINE 5-YEAR OR 50,000-MILE ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU:** Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants all of the following vital parts of Sunbeam Alpine cars imported by Chrysler for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material or workmanship will be replaced or repaired at an Authorized Sunbeam Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings. **HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO:** Give your car this normal care—change engine oil every 3 months, or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; replace engine oil filter every second oil change; clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; clean crankcase ventilator valve, and change transmission and axle lubricant every 6 months or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; *and* every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. This warranty shall *not* apply to cars subjected to racing or other sustained high speed use, acceleration trials or wide-open throttle operation, etc.

†Mfr's suggested retail price, East Coast P.O.E., state and local taxes, destination charges and options extra, including outside mirror. West Coast slightly higher.

ROOTES
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ROOTES DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

face. "Don't worry so," she said. "We'll enjoy ourselves, and you'll see how easy it is to be happy. It can't be any fun always mooning about alone." She looked at her wristwatch. "I must be off home or my lunch will be all spoiled, and you ought to be going too, Taffy, or you'll be in trouble."

"Oh, we have lunch late," I said. "I've got lots of time." I was determined not to walk back to Lamorna with her, and I guessed that she would take the shortcut to the village through the fields behind our house.

"You haven't told me you'll come to my party," she said. "I want you to promise me you will."

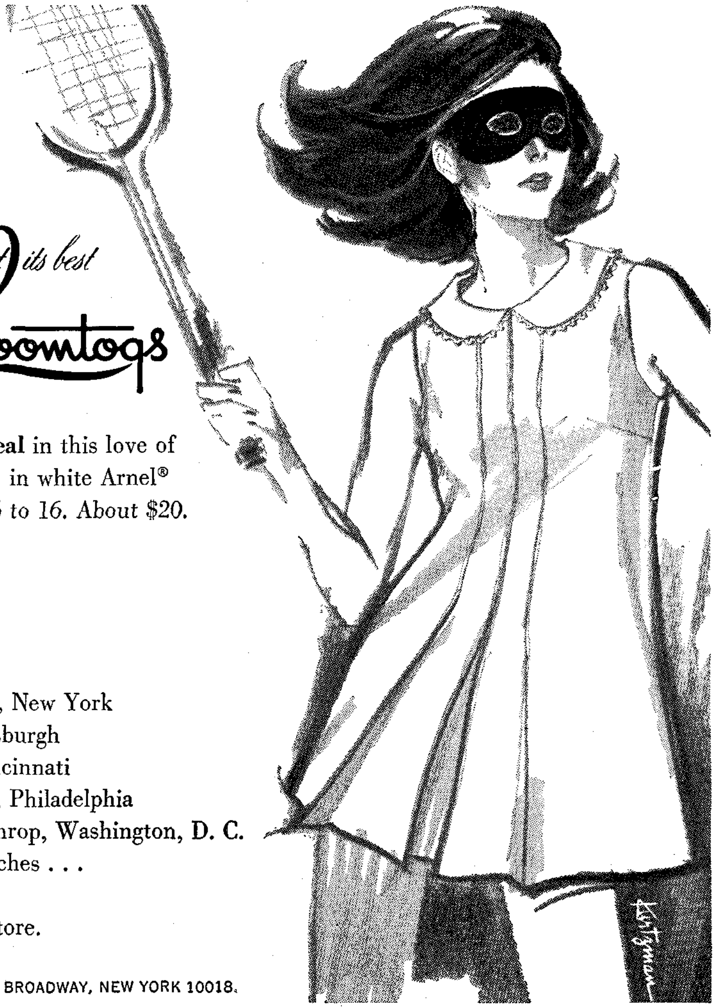
"I'll try, Mrs. Barker," I said.

"Oh, Taffy, Taffy, be kind to a poor old woman," she said. "You don't know how I've missed my flock of children since I had to give up Orford House. My summer tea parties are my one great pleasure now. Do promise me you'll come."

I promised her that I would, and while I did so, I saw Orford House, in my mind's eye, like an empty bird cage whose twittering prisoners had all, by mistake, escaped from durance. I kept my fingers crossed. Mrs. Barker left me, vanishing after a few minutes through the gap between the dunes. As soon as she was out of sight, I set off at a run for St. Ninian's Well, to see if a drink of that water would make it rain.

"This day of all days you must choose to be an hour late for your lunch," Jessie said, as I came in at the door. "Your Aunt was almost distracted, waiting and waiting, till she was near missing her train." Jessie dropped onto her knees and put her arms about me. "She didn't want to go without speaking to you. It's her poor mother—she's at death's door, and there's only the one train that would get your Auntie back to London today, and you understand that she had to be on it, don't you?" I nodded. "There's a good boy," Jessie said, "and we'll just make the best of things, the two of us together, until she can come back. We'll not have too bad a time of it. Now, wash your hands and put a comb to your hair, and I'll be serving up our meal."

As I crossed the hall on my way to the bathroom, I caught sight of a telegram lying on one of the many ledges of the towering Art Nouveau umbrella-and-hat stand at the foot of the stairs. I couldn't resist the temptation to read it. "MOTHER GRAVELY ILL. ASKING FOR YOU. PLEASE FORGIVE US ALL IF YOU CAN AND COME. ANGELA." As I stood and thought about what the words meant, the first drops of the rain struck the glass panels in the front



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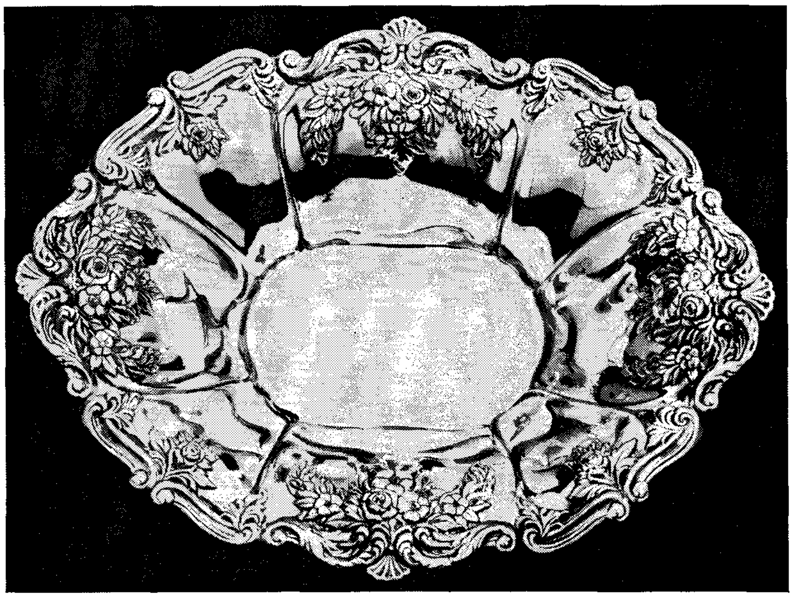

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And so very, very lovely. Glorified with the Wallace touch. St. Regis heavy silverplated bowl, 12½ by 9½ inches $24.50. St. Regis bread tray, 13 by 7¾ inches $18.50. And the St. Regis bon-bon dish, 8 by 6¼ inches $11.95. Please mail orders to Bromberg's, 123 North 20th Street, Birmingham, Alabama. Add $2.00 for handling. Bromberg's

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But there is still another group. They mix our lime juice with brandy or rum. That's a gimlet to them.

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Our Rose's adds a calypso twist to distinctive brandy and rum flavors. Why? Because Rose's is made of tropical limes, sun-yellow Caribbean limes from the island of Dominica. Rose's isn't as tart as green untropical limes. Not as sweet as ordinary lime juice. It's tart-sweet. Deliciously calypsian.

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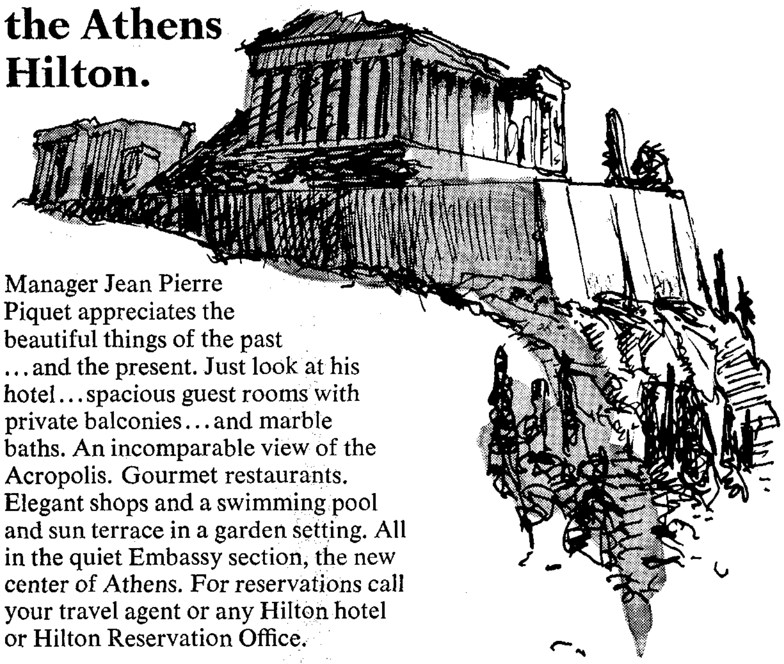
Here's one of the more splendid residences in Athens... seen from another—the Athens Hilton.



Manager Jean Pierre Piquet appreciates the beautiful things of the past ...and the present. Just look at his hotel...spacious guest rooms with private balconies...and marble baths. An incomparable view of the Acropolis. Gourmet restaurants. Elegant shops and a swimming pool and sun terrace in a garden setting. All in the quiet Embassy section, the new center of Athens. For reservations call your travel agent or any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

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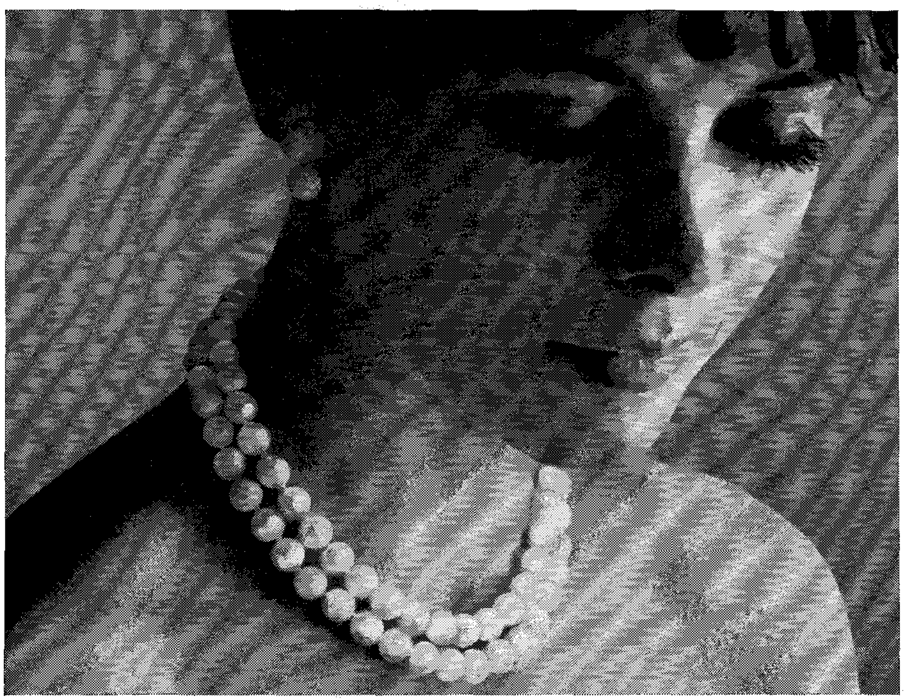

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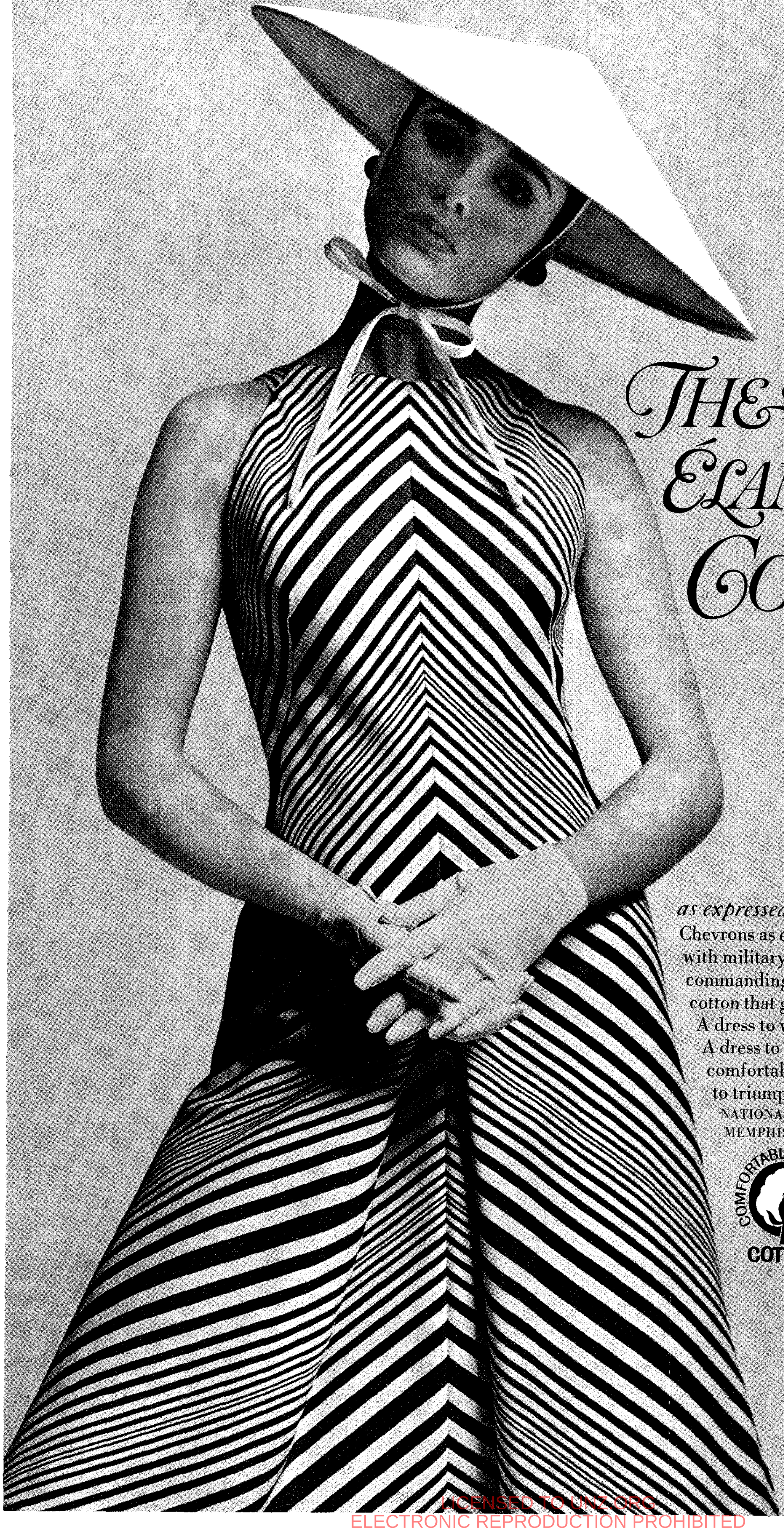
door as if a handful of bird shot had been flung at them.

Upstairs, from the bathroom window, I saw that the blue patches of sky were gone, the sea was leaden, and a lashing, drenching rain was beginning to beat down from the low, gray ceiling of clouds. Good old St. Ninian, I thought. There goes beastly Mrs. Barker's tea party.

It obviously wasn't Mrs. Barker's fault that Aunt Gwen—that my mother—had been called away, but it was just like her to appear, as if she were a spirit of ill fortune, to dampen my spirits just as a disappointment was bearing down on me. The hot water rose up round my wrists and I turned off the taps. The image of Orford House as an empty bird cage suddenly came back to me with its source. In the Easter holidays, Jessie had taken me to have tea with a Mr. Mallock, an acquaintance of hers, who was a bird fancier. When we shook hands in the narrow hallway of his Hammersmith house, the moist clamminess of his palm had given me a momentary feeling of queasiness, which had returned when he showed us his finches, later on. His square, fleshy hands reached into cage after cage, enclosing one feathered creature after another. "Now, here's a little beauty—from South America. Did you ever see anything lovelier?" The birds lay trapped, tamed, unresisting in his grasp and endured having their heads stroked by the heavy, blunt tip of his forefinger. "I love them all, though I've a couple of hundred of them," he said, "and you know, I get fonder of them all the time." The banked cages were stacked all the way up to the ceiling. "Some people can't understand that; they think I'm barmy. They say, 'Mallock, you're off your rocker, giving up all your time and freedom to looking after a lot of twittering birds.' But I tell them it's *them* as doesn't understand what's what. Here, take him, sonny. Feel his little heart beating under his feathers. . . ."

Drying my hands with a rough towel, I walked over to the window. Trevose Head and the lighthouse were hidden behind a silver curtain of rain. I looked round at the closed door behind me and said softly, "I hate you, Mrs. Barker! I won't come to your house, ever, ever, ever!"

When we finished lunch, the rain was coming down even harder than before. I went into the big drawing room to read, but the steady drumming roar on its tarred tin roof drove me out. I went up to my room and lay on my bed. Water streamed down the win-



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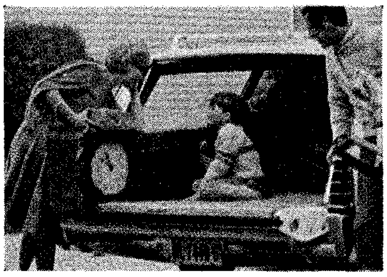

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You're the big reason. You like new ideas. They make things better. That's why the two-way tailgate.

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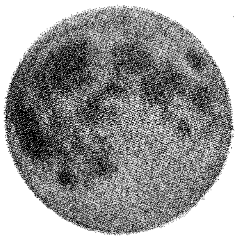
We're even working on the instrumentation for a two-man space vehicle that will land America's first astronauts on the moon.

Today Ford is a lot more than a car company. It's a company that follows good ideas—wherever they lead—even to the moon.



Ford

dows, and gusts of wind buffeted the house. Jessie came in and put a rolled-up towel on the window ledge, to mop up the water that was being blown in under the sash before it started to run down the wall. There was a rat-ta-ta-tat on the front knocker. "Have pity on us," she said, "that'll be another telegram! I hope it's not more bad news. It'll be a sad thing for Miss Rees if she's to find her mother's gone at the end of her journey." She bustled off downstairs, and I went out onto the landing in the expectation of drama.

Mrs. Barker stood on the step. Her waterproof hat was sodden and shapeless, and wet strands of hair were plastered to her cheeks. Her mackintosh clung to her. "I can't come in, not even for a minute," she said. "I've too many other houses to go to, for one thing, and for another I'm too wet. I just called by to say it was hopeless for me to give my children's party this afternoon. I know how little people delight in these things, and I don't want any of them to come battling up the hill in this dreadful weather to have a disappointment when they get there." She brushed some water from her face and began fumbling in an oilskin bag she had slung from her shoulder. "I know I only asked Taffy this morning, but I'm sure he was looking forward to a treat, like all the others. So . . . so"—she pulled one neatly wrapped packet and then another from the bag—"here, no, that's Martin Coster's piece, and that's little Clytie's, such a dear responsive girl, and, here it is, here's Taffy's slice of iced cake. I had it made at Tompion's, in Padstow. It's wedding cake, really. He can eat it with his tea and pretend he's at a party. Bless him." She closed the bag. "I'd ask you to call him, but I haven't time to stop now. I must be getting on to put off all my other little guests. Goodbye, and do tell dear Taffy how sorry I am. But then these things can't be helped."

The door shut behind her. I crossed over to the landing window and watched her as she mounted her bicycle and pedalled off, hunched up, into the driving rain. She wobbled round the puddles and slowly passed out of sight. I remained at the window, drawing on the cold glass with a fingertip, long after she had gone.

—Anthony West

•

Brookweeper—initiative, intelligent, type from shorthand, switchboard . . . —*Adv. in the San Juan (Puerto Rico) Star.*

And must *always* have a clean handkerchief.

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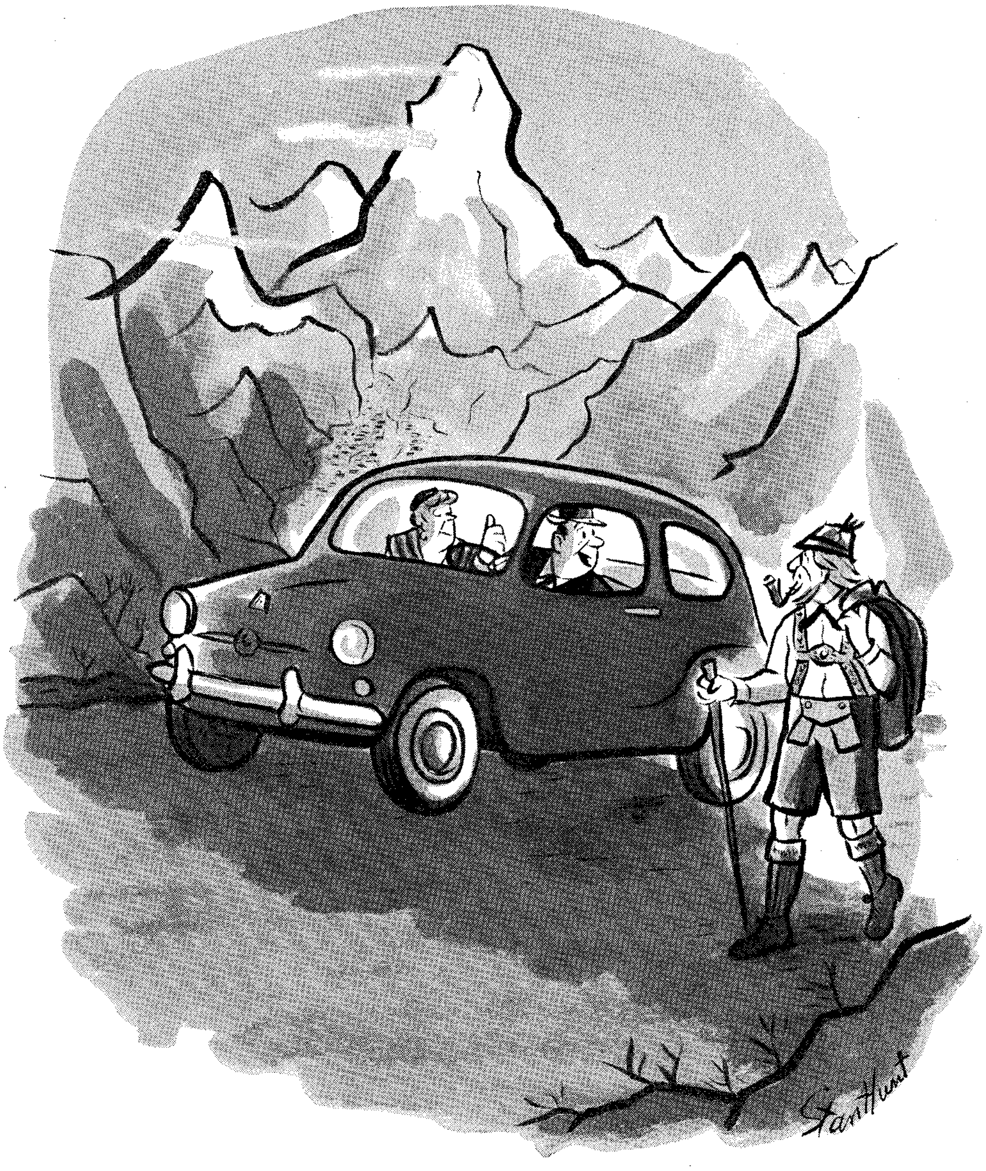
THE THEATRE

EARLY EFFORT

"IVANOV," at the Shubert, is a revival of Anton Chekhov's first full-length play, and although it occasionally reveals the author's rare ability to blend mirth and melancholy to telling dramatic purpose, it is, on the whole, a disappointing work. As the precursor of such masterpieces as "The Sea Gull," "The Cherry Orchard," "Uncle Vanya," and "The Three Sisters," it certainly deserves our attention, but in 1887, when it was written, Chekhov had not yet perfected his playwriting technique, and despite the fact that John Gielgud has done a fine job of adapting the drama this time around, it lacks the sly subtlety that Chekhov later employed in developing his characters and situations. Chekhov was never completely satisfied with the manner in which his plays were presented, and I doubt if he would be completely satisfied with this production of "Ivanov." Though one must grant an element of awkwardness in the dramaturgy—there are far too many static dialogues—it can't be denied that Mr. Gielgud has brought to his "Ivanov," of which he is not only the adapter but the director and leading performer, surprisingly little in the way of invention. In the role of Ivanov, a gloomy, impoverished, egoistic landowner, bored with himself and his surroundings, Mr. Gielgud begins on a mournful note and never varies it. In the role of his wife, Vivien Leigh is lovely but similarly monotonous, and in the role of a beautiful maiden enamored of Ivanov, whom she regards as a kind of Russian Hamlet, Jennifer Hilary is girlishly ineffective. And, to wind up this threnody, I'm afraid that Edward Atienza, as Ivanov's ancient uncle, is just too creaky to be plausible, and that John Merivale, as a puritanical doctor who disapproves of Ivanov, appears more mortuary than medical. But, thank the Lord, there are some actors on view who do better by Chekhov. Ronald Radd is quite diverting as Ivanov's estate manager, whose mind is full of get-rich-quick schemes, and Roland Culver is splendid as the uxorious father of Miss Hilary. Paula Laurence, as the tightfisted spouse who makes Mr. Culver's life miserable, and the redoubtable Ethel Griffies, as a spry old marriage broker, are admirable, too, and the same may be said of Dillon Evans as a card player who likes to buttonhole people and recite every move he has made in the course of a bridge game. The settings that Rouben Ter-Arutunian has devised for "Ivanov" are uninspired, and Mr. Gielgud's direction is pedestrian. Nevertheless, there are flashes of Chekhov's wit and perception in "Ivanov," and that's sufficient reason for visiting the Shubert during this limited engagement, which will conclude on June 11th. —JOHN McCARTEN



"Hey, Pop, which Alp is that?"

* * *

Cleopatra had a yen for rubies; rubies were mentioned in the Bible as a part of Solomon's treasure; and ancient priests of the Sumerian civilization believed them to be drops of blood from the gods.

Recently, rubies have been formed in the laboratory by the same process as the Chatham emerald. These rubies are much purer and are used as the lens in the new LASER light experiments. Short range LASERS, their light beams shot through the ruby lens, have been used to cut diamonds. If these same LASER beams were developed to reach up to a mile, they could conceivably be called death rays — since they have the power to cut diamonds, they can cut anything. Also, LASERS have been shot to the moon and are being used experimentally as communication beams.

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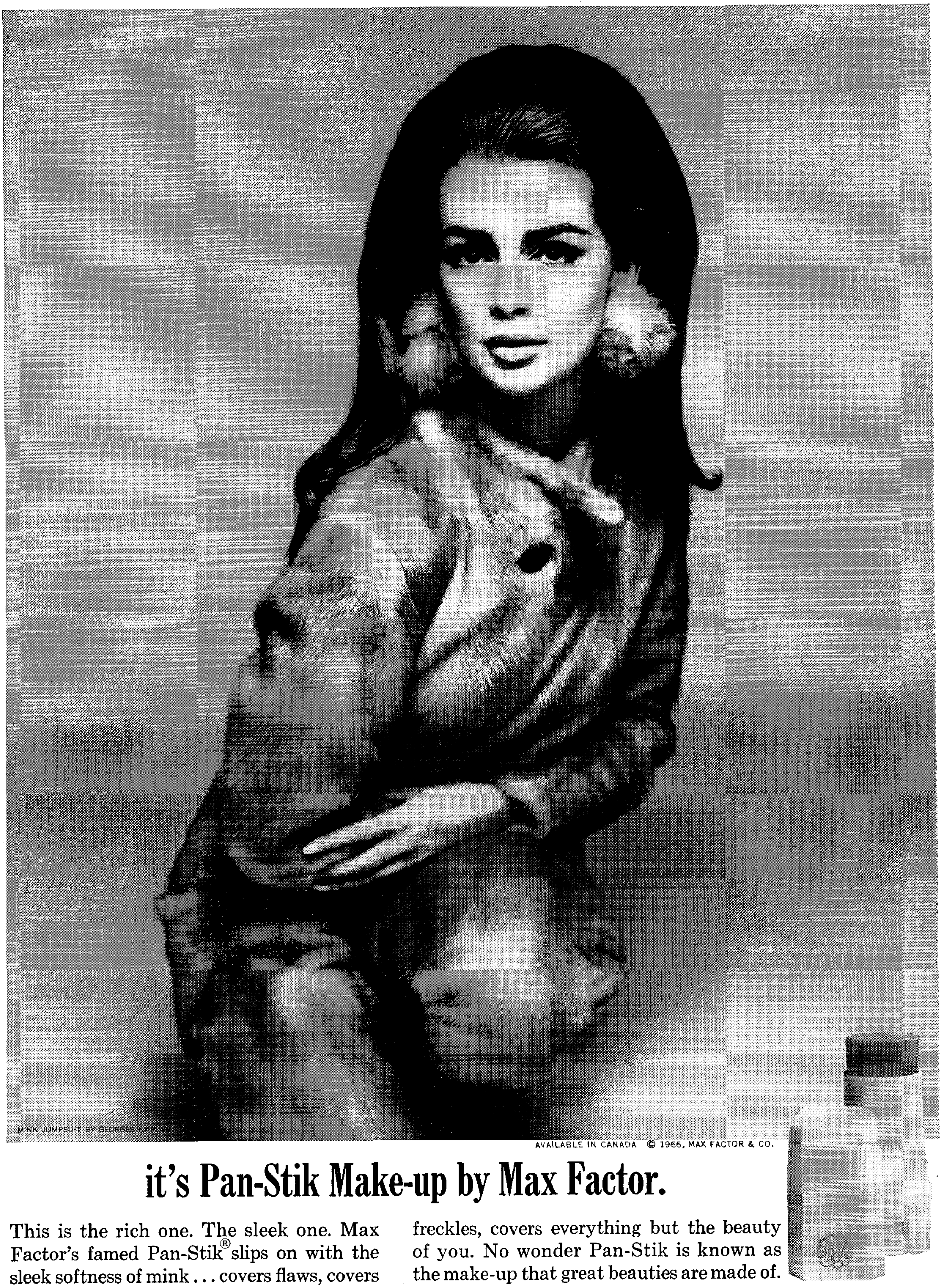
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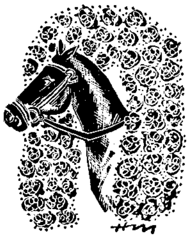
THE RACE TRACK

Kauai Is King

WELL, the Kentucky Derby at Louisville last Saturday was all its devotees expected it would be. It was a smasher of a race, in which Kauai King, the favorite, led from start to finish of the mile and a quarter, winning by half a length from Advocator, who passed the post a nose ahead of Blue Skyer. Stupendous was fourth and Abe's Hope fifth. Fifteen ran. Not since Swaps did it in 1955 had a runner made this, the first of the spring classics for three-year-olds, a catch-me-if-you-can affair, and although it was a procession until the last quarter, it had the crowd in an uproar. From as quick a start as I've seen at Churchill Downs in years, Kauai King led as they passed the stand the first time and rounded the clubhouse turn, closely followed by Quinta, who had shown high speed when he beat Impressive in the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct. But Quinta never could close the gap, and gave up the chase at about the halfway mark, where Advocator moved into second place. On the turn for home, Blue Skyer and Stupendous also bore down on the leader, and halfway down the homestretch it looked as though Kauai King weren't going to make it. But in the last furlong, Don Brumfield, who rode him, asked the colt for a final effort, and got it. In fact, Kauai King was drawing away at the end. Though the time by quarters—0:22⅘, 0:46⅕, 1:10⅗, 1:35⅗, and 2:02—was far from spectacular, the pace was even, and there's no doubt the best horse won fair and square.

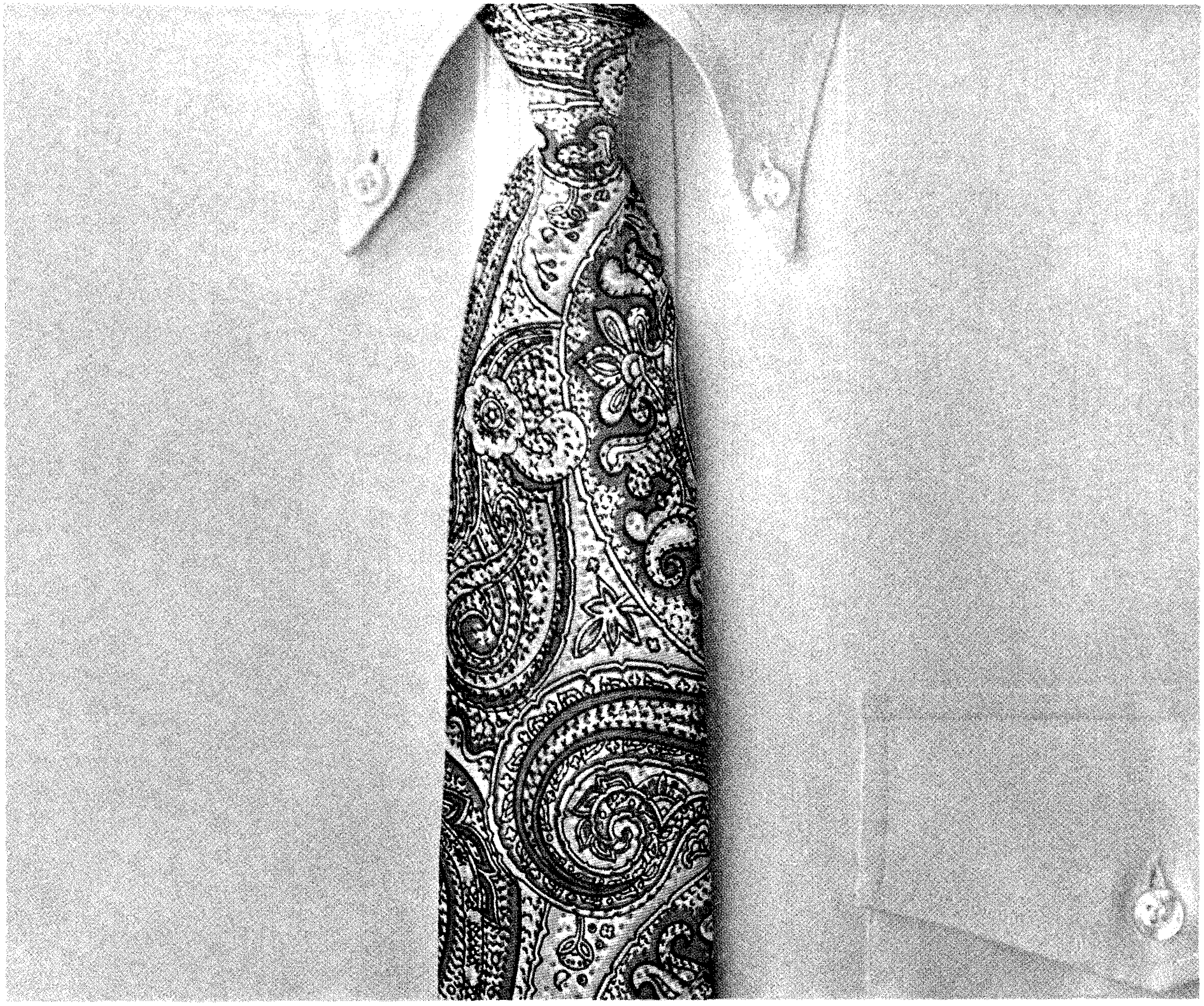


Kauai King, a big, blockily built, well-proportioned dark-bay or brown colt by Native Dancer out of Sweep In, is owned by Michael J. Ford, an Omaha businessman, who came into racing casually a few years ago and at present has only half a dozen horses. As the story goes, he saw the colt as a yearling in Virginia (he was foaled in Maryland), took a fancy to him at first sight, and went to $42,000 to buy him at the 1964 Saratoga sales. He named him for an island in Hawaii he once visited. (I've heard almost as many different pronunciations of "Kauai" as there were starters in the Derby. The prevailing one seems to be "Cow-wee.") Kauai King's first trainer was, curiously, Loyd Gentry, who gave him up to take charge of the unlucky Graustark. Since then, Kauai King has been handled by Henry Forrest, a veteran Kentucky horseman. He was lightly raced last year, but so far this season he has started in nine events, of which he has won seven, including both the Prince George's Stakes and the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie. His share of the Derby purse was $120,500, which brought his 1966 earnings to $240,027. Needless to say, his next start will be in the Preakness at Pimlico a week from Saturday, and I have no doubt that he'll be the favorite.

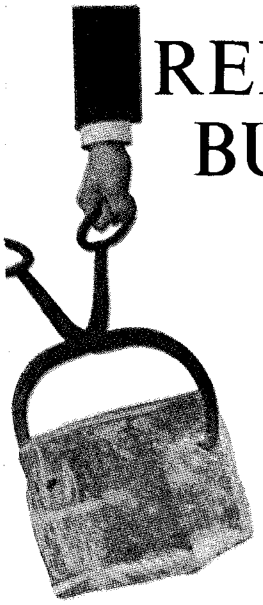
As for the major disappointments in the Derby: Shoemaker, who rode Abe's Hope, said the colt had clear sailing all the way but just wasn't good enough. I was surprised at the fadeout of Stupendous; a furlong from home, he looked as though he might win, and couldn't miss being second or third. I thought Advocator made a good try. Amberoid stumbled slightly at the start and was slow to get going; later, I heard that he hadn't shipped well. Of the others, the less said the better.

For more than twenty years, they've been saying and writing every Derby Day that there are a hundred thousand people at Churchill Downs. I've never bought that. However, it did seem to me that the crowd in the infield this year was the biggest I've ever seen there, and the stand was well packed, too. In the past, you could get a bet down on the Derby as soon as the gates opened on the day of the race, but this year mutuel tickets were being sold the day *before*. Altogether, $2,138,378 was wagered on the Derby, and the handle for the afternoon was $5,308,285. A crowd of 44,743 bet $4,489,235 at Aqueduct that Saturday.

THE Kentucky Oaks, the day before the Derby, was also a lively affair, in which Native Street, a daughter of Native Dancer (that's a nice double for my favorite gray stallion), won by a head from Justakiss, who led for most of the mile and a sixteenth. However, because Justakiss had swerved and caused a traffic jam at the clubhouse turn, she was disqualified, which moved Lady Pitt into second place and Naidni Diam (if the name baffles you, it's "Indian Maid" spelled backward) up to third. Earlier in the afternoon, the crowd got a vicarious thrill when the payoff on Regal Regret



[Eagle Brings Back A Show Of Linen At The Cuffs]



REMEMBER WHEN YOU COULD BUY A LONG-SLEEVED SHIRT IN THE SUMMERTIME?

HEY, remember palm fans? Ice Cream pants? And hopping on the back step of ice trucks to snitch those little slivers? You don't? ★ Well, back in the olden times, men used to wear the bottom of the sleeves, too, because they liked a brave show of linen at the cuffs. Which is why Eagle is bringing back the long-sleeved summer shirt. ★ The collar is Eagle's old-fashioned bulgy button-down, but the shirting is new-fangled, cool Oxfjord Voile, very big in arctic circles. ★ It comes in Iceland Blue, Iceland Yellow, Iceland Ice, and, as shown here, either Iceland Green or Greenland Ice. ★ About $7.00. ★ Hey, remember where Eagle Shirts are sold? Miss Afflerbach at the address below does.

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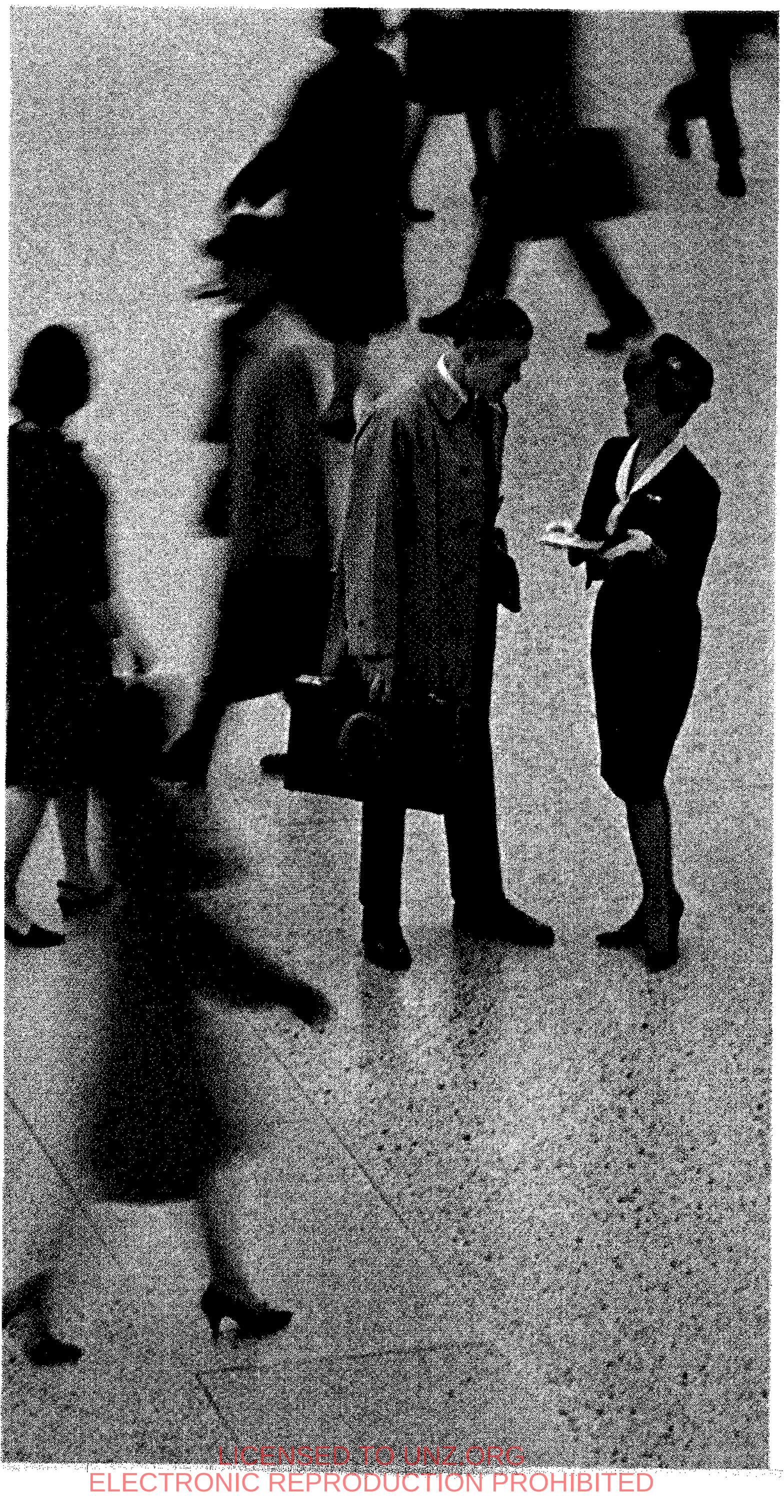

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was posted. She paid $194.20 straight, $55.20 place, and $16.40 show. And if you're good at naming horses, you might win one. Every year, during Derby Week, the makers of Kentucky Club pipe tobacco give a two-year-old, ready to race, with training expenses paid, plus a lot of extras, to the person who submits the best name for the animal. This time, the prize was a colt by Globemaster out of Orienne, and he was won by Mrs. Betty Munro, the wife of a member of the British Embassy in Washington. The name she picked was Eastward Flight.

CHALK up another victory for Bold Lad. From the chart, I gathered that his second of the season, at Aqueduct last week, was much easier than his first, at Garden State Park. As I've probably said before, if his knee doesn't bother him he's going to be a top sprinter. Two of his stablemates, Time Tested and Dapper Dan, didn't make out so well in the Carter Handicap at the Big A last weekend. The best they could do was finish second and third to Davis II, a 16–1 shot from the Argentine. Flag Raiser isn't the colt he was this time last year; he wound up last. Tumiga, who won the Youthful Stakes earlier in the week, must be a better-than-average two-year-old. At any rate, he scored handily over Disciplinarian, who had impressed everyone in his previous appearance under colors, and over the theretofore unbeaten Native Prince, who was third.

THE Kentucky Derby comes once a year, which sometimes seems too often, but it has its compensations; you can spend a few days in Lexington and meet people you haven't seen in a twelvemonth. —AUDAX MINOR

•

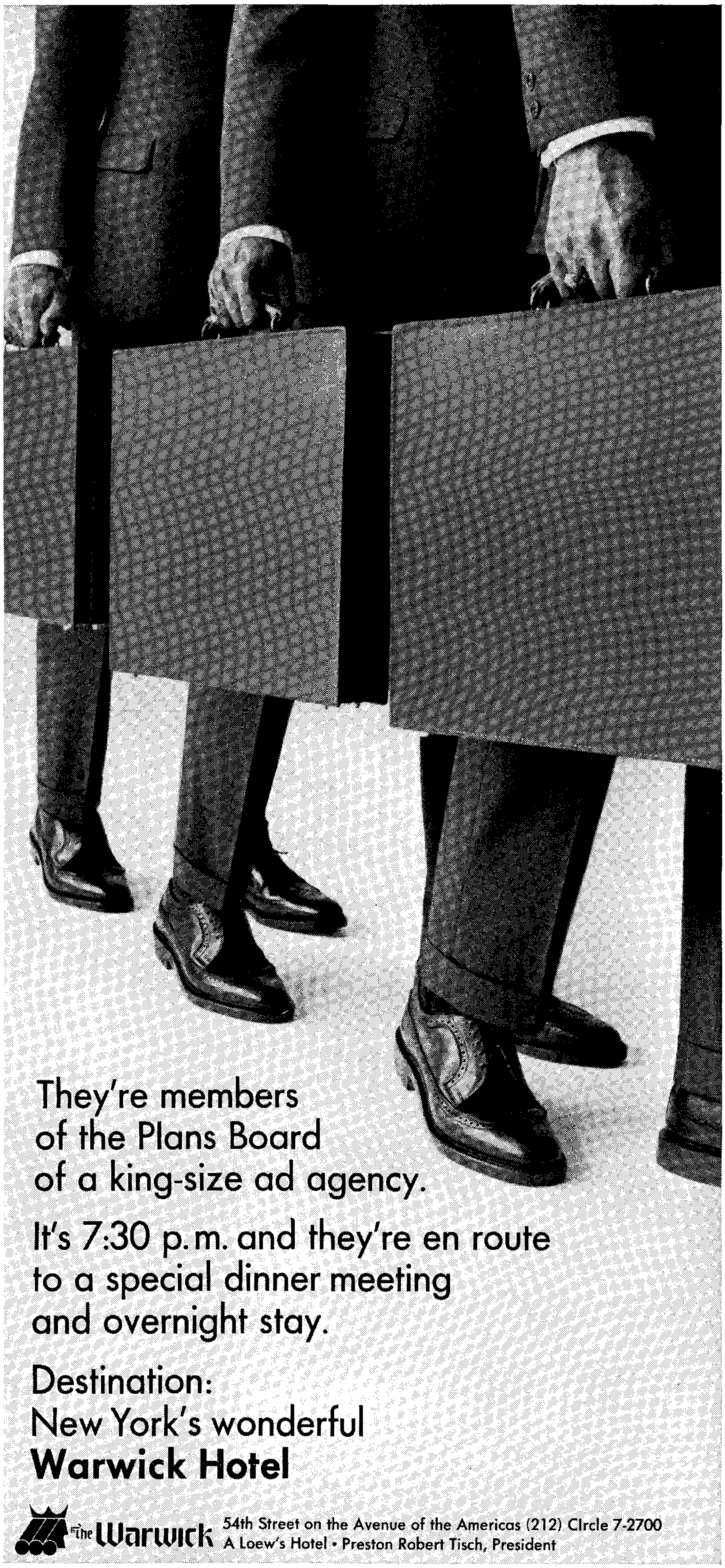
WEST LOS ANGELES—Five persons, including actor John Conte, fled from a Bel Air mansion when exploding shells turned the basement in to a shooting gallery. Police said a box containing 100 rounds of ammunition had been placed on a heater, and the heat caused the bullets to erupt.
Democratic primary.
—*Victoria (British Columbia) Daily Colonist.*

Well, sort of. Yes.

•

Miss Heys said: "We started two years ago with a committee of five. Now the thing has boomeranged beautifully. Our membership is well into four figures."
—*London Daily Express.*

Boomerang lose its shape?



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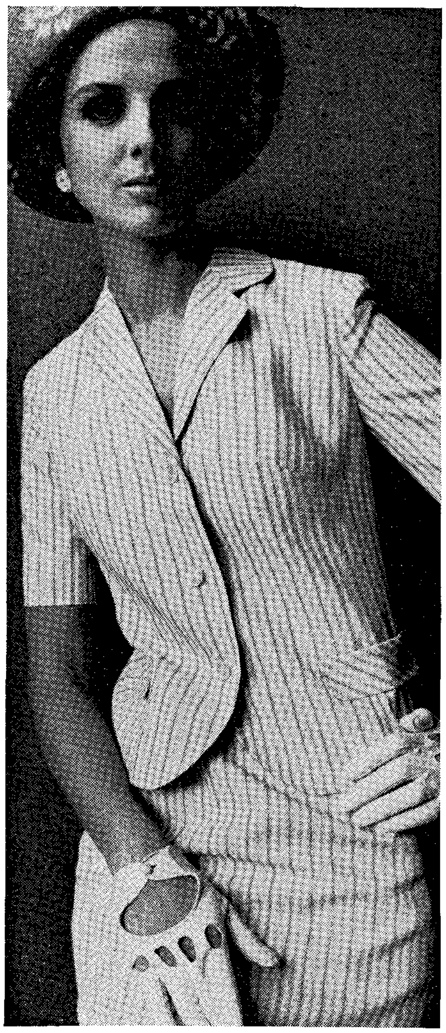

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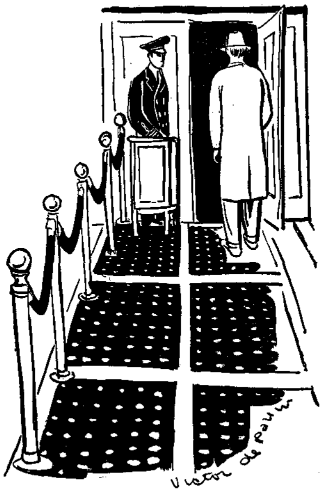

“ARABESQUE,” produced and directed by Stanley Donen and starring Gregory Peck and Sophia Loren, is the most aptly named movie of the year. According to Webster's, the word means, among other things, “a complicated form of ornament . . . into the designs of which animal and human figures also enter.” Now, Mr. Donen may think he picked his title because several of the leading characters in the movie are supposed to be Arabs and because the story concerns the political future of a certain oil-rich Arabian sheikdom, but I have long been of the opinion that the dictionary has reasons that reason knows not of, and if ever there was a movie that was ninety per cent complicated ornament and ten per cent solid structure, “Arabesque” is it. Though purporting to be a serious thriller, it soon gets lost in the maze of a plot so convoluted that it would outwit the brightest laboratory rat who ever lived and that has certainly outwitted the trio of screenwriters who put it together—one supposes, in the dark—out of Elmer's glue and some unbound pages of Edgar Wallace. In despair of finding a way out of its own coils and toils, the movie gives up any pretext of making sense and turns itself into a headlong Pop-ophthalmological happening. Christopher Challis's camera leaps and tumbles about as if hand-held by St. Vitus, and the screen becomes a vast, continuously undulating Oriental rug, in which, just as the dictionary promised, animal and human figures are occasionally to be discerned. Once the doubtful aesthetic satisfactions of this experience have been achieved, one can only sit back and laugh; under the circumstances, it is the merciful thing to do.

If the makers of “Arabesque” have been unable to make its plot clear, who am I to attempt a précis of it? Suffice it to report that Mr. Peck plays the part of an American professor on an exchange fellowship at Oxford, and that Miss Loren plays the Arabian mistress of an Arabian oil millionaire who lives in London. Mr. Peck is, as always, handsome, and Miss Loren is, as always, beautiful, while the millionaire, played by Alan Badel, snarls and threatens with the requisite authority, but there my compliments come to an end. As awkward a scene as I have encountered in some time is one in which Miss Loren, having entered her bathroom and taken the precaution of undressing, turns on the shower, and Mr. Peck, in order not to be detected by the villainous millionaire, clambers in beside her, fully clothed. Mr. Donen is awfully coy about the extent of Miss Loren's nakedness and can do nothing to conceal Mr. Peck's professional discomfiture at finding himself in such a situation. Mr. Peck's acting skills do not include the leer, and the poor fellow gradually assumes an expression better suited to the speaker's platform at Gettysburg than to a sultry houri's steaming bathroom. In the final scene, back at Oxford, our two not very young stars plunge out of a wobbly punt into the Isis and splash about in its shallow waters. This infantile idyll is intended to indicate that they are happy and in love, but what it really indicates is that Mr. Donen and his innumerable helpers hadn't the slightest idea of how to end a movie that, all things considered, should never have been begun.

“MEET ME IN Moscow” is a delightful Russian movie about four nice young people passing some merry hours together in the streets, flats, shops, parks, and (of course) subway stations of the Russian capital. One of the four is a pretty blond girl who sells phonograph records; another is a young man who is simultaneously about to be drafted and about to be married; the two others are an insouciant subway worker and an engineer with a literary bent who happens to be passing through town on his way to a job in Siberia. Having struck up an acquaintance, the subway worker and the engineer engage in a series of mild, sunny adventures, which include flirting with the girl, paying a visit to the editor of a literary magazine, trying to hypnotize a nervous stranger in an

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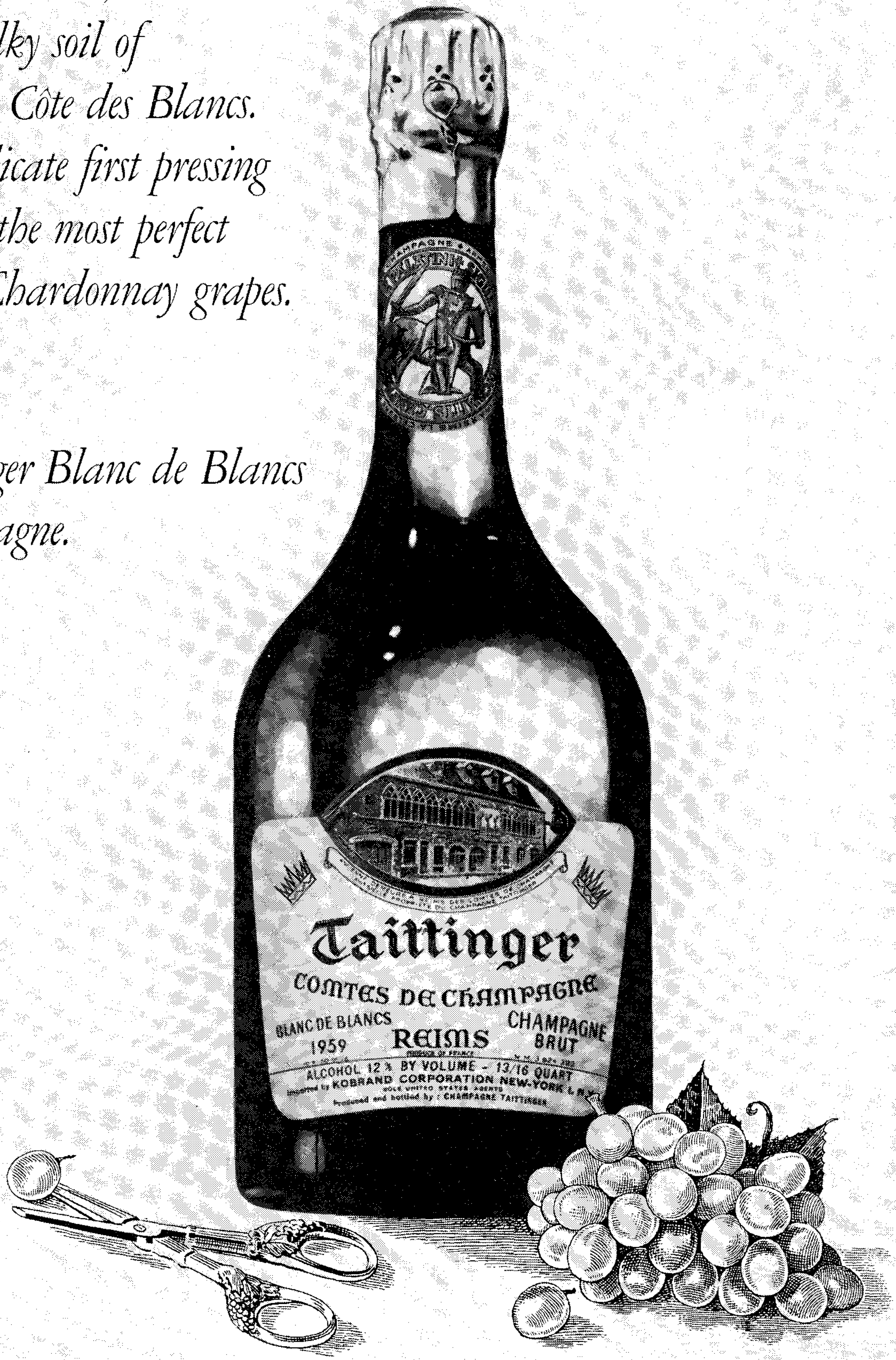
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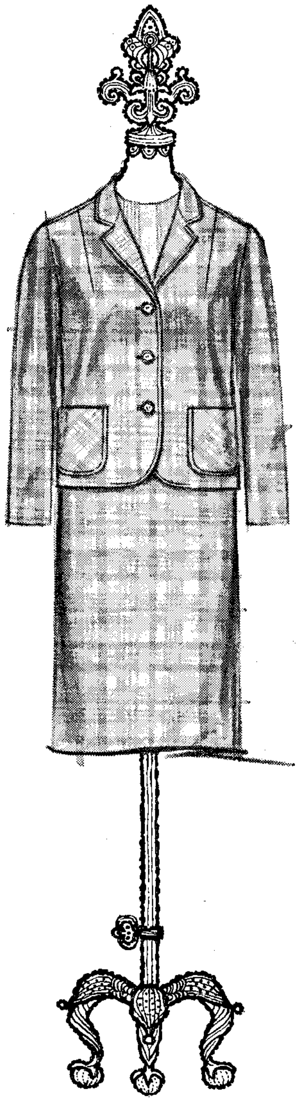

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amusement park, and helping their comrade fumble his way through a wedding reception at which his bride refuses to speak to him. The screenplay, by Gennadi Shpalikov, is lighter than air, and perhaps if the director, Georgi Danelia, had not woven it so artfully into the matrix of the city it would have floated away altogether. Mr. Danelia has used Moscow as the setting for a charming fiction about the joys and miseries of being twenty, and if the Moscow we see here is itself a fiction, no matter—Paris is a fiction, too, but one that we dare not disbelieve. Surely it's time that other cities were allowed to seem as well as be?

—BRENDAN GILL

•

THE PROCESSION

Slowly, with infinite care,
they place their feet slantwise on
the steepening cobbles; they
are like dancers who begin
dreamily the opening
phrase and are carried forward
repeating an exhaustless
figure. Solemnly they pace
under the snapping banners
in a forest of maces,
in a shower of ribbons.
The tall street is lost to time.
Heavily they climb, tiers
of faces moving upward
past cramped doorways and windows
hung with flowers. The throng is
a snake of velvet coiling
where the steep street curves and steps.
It is a thing of barbs and
scales that glitters with menace
of its motion—hesitates.
There is the gigantic sigh
of its foot upon the stones.
Its images and pennons
sway backward hectically.
The relic is lost in a
surf of arms, rises, is hurled
forward till its golden cage
floats on the thickening stream. Turned
upon itself, hunching
and stretching, like a creature torn
from sleep, the procession goes
blindly on. A shuddering
yawn of trumpets outbrazens
the sun running in every
metal shaft and thread. Color
whips and flaps through the flying
air. Now, as if a boulder
is lifted, the first of them
begin the formal ascent
to the empty plaza where,
under emblems of suffering
and grace, all will kneel as one,
though each makes his peace alone.

—GENE BARO

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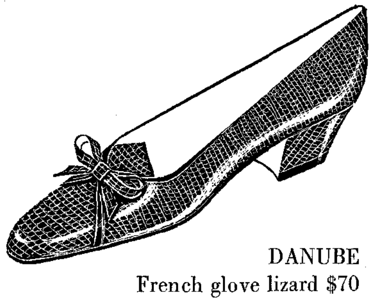

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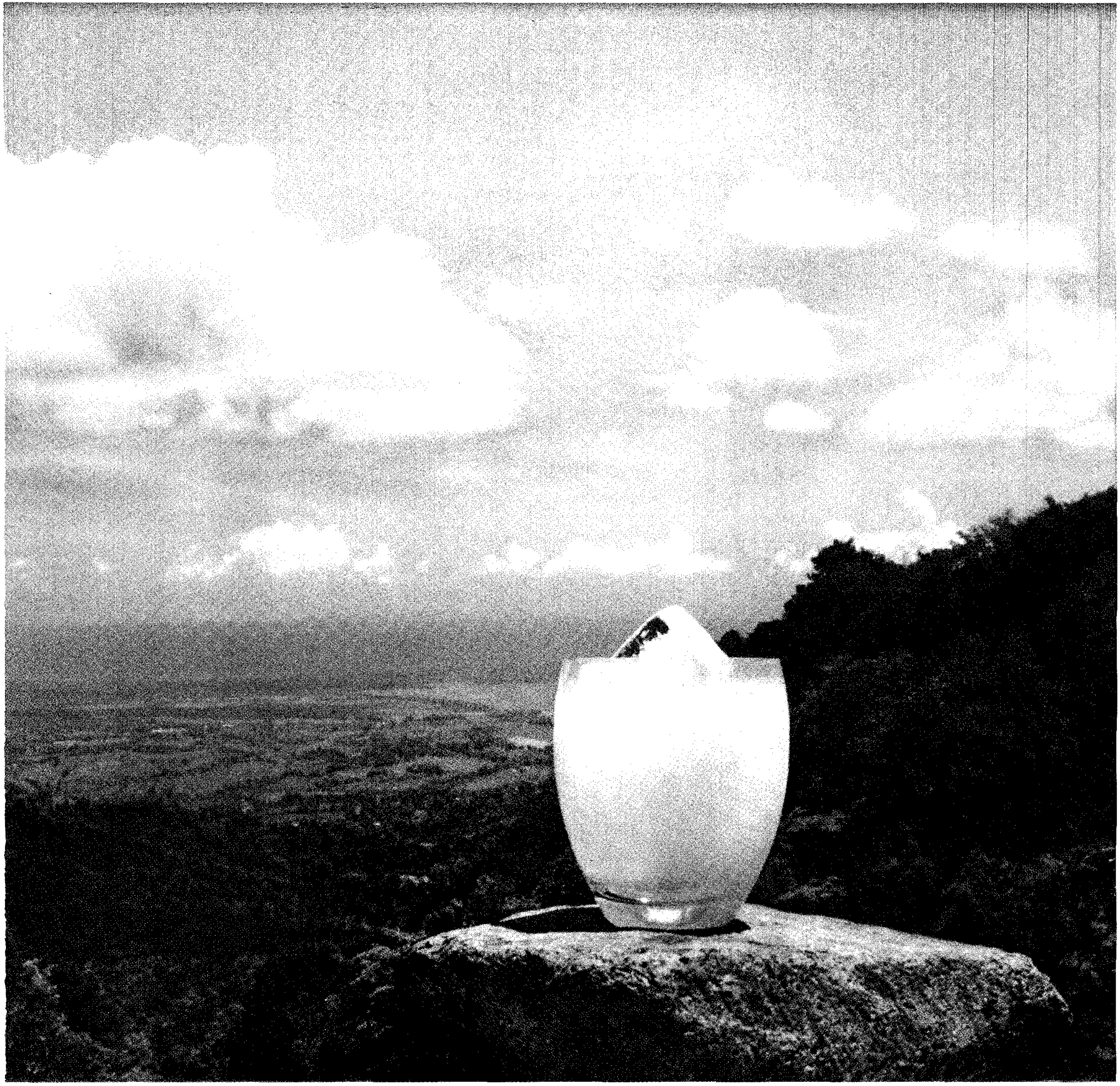

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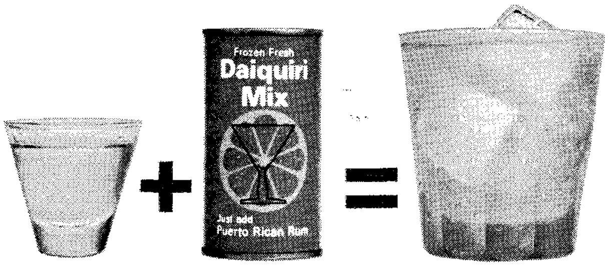

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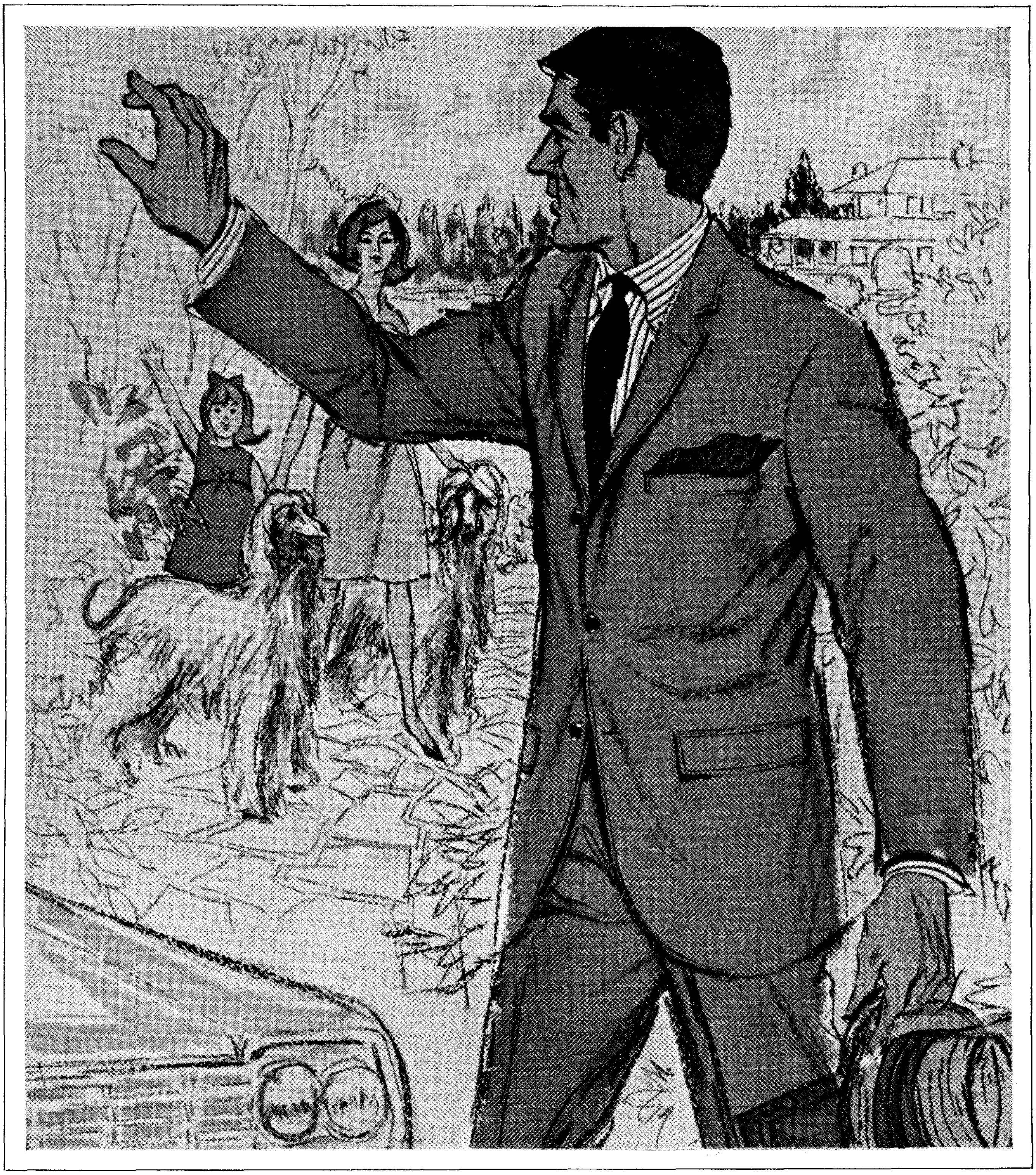

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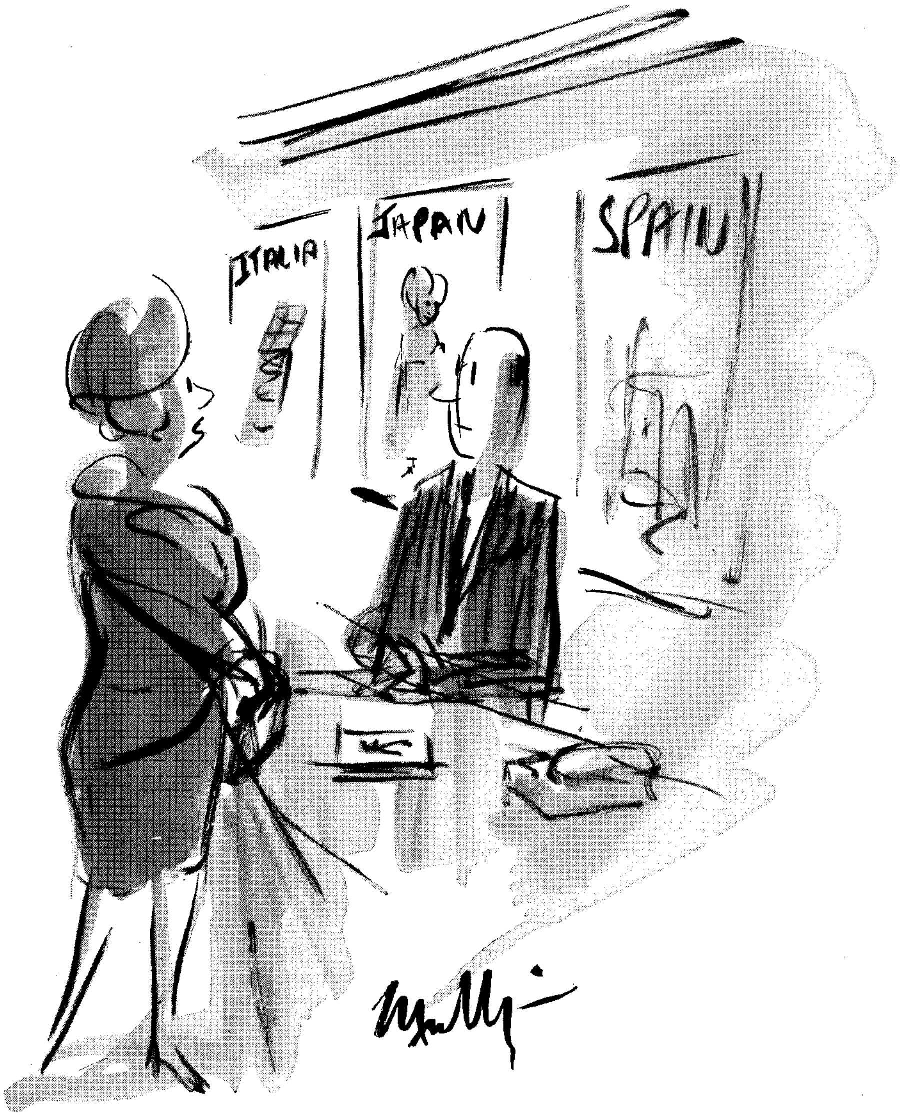
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE COOL BUBBLE

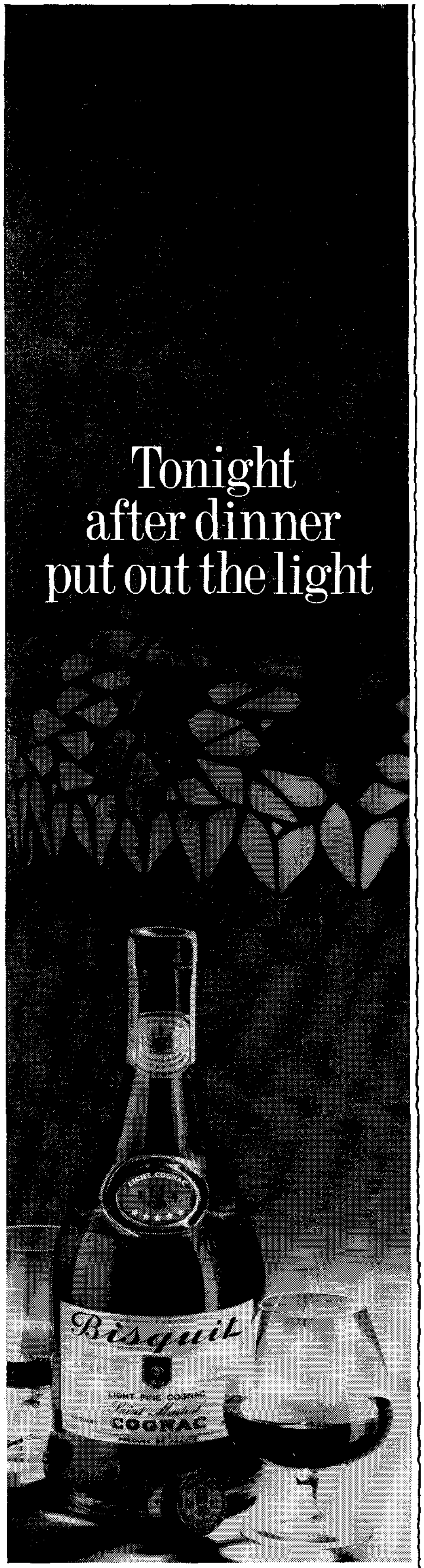
WITH two out in the top of the first inning on the afternoon of May 23, 1965, Jimmy Wynn, the center fielder of the Houston Astros, moved under a fly ball just struck by Jim Ray Hart, of the visiting San Francisco Giants. Looking upward, Wynn pounded his glove confidently, then anxiously, and then froze in horror. The ball had vanished into a pure Monet cloud of overhead beams, newly painted off-white skylights, and diffused Texas sunlight, and now it suddenly rematerialized a good distance behind Wynn and plumped to earth like a thrombosed pigeon. Three runs scored, the Giants eventually won, 5–2, and the next day a squad of workmen ascended the skies and, with paint guns, made the final severance between Houston baseball and the outdoors. Up to the moment of Hart's fly, it might have been assumed that the summer sport played last year in Houston's gigantic new air-conditioned Astrodome, which is the world's first indoor ball park, was merely baseball under glass—the same old game, now happily sheltered from the voracious mosquitoes and dismaying swelter of the Texas Gulf Coast. However, the unexpected local discovery that sunshine had become inimical to the national pastime (in pre-season practices and exhibition games, before the initial coat of paint was slapped on the skylights, a few players had begun wearing their batting helmets in the outfield) only completed what actually was a radical break with baseball's past and hastened further changes. Through the rest of last season, the grass in the crepuscular dome yellowed and withered, was painted green in the infield, and finally had to be replaced with new sodding, which fared no better. When ballplayers reconvened in the Astrodome this spring, they stepped out onto an infield made of new green plastic carpeting called Astroturf.

It was not just the prospect of witnessing weatherless baseball played on Chemstrand grass under an acrylic-painted Lucite sky that induced me to travel to Houston last month to see the Astros open their first 1966 home stand. There was also the fact that the Astros' first indoor season had been a rousing success, in spite of their customary ninth-place finish. Houston jumped from a 1964 home attendance of 725,773, smallest in the National League, to a gate of 2,151,470, barely second to that of the World Champion Dodgers, and more than six hundred thousand higher than the best American League home draw. Since half of the majors' twenty teams have been born or have moved to new cities in the past twelve years, all in panting search of new audiences, these figures were of remarkable interest; Houston seemed on its way to becoming the capital of Baseball's Age of Alteration.

So it was that I found myself, early in the evening of April 18th, sitting in a cushioned deep-purple loge seat in left field of the Harris County Domed Stadium (as the Astrodome is formally named) and listening to the Jeff Davis High School band's pregame rendition of "The Good Old Summertime." The only good and old object in view at the time was Robin Roberts, the erstwhile ace of the Phillies and Orioles and now the Astros' senior mound statesman, who was warming up near the right-field stands preparatory to taking on the Dodgers. He toiled earnestly, though surrounded by distractions. A group of female scholars from Tyler Junior College assembled along the foul lines and did some high kicks in unison, wearing cowboy hats and peach satin body stockings. The groundkeepers smoothing the base paths were dressed in fake, bright-orange space suits and fake, white plastic space helmets. Each level of the stands was painted a different color—royal blue, gold, purple, black, tangerine, and crimson—and I had the momentary sensation that I was sinking slowly through the blackberry-brandy layer of a pousse-café. The Astroturf infield was green, but more the shade of a billiard table than a lawn. Only the outfield grass (which will be replaced with Astroturf later this year) was reassuring; it looked like any Westchester back yard after a five-year drought. The lacy overhead pattern of beams and cloudy panes arching up



"Is Greece fluoridated?"



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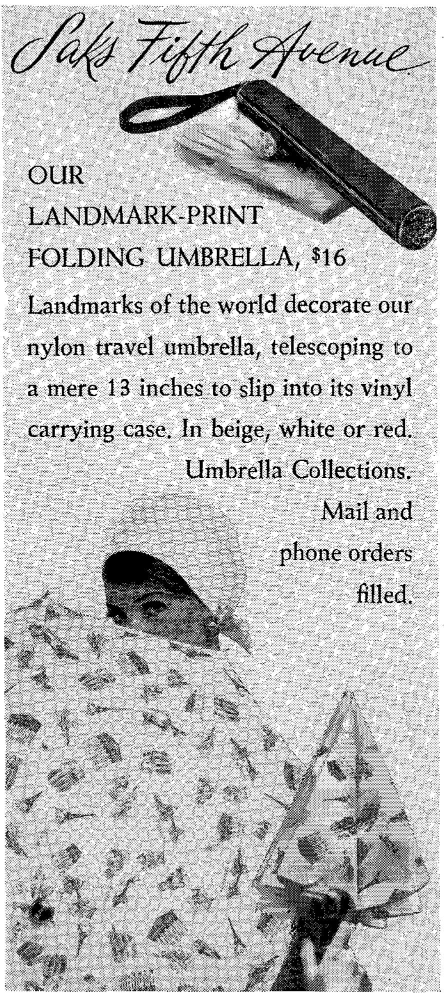
from the brilliant circle of field lights made a soft and surprising sky above me. Leaning back in my theatre seat, I measured its height by eye and saw that it was far above the reach of any fly ball, and then I wondered why someone hadn't placed an altitude mark at the apex of the roof, to match the "340," "390," and "406" signs along the outfield wall and thus supply us with baseball's latest and most startling statistic.

The elegant stands slowly filled, the ceremonials slipped by (the National League president with a plaque, Dinah Shore with the anthem, a county judge with the first ball), and baseball was allowed to begin. It turned out to be the same old game, the same game as ever. I could tell, because there was Robin Roberts out on the mound fiddling with his right pants leg between pitches. There, too, were the Dodgers, the champions, instantly ripping off singles, bunting, scurrying for the extra base, taking charge of the game from the very beginning, just as they did in the World Series last fall. Only the fact that Maury Wills was thrown out stealing second kept them down to two runs in the first inning and sustained the hopes of the locals. I presumed that the Houston fans were hopeful, but it was hard to be certain. It was a thinnish turnout for an opening game—just over twenty-five thousand—and the spectators near me, who were remarkably well dressed, also appeared to be too polite to do much shouting. It developed, however, that they were merely waiting for directions. With two out in the home half of the first, Jimmy Wynn drew a base on balls, and the center screen of the Astrodome's huge, three-panel electronic scoreboard above the outfield pavilion seats burst forth with a noisy, animated depiction of a bugle bugling, followed by the lettered command "CHARGE!" "*Charge!*" responded the crowd with one voice. The fans near me were still laughing over this display of *a cappella* ferocity when Joe Morgan flied out and the tiny rally came to a close.

Several scoreboards in big-league parks are now wired for bugle calls and "Charge!" injunctions (the device was born, I believe, in Los Angeles), but comic cavalry attacks are only the beginning of the Houston scoreboard's repertoire. The thing is four hundred and seventy-four feet long and cost two million dollars, and there is room on its various partitions for simultaneous presentation of the game's lineups and scoring, out-of-town baseball results,



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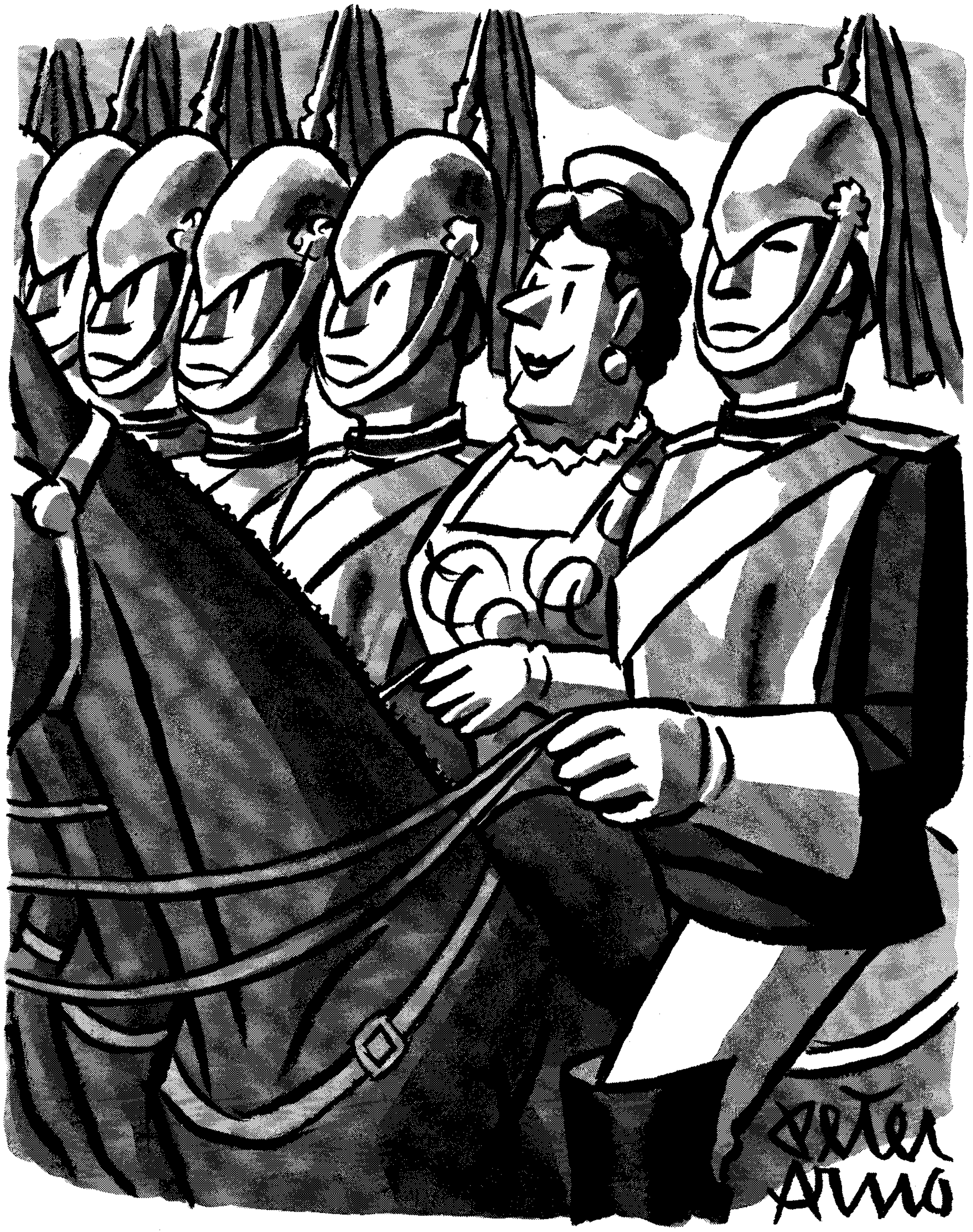

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messages of welcome to fan groups, plugs for Astro souvenirs, and gigantic animated commercials. These last flash on between innings—routine cartoon plugs for potato chips, gasoline, an airline, and so forth, accompanied by sound effects but without a spoken message. This is the only mercy, for the giant set is impossible not to look at, and there is no "off" switch. Actually, there was plenty to watch and enjoy on the field in that first game, in which Roberts, in search of his two-hundred-and-eighty-second major-league win, was throwing an assortment of soft junk and being outpitched by a twenty-one-year-old Dodger rookie named Don Sutton, who has been in organized baseball for exactly one year, but the scoreboard and its busy screen seemed anxious to improve on the baseball. In the second inning, second baseman Morgan and third baseman Bob Aspromonte came up with successive brilliant stops for the Astros, to rob Jim Lefebvre and Lou Johnson of base hits; there were shouts and applause in the stands, but the scoreboard commanded "OLÉ!," and was obeyed. By the middle innings, I found that I was giving the game only half my attention; along with everyone else, I kept lifting my eyes to that immense, waiting presence above the players. In the eighth, with the Astros behind, 5–1, Sonny Jackson led off the home half with a nifty bunt, and when Morgan singled him along, some fans began a hopeful, rhythmic clapping, instantly surpassed by the appearance on the screen of a giant female silhouette dancing the Frug, and then the words "GO-GO." The Astros went-went for two runs, but the Dodgers added another of their own and won the game, 6–3. As I walked down the broad ramps of the Astrodome and, oddly, stepped outdoors, I heard a good many Texans around me still talking about something that had taken place way back in the second inning, when Chuck Harrison had doubled off the left-field wall, for the Astros' first hit. The man in charge of the scoreboard evidently thought the ball had gone into the stands, for he pressed the button touching off the board's home-run celebration display—an immense, multicolor, forty-five-second extravaganza depicting an exploding ball park, shooting cowboys, ricocheting bullets, a snorting steer with flags on his horns, a mounted cowboy with lariat, and a fusillade of skyrockets. This time, when it was all over Harrison was still standing on second, and the screen boffed the

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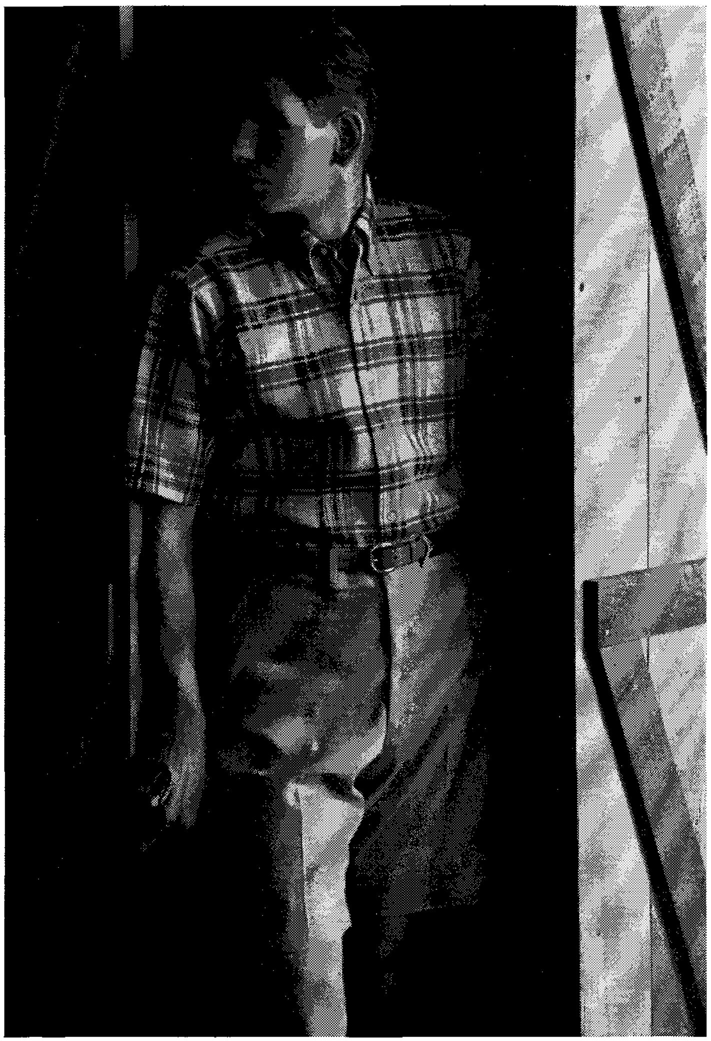

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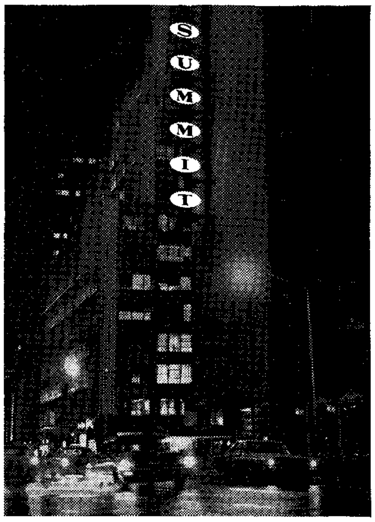

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crowd with its next message, "OOPS." A minute or two later, catcher John Bateman also doubled, and the home team scored, but no one in the post-game crowd seemed to remember that. The board had been the big hit of the evening.

BASEBALL, of course, is not the only main event at the Domed Stadium. In the past year, it has put on such disparate attractions as Judy Garland, the Ringling Brothers circus, a rodeo, a boat show, a polo match, the home football games of the University of Houston, a bloodless bullfight, and a Billy Graham crusade. Some of these bombed and some did excellent business, but what emerged most startlingly was the fact that the Astrodome itself is its own best attraction. In the first year, close to four hundred and ninety thousand visitors paid a dollar apiece just to walk around inside the place. Most of these were out-of-towners, but in Houston itself the Astrodome seems to rank second only to the nearby Manned Spacecraft Center as a source of self-congratulation. Certainly there is far more conversational enthusiasm about the building than about the sport it was built to house; a local sportswriter told me he had never heard *anyone* say, "I'm an Astro fan." During my stay, I found that my own admiration for the improbable cool bubble grew with each visit. The exterior is especially pleasing—a broad, white-screened shell of such excellent proportions that you doubt its true dimensions until you stand at its base. The Astrodome is the world's biggest indoor arena, but its ramps are gentle, its portals and aisles brilliantly marked, and its various levels so stacked and tilted that immensity is reduced and made undiscouraging. There are almost no bad seats in the house, and the floors are so antiseptically clean that one hesitates before parting with a peanut shell or a cigarette butt.

Ballplayers like the Astrodome, too. Descending to the playing field during batting practices (I tried to pull up a blade of Astroturf to chew on while standing behind the batting cage, but the stuff is pluckproof), I talked to various Dodgers and Astros and found them unanimous in the view that the lighting is now excellent, the prefab infield very fast but perhaps not as fast as Dodger Stadium's brick yard, but the chilled, windless air profoundly unconducive to the long ball. Last year, only fifty-seven homers were struck in Houston, which is only a third of the total in most parks. Wes Parker,

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the young Dodger first baseman, said, "It's a park for singles-hitters. Hit the ball on the ground, *ffft*, and it'll likely go through. Good for our kind of team. I'll tell you, though, I just discovered something funny about this fake grass. Watch bunts on it. Watch what happens to them." I studied the next dozen-odd bunts laid down in practice, and each time, the spinning ball, catching the nap of the Astroturf, suddenly veered off toward first base, like a marble dropped on the floor in a housing development. Later, after practice, I went out and walked around on the new surface, which has the consistency of an immense doormat. I dug down with my fingers and found the spine of one of the hidden foul-line-to-foul-line zippers that hold the new infield together; I had the sudden feeling that if I unzipped it, I might uncover the world's first plastic worm.

The worst seats for baseball in the Astrodome are the most expensive—the narrow topmost ring of "Sky Boxes," which are sold on a season-long basis in blocks of twenty-four or thirty seats. Such an investment in the national pastime costs a minimum of $14,784 per season, and entitles the boxholder to approximately the same view of the ballplayers as he might have of a herd of prize cattle seen from a private plane. There are other perquisites, though, including membership in the Skydome Club, a private snuggery in the Astrodome that offers Lucite womb chairs, a picture-window view of downtown Houston, and an Oriental restaurant equipped with kimono-clad Japanese waitresses and electric *hibachi* stoves. (Buyers of single season tickets have to make do with membership at the Astrodome Club, a capacious Turkey-red lounge and restaurant, with beaded curtains, swinging saloon doors, and the longest bar in Texas.) Each Sky Box is connected to an individual small apartment containing a living room, bathroom, refrigerator, and closed-circuit TV set. These roomettes are heavily decorated in Texas provincial, motel Tudor, and other "themes," and I can only say I found them immensely glum—sad, soft caves for indoor sportsmen. The institution is popular, however; women who are invited to a Sky Box dinner party and game can sometimes find their names in the society columns the next day, and a Texas businessman standing behind the Sky Box seats, with his foot on a railing, a glass of bourbon in his hand, and a ball game in progress far below, is sometimes in the mood for a little wheeling and dealing with the other good old boys he

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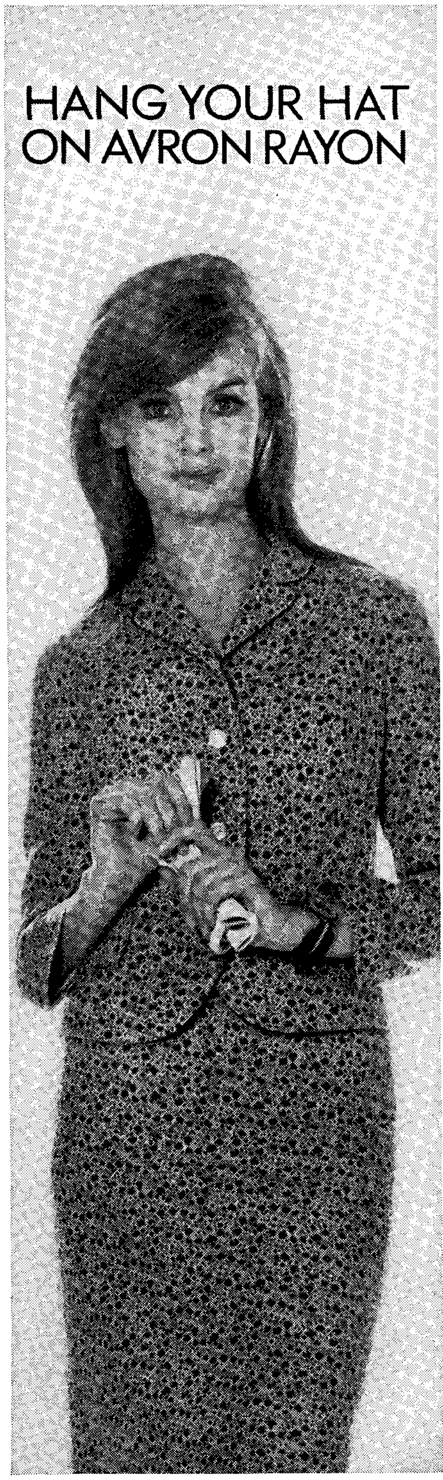

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STUDYING millionaires is Houston's favorite year-round entertainment, and Judge Roy Hofheinz, the Kublai Khan of the Domed Stadium, is the most entertaining millionaire in town. He has been, variously, a campaign manager for Lyndon Johnson, a boy-wonder jurist, mayor of Houston, a real-estate developer, and a promoter and owner of radio and television stations. Hofheinz is not one of the big rich, like John W. Mecom, who seems to have succeeded the late Jesse Jones as Houston's financial vizier, but he talks more and gets into more fights than any other moneyman in sight. Hofheinz's fallings-out are epochal. Among others, he has squabbled with Jesse Jones; with K. S. (Bud) Adams, Jr., the owner of the American Football League's Houston Oilers (the Oilers do not play their home games in the Astrodome); and with R. E. (Bob) Smith, his former senior partner in Houston Sports Association, Inc., the company that owns the Astros and rents the stadium from Harris County for an annual payment of three-quarters of a million dollars. This last blowup, a year ago, ended with the Judge buying up most of Smith's interest, and he now owns eighty-six per cent of the Astros. Hofheinz's experience in baseball is minimal, and most of the club's field operations rested in the hands of general manager Paul Richards, a former manager of the Orioles and a widely admired baseball thinker. Experienced Hofheinz-watchers predicted that there would be amity in the organization until the day Hofheinz decided he had surpassed Richards in baseball wisdom—a day that apparently arrived last December, when Hofheinz abruptly fired Richards (whose contract had five years to run), along with farm director Eddie Robinson and manager Luman Harris. The new team manager is Grady Hatton, and the Astros are now a pure Hofheinz fief.

Houston looks on Hofheinz with a mixture of awe, amusement, and anxiety. There is the undeniable fact that the prodigious idea of a domed, year-round stadium was entirely the Judge's, and without his plans for the new miracle park Houston almost certainly would not have been granted a franchise in the league expansion of 1962. It was also Hofheinz's energy and promotional optimism that got the necessary bond issues approved and launched, and his hand is recognizable in every

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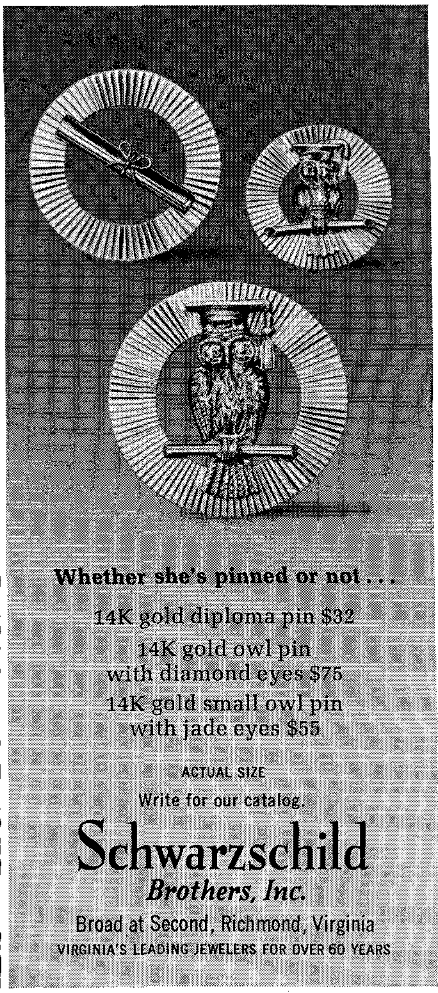

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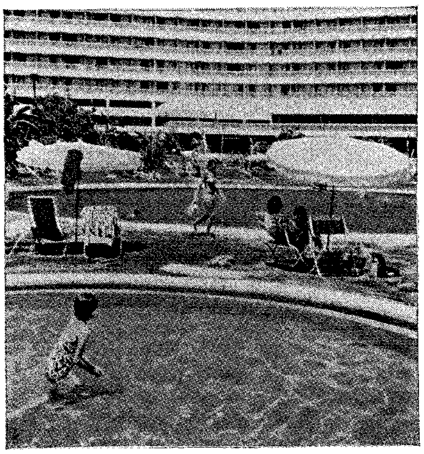

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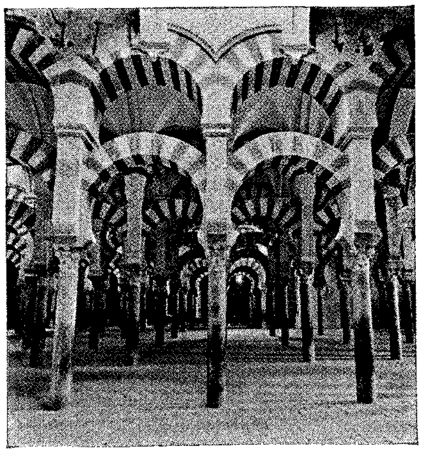

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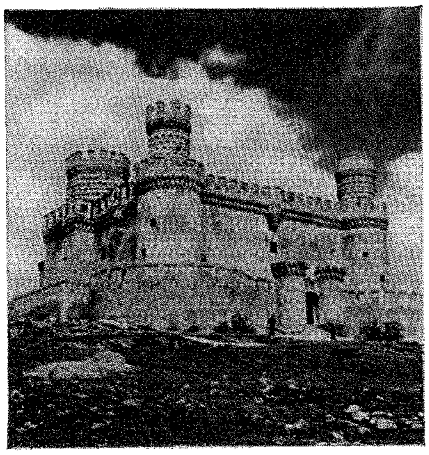

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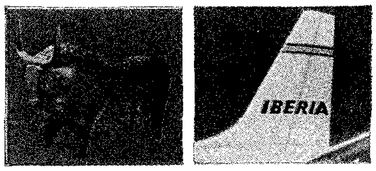

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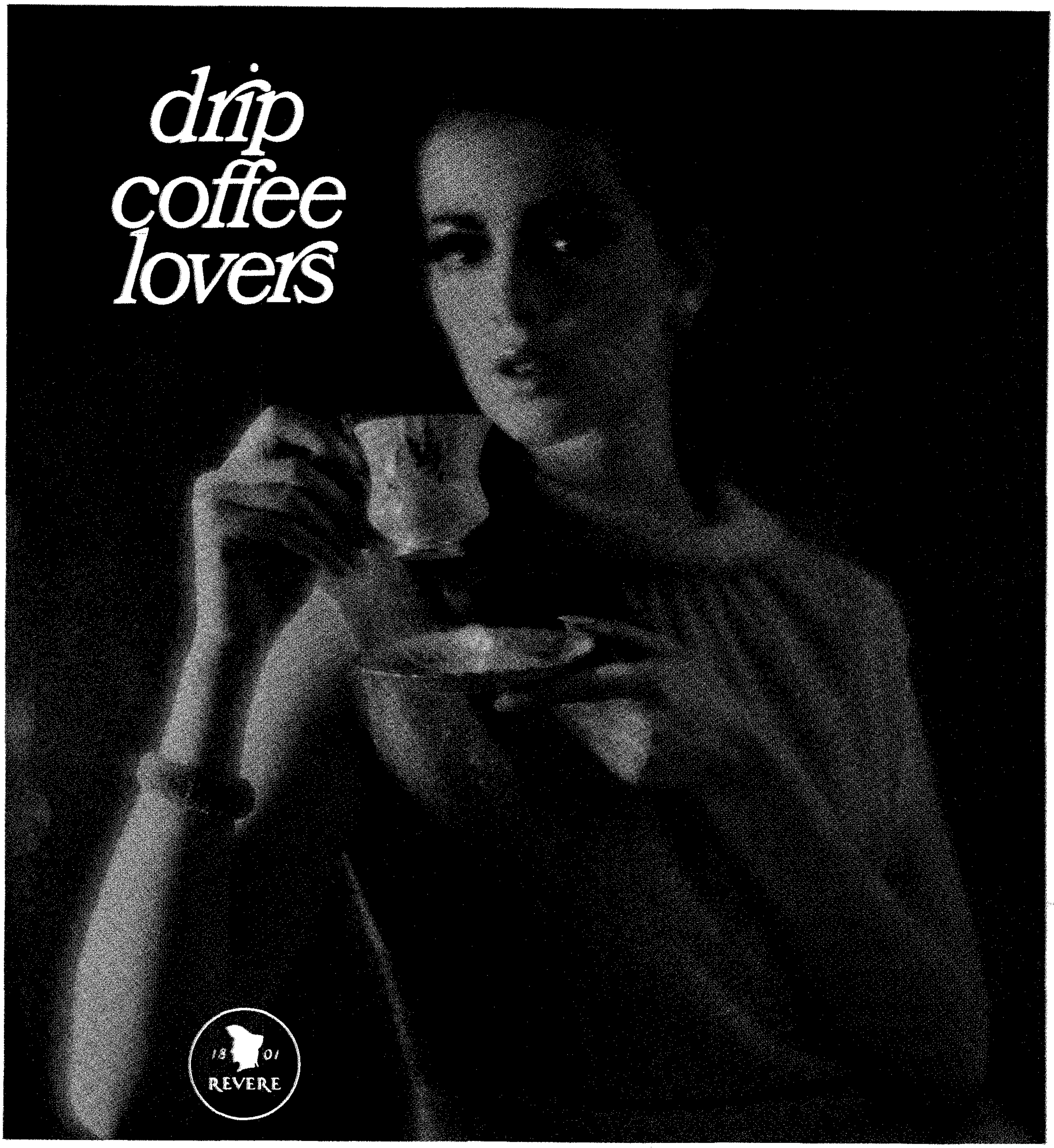

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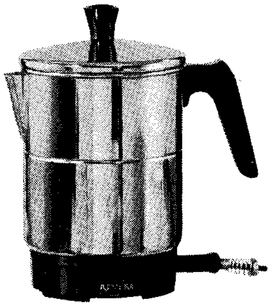

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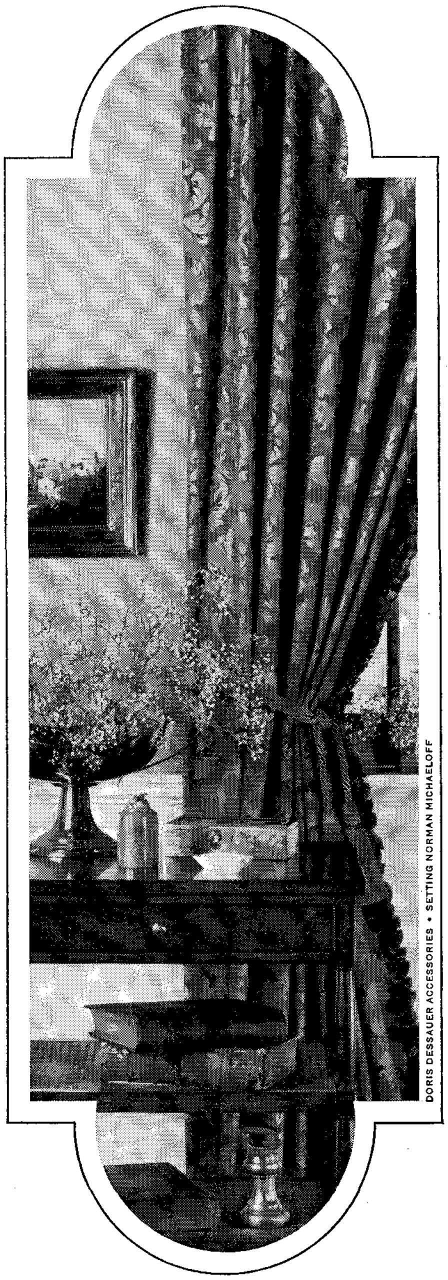
corridor and catwalk of the finished marvel. Any remaining Houston doubts about the Judge's genius are now centered on the awesome financial weight that is being balanced on top of the dome, and on the recent population implosion of top executives at the Houston Sports Association. The precise break-even point of Astroperations has not been made public, but the stadium's financial overhead is known to be Texas-sized. The electric bill alone, covering lights and air-conditioning, comes to thirty thousand dollars a month. The best estimates of the amount of business required to keep the Domed Stadium afloat come down to about a hundred and twenty-five days of active operation at an average attendance of twenty thousand. This means that the Astros must continue to draw handsomely during their eighty dates at home, and that numerous additional attractions will have to be encouraged. Judge Hofheinz is involved in local plans to win a National Football League franchise for the stadium, and is preparing a heavy pitch for the Democratic and Republican National Conventions in 1968. No one in Houston doubts the Judge's energy and imagination, but Harris County voted in an investment of some thirty-one million dollars toward the success of the Astrodome—a sum that adds a certain sense of zesty involvement to each taxpayer's daily Hofheinz-watch.

I visited the Judge one afternoon in his famous Astrodome office—a two-story business pad of such comically voluptuous décor and sybaritic furnishings that I was half convinced it had been designed by, say, John Lennon. My awed gaze took in hanging Moorish lamps and back-lit onyx wall panels in His Honor's sanctum, a pair of giant Oriental lions guarding the black marble and rosewood judicatorial desk, a golden telephone awaiting the Hofheinzian ear, and, at the far end of the boardroom, a suspended baldachin above the elevated red-and-gilt magisterial throne. It would have been irreverent to talk about baseball instead of caliphates in these surroundings, but luckily the Judge received me in his box on an upper floor, which offered an expansive vista of the lofty, gently breathing dome and a distant view of some Astros working out in the batting cage. Hofheinz is a tall, thick-waisted man with lank hair, heavy black-rimmed spectacles, and small hands, in which he constantly rotates a giant cigar. We sat in gold plush swivel chairs overlooking the field and drank coffee out of gold cups, while the Judge talked about the long, tedious process of building a pennant contender from scratch. I asked about the Houston audience's devotion to baseball, observing that I had seen very few local patrons keeping score during the game, and Hofheinz said, "This park keeps 'em interested enough so they don't *have* to keep busy with a pencil and scorecard. Why, in most other parks you got nothing to do but watch the game, keep score, and sit on a hard wooden seat. This place was built to keep the fans happy. They've got our good seats, fine restaurants, and our scoreboard to look at, and they don't have to make a personal sacrifice to like baseball." He tapped the ash from his heater into a gold ashtray shaped like a fielder's glove, and went on. "We have removed baseball from the rough-and-tumble era. I don't believe in the old red-necked sports concept, and we are disproving it here. We're in the business of sports entertainment. Baseball isn't a game to which your individuals come alone just to watch the game. They come for social enjoyment. They like to entertain and *be* entertained at the ball park. Our fans are more like the ones they have out in California. We don't have any of those rowdies or semi-delinquents who follow the Mets."

I started to put in a small word for rowdies, but Hofheinz continued. "We have by far a higher percentage of fans in the upper economic brackets than you'll find in any other park," he said, "but we *also* have the best seats and service at the dollar-fifty level. You're competing for attention in sports entertainment, and you've got to create new kinds of fans. We make a big effort to bring out the ladies. There are plenty of mothers and grandmothers who have just learned about the double play from some Little Leaguer, and now for the first time here's a ball park where you would *want* to bring them and let them develop into real fans. And once they've seen what it's like here, they won't feel so bad about letting their husbands and boys go off to the ball game any old time they want."

FOR the remainder of my stay, I tried to concentrate on Houston baseball, instead of its setting, and I

The uncommon touch



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saw the Astros split a pair of lively, absorbing games with the Dodgers. The first was one of those baseball rarities, a complete turnabout, in which the Astros, after giving up ten hits and five runs in the first four innings, suddenly bounced back with batches of runs of their own while entirely bottling up their tormentors, and won going away, 8–5. John Bateman's fourth-inning homer set off the scoreboard's steers and rockets for their first sanctioned gala of the year, and in the fifth the home side, assisted by some absent-minded Dodger fielding, batted around and drove Don Drysdale from the mound. This was perhaps less of a feat than it sounds, for Drysdale was far from sharp after his long, much publicized dual holdout with Sandy Koufax, but it was popular; there is nothing like the public shaming of a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year man to tone up a crowd. The Astros got some first-class pitching from a tough, workmanlike reliever named Mike Cuellar, who struck out nine Dodgers with his downbreaking screwball. The next night, the Astros almost pulled out another, but they were up against Claude Osteen, the least publicized and perhaps the best No. 3 pitcher in the league, who fanned Jim Gentile with the tying run aboard in the ninth, and they lost a 3–2 squeaker.

The Astros are a curiosity, for they are a team without a star, present or past. Invented, along with the Mets, in the league expansion of 1962, they have consistently displayed a shabby competence that has kept them above New York in the standings every year, and has probably cost them much of the rich affection and attention generated by the Mets' anti-heroes. Both teams are much improved, but the youngsters up from the Astros' farms strike me as being a year or two ahead of the Mets' new names, and I doubt that the Mets will catch Houston this year. It seems quite possible, however, that *both* teams will begin inching up in the standings almost at once. The present Astro team is young and apparently solid through the middle, which is the traditional sign of hope for a building team. Catcher John Bateman and Sonny Jackson, a fast but sometimes scatter-armed shortstop, are both rookies brought up after an excellent year at Oklahoma City. Joe Morgan is an established big-leaguer at second, and center fielder Jimmy Wynn, who hit twenty-two homers last year, has both power and speed. Wynn, the oldest of these, is only twenty-four. There is also a sprout named Larry Dierker, who started nineteen games

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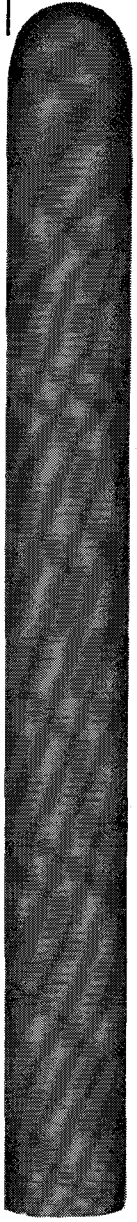
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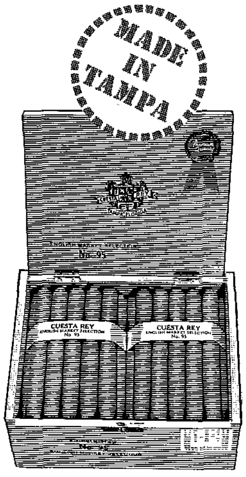

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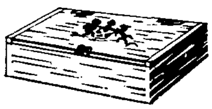

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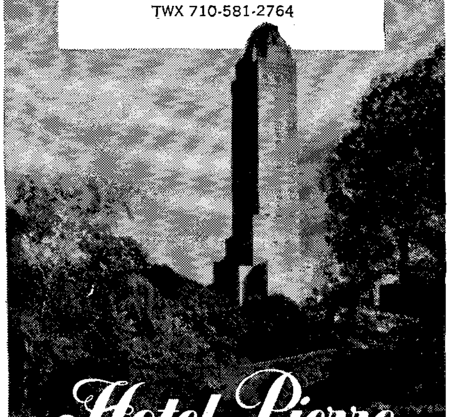

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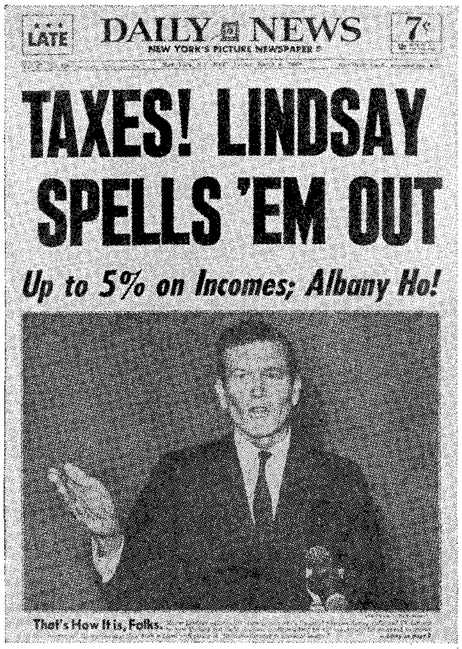
IS IT OKAY TO WEAR A MINK AND BE SEEN READING THE NEWS?

If there's profiteering in Saigon, losses on Wall Street, if a little girl from Patchogue is on her way to a royal wedding in Holland and Theo Wilson is covering the Mossler trial in Miami, while Monique is covering the couture openings in Paris, 6 million New Yorkers are reading all about it in The News. And of these 6 million, 3,511,000 are wearing everything from mink to marabou. Because they're lady News readers.



LATE DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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TAXES! LINDSAY SPELLS 'EM OUT

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THE NEWS IS WHAT'S HAPPENING.

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And 4 out of 10 lady News readers have attended college.

157,000 have technical training or a profession.

499,000 are housewives with family incomes between $10,000 and $20,000 — or better.

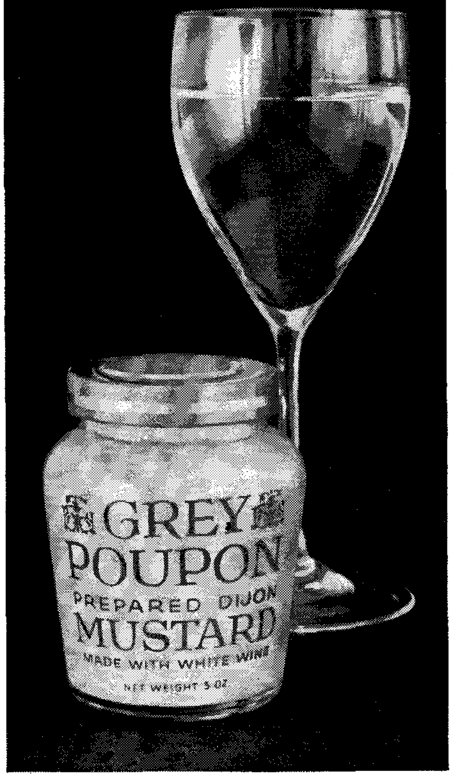
DIVORCE BILL BANS 'QUICKIES'

Obviously, there are a lot of lady News readers who can buy a mink, if they don't already own one. (And when did that stop a woman?)

Maybe, then, the question should be: if your product carries a higher price tag will you be canny enough to advertise it in The News? Where a whole lot of women will just love seeing it. Or seeing themselves in it.

THE DAILY NEWS HAS 4,965,000 READERS. THE SUNDAY NEWS, 5,499,000. MANY PEOPLE, OF COURSE, READ BOTH. WITH NO ONE COUNTED TWICE, WE HAVE A TOTAL OF 6,884,000 READERS. SOURCE: PROFILE OF THE MILLIONS.

Why do we put wine in Grey Poupon Mustard?



When it comes to good eating, trust the French. The original Dijon mustard recipe specifies white wine. Leave it out—and something vital is missing. Wine is one of the things that makes Grey Poupon the best mustard you ever tasted. One of the reasons why you will never again be satisfied with ordinary mustard. Grey Poupon is in a class by itself. That's why we're so sure you'll like it. Although Grey Poupon Mustard costs a bit more, it's well worth it.

GREY POUPON®
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

and struck out a hundred and nine batters for the Astros last year, when he was eighteen years old.

There is no real doubt that the Astros are on the way and will someday break into the tough, embattled territory of the National League's first division, but a healthy franchise, particularly in new baseball territory, also requires the building of a sizable body of young, resilient, and truly knowledgeable fans. Those who doubt this need only remember Milwaukee, where one of the best ball teams of recent times was literally starved out by public inattention after a brief decline in the standings. Curiously, no one knows much about the loyalties and passions of the Houston baseball audience, in spite of those enormous attendance figures of last season, for it is impossible to guess how many of those two million ticket-buyers came to see the Astros and how many to see the Astrodome. During those Dodger games, I kept moving about in the stands and changing neighbors, but I could not penetrate the placid bonhomie of those small, citified, early-season crowds or convince myself that we were watching a sporting event. There was applause at the appropriate moments, but not much tonsil-straining, and the scattered booing was mostly directed at the ball and strike calls of the home-plate umpire, which is bush. No one booed an Astro player—not once—which distressed me, for the home-town boo is the mark of passion, involvement, and critical honesty. No one got into a fight; a fight at the Astrodome would be as shocking as fisticuffs in the College of Cardinals. And always, as before, the applause and attention of the fans around me would be interrupted, redirected, and eventually muffled by the giant scoreboard and its central screen. It commanded "CHARGE" and "GO-GO" for every Astro base runner, it saluted a homer by the Dodgers' Wes Parker with the word "TILT," and when it broke in on a lively dispute at third base, the spectators forgot about the real thing and sat back in their armchairs to watch a cartoon umpire argue with a cartoon manager.

Toward the end of the last game, my irritation took me out to the pavilion seats in center field (Astropatrons, untouched by the sun, do not sit in bleachers), and here I found the first unscattered group of recognizable fans in Houston. It was a shirt-sleeved, short-sleeved crowd, Negro and white, full of young people. There were some big families, complete with sleeping babies, and a blond teen-age girl next to

shall we
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We shall — in full fashioned stretch tops and shorts. Tops, stretch Nylon and Dacron, white striped with color, $4.00 and $5.00. Shorts, 100% stretch nylon, $3.00 and $3.50.
At all fine stores.
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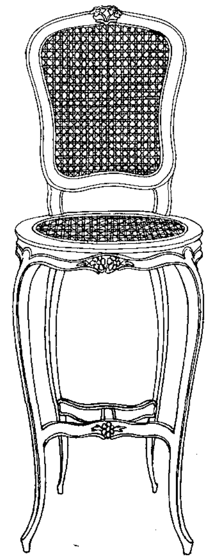

Magnificent imports, direct from Italy at great savings. Bar stool: our design, ours exclusively. Hand-caned seat and back. Hand-carved frame, ready-to-finish, $79. If we finish, add $25 and state color. No COD's. Shpd. Exp. Coll. Send 50c for catalog.
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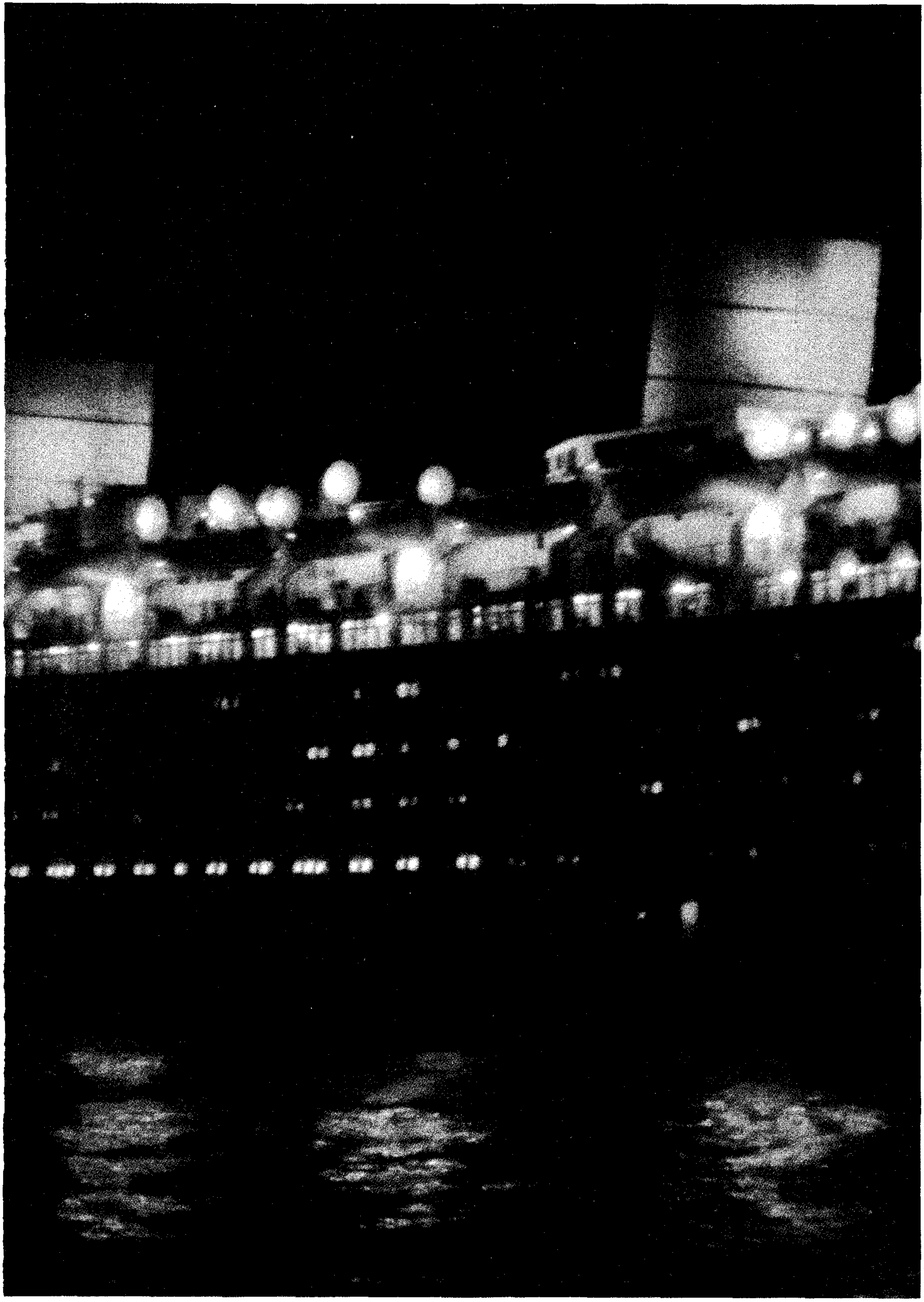

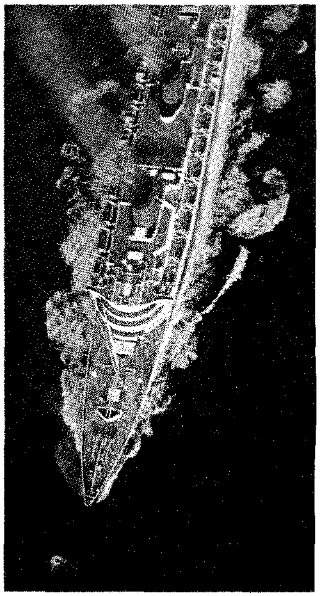

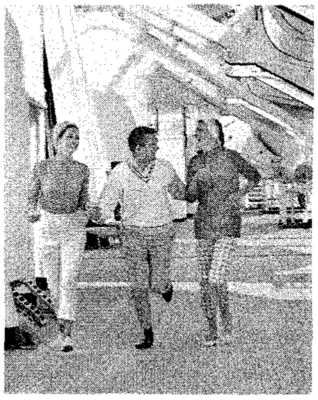

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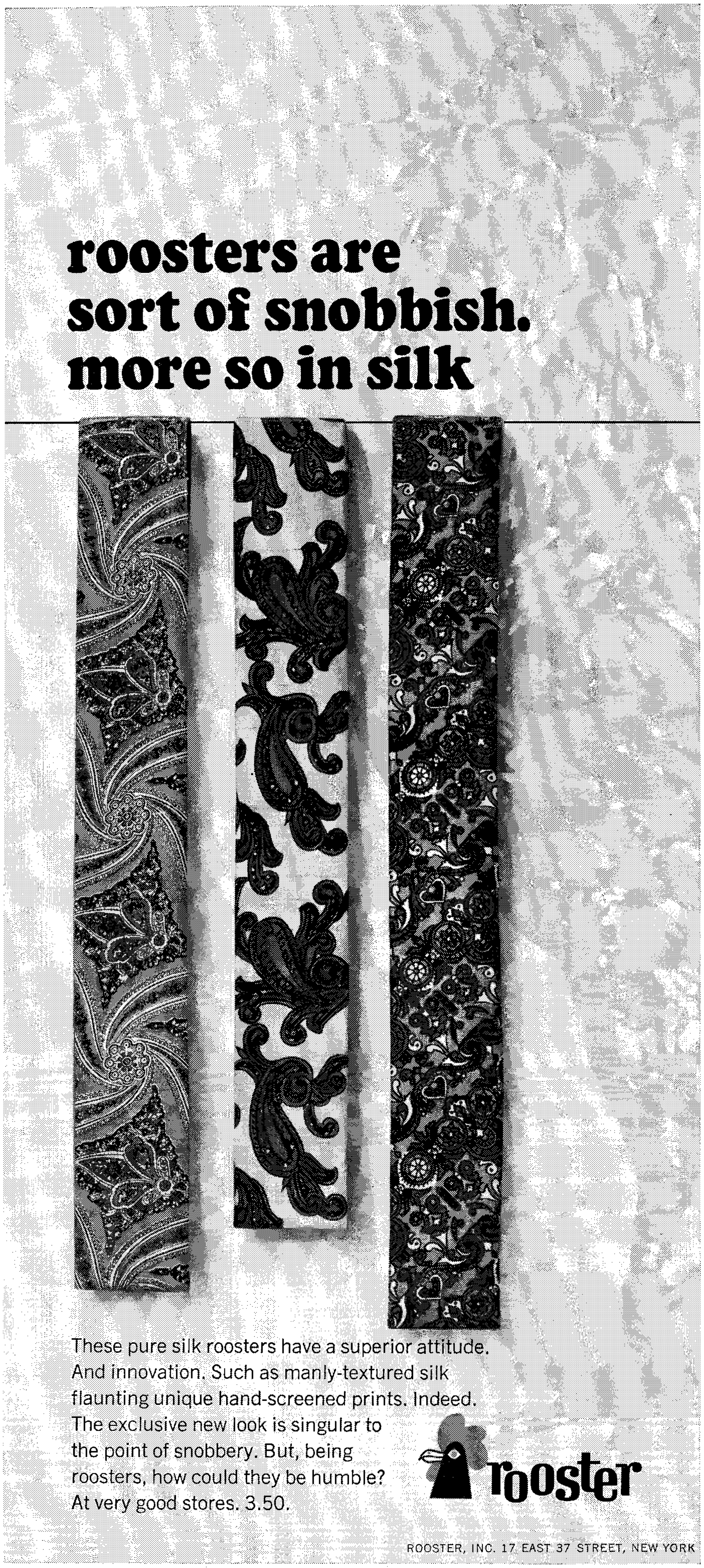
me wore a patch on the arm of her sweater that said "Future Homemaker of America." Some of the men wore straw cowboy hats, some were in city coconut straws. Shortly after I arrived, Dave Nicholson led off the Astro sixth with a triple off Osteen that almost landed in our laps, and at once the entire pavilion crowd was on its feet, shouting and cheering. The scoreboard, I remembered later, was behind us, but we didn't seem to need it. And then in the top of the seventh, when Houston pitcher Bob Bruce was in heavy trouble, first baseman Chuck Harrison speared a hopper by Maury Wills and then hesitated a moment over his play. I jumped up and yelled "Home! Throw home!," and it came to me suddenly that I had company: a hundred fans near me were screaming the same advice. Harrison got our message and threw to Bateman, who tagged out Nate Oliver at the plate, and we all sat down, grinning at one another.

Baseball is an extraordinarily subtle and complex game, and the greatest subtlety of all may well be the nature of its appeal to the man in the stands. The expensive Houston experiment does not truly affect the players or much alter the sport played down on the field, but I think it does violence to baseball—and, incidentally, threatens its own success—through a total misunderstanding of the game's old mystery. I do not agree with Judge Hofheinz that a ball park is a notable center for socializing or propriety, or that many male spectators will continue to find refreshment in returning to a giant living room—complete with man-made weather, wall-to-wall carpeting, clean floors, and unrelenting TV show—that so totally, so drearily, resembles the one he has just left. But these complaints are incidental. What matters, what appalls, in Houston is the attempt being made there to alter the quality of baseball's time. Baseball's clock ticks inwardly and silently, and a man absorbed in a ball game is caught up in rural time—a slow, green time of removal and concentration—and in a tension that is screwed up slowly and ever more tightly with each pitcher's windup and with the almost imperceptible forward lean and little half step with which the fielders accompany each pitch. Whatever the pace of the particular baseball game we are watching, whatever its outcome, it holds us in its own time and mercifully releases us from our own. Any persistent effort to destroy this unique phenomenon, to "use up" baseball's time with planned


roosters are sort of snobbish. more so in silk

These pure silk roosters have a superior attitude. And innovation. Such as manly-textured silk flaunting unique hand-screened prints. Indeed. The exclusive new look is singular to the point of snobbery. But, being roosters, how could they be humble? At very good stores. 3.50.

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distractions, will in fact transform the sport into another mere entertainment and thus guarantee its swift descent to the status of a boring and stylized curiosity.

It seems to me that the Houston impresarios are trying to build a following by the distraction and entire control of their audience's attention—aiming at a sort of wraparound, programmed environment, of the kind currently under excited discussion by new thinkers of the electronic age. I do not wish them luck with this vulgar venture, and I hope that in the end they may remember that baseball has always had a capacity to create its own lifelong friends—sometimes even outdoors. One Houston lady told me that she had been a fan for more than thirty years, beginning when she was a schoolgirl and the Houston Buffs were a Cardinal farm. "I remember a lot of the players from back then," she said. "I saw them all before they went up to the majors and became famous. Howie Pollett and Danny Murtaugh were my *gods*. And I remember something else. Buff Stadium back in the old days used to be right next to a bakery—Fehr's Bakery, that's what it was called! I'll never forget sitting in the stands in the afternoon and watching the games, and the sweet smell of fresh bread in the air all around." —ROGER ANGELL

•

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You don't know Emily.

•

The program chairman presented a contemporary English opera, "War Requiem," by Benjamin Britten as the last opera study of this season. Britten, a brilliant composer, performer and interpreter through music, of human feelings, moods and thoughts has truly inspired man to understand, clarify and appreciate more fully his own nature, purpose and destiny. —*From the Kilmarnock (Va.) Rappahannock Record.*

We were there in coat, vest, and pants.

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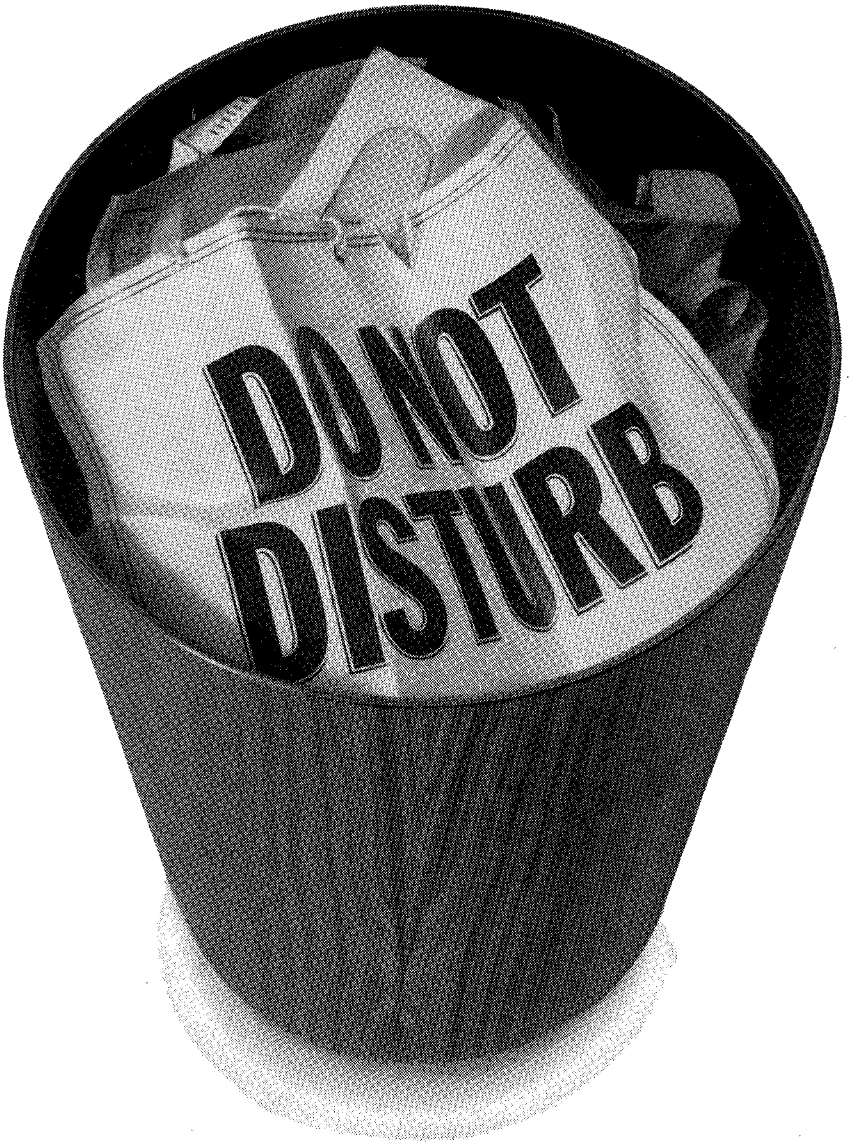

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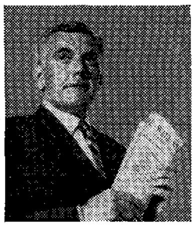

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ORANGES—II

DURING the course of a long visit I made last spring to the orange groves of Florida, a tractor driver gave me a ride out to my car when I left a picking crew one day, and I've forgotten what I said to him when I jumped up behind him, but, whatever it was, he turned around with a look of recognition and said, "You come from apple country." In one sentence, he had defined the dimensions of his own world, the utterly parochial nature of it, its disciplined singleness, its weather, and its cycles of fruition. The appeal of that world and, to an even greater extent, the relief of it had increased in my mind with each day in the groves, among other reasons simply because gas stations, Burger Queens, and shopping centers so dominate the towns of central Florida that the over-all effect on a springtime visitor can be that he is in Trenton during an August heat wave. The groves, in absolute contrast, are both beautiful and quiet, at moments eerie. I retreated into them as often as I could. To someone who is alone in the groves, they can seem to be a vacant city, miles wide and miles long. In late afternoons and early evenings, I sometimes stayed there to read, sitting on the sand against the trunk of a tree, thumbing through books that had been recommended to me by pomologists at the University of Florida's Citrus Experiment Station. They dealt with the history and botany of citrus, the physiology of the orange, citrus growing, citrus products, and citrus industries. The most absorbing was an encyclopedic treatise called "Hesperides: A History of the Culture and Use of Citrus Fruits," written in the nineteen-thirties, in what was then Palestine, by a scholar named Samuel Tolkowsky and titled as a gesture of respect for the work of a Sienese priest, Giovanni Battista Ferrari, whose own "Hesperides" had appeared nearly three hundred years earlier. Tolkowsky's work included a kind of compendium of everything of importance—including its namesake—that had been published on the subject in earlier centuries. Thomas Cardinal Wolsey, I found, had also warded off the unpleasant aspects of society by retreating into oranges. Going from place to place in sixteenth-century London, he liked to carry in his hand an orange that had been capped and hollowed out. Inside it, he would put a bit of sponge, saturated with vinegar. With his nose resolutely pressed into the orange, he was insulated by the aroma of the peel and the vinegar against the noxious airs of London and his fellow-men.

The evolution of citrus probably began in the Malay Archipelago at least twenty million years ago, when the islands of the South Pacific were still part of a body of land that included Asia and Australia. A bitter ancestral plant apparently made its way to what is now the Asian mainland, and from it developed the modern fruit. The evidence that this event occurred in the area of southern China is overwhelming, beginning with the fact that more citrus varieties and more citrus parasites can be found there than anywhere else. Spreading out to the rest of the world, Chinese citrus jumped the East China Sea and reached Japan by way of Formosa and intervening island groups. It moved eastward into the South Pacific, and the frequency of citrus in the islands today diminishes with distance from the mainland. In the junks of merchant seamen, seeds and trees were carried south to the shores of the Java Sea and into the Strait of Malacca, which was a kind of departure point for sometimes unexpected migrations to India and Africa on the strong westward currents of the Indian Ocean.

Among the first citrus varieties to make this journey—and then to go on into the Mediterranean basin—was the citron, which acquired its name be-

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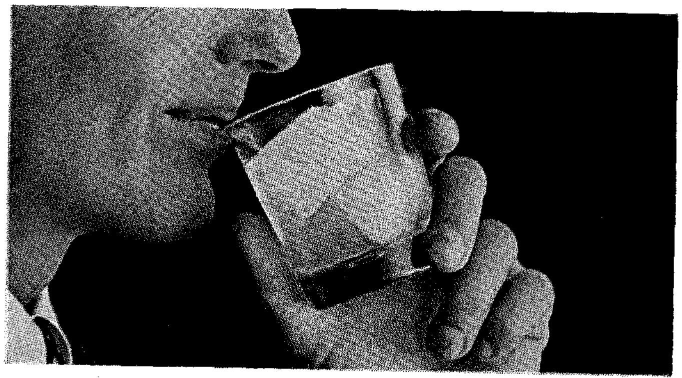

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In Europe Corvette is a high-priced imported sports car.

Ah, the high-priced imported sports car! Mere mention of the phrase conjures visions of the exotic, the forbidden: of wild forays into the night; of secret agents and clandestine gatherings; of howling engines and winding roads. It must indeed rank as one of man's greatest desires, suppressed or otherwise.

Few, however, realize that Corvette is just such an animal. Some Europeans do, and gladly pay upwards of ten thousand dollars for one.

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Aren't you glad you live near the factory?

'66 CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

cause of an early confusion with another tree. According to Tolkowsky, this confusion came about because the large, rough-skinned citron resembled the greenish-yellow cone of the cedars of Lebanon, and since citron trees and orange trees are nearly identical in shape and foliage, the confusion inevitably expanded. The Greeks called the citron a *kedromelon*, or "cedar apple." The Romans turned this into *malum citreum*, and applied the term—often shortened merely to *citreum*—to all of the varied fruits of citrus trees. The second-century writer Apuleius, for one, objected. He had been born in Africa and knew a cedar cone from an orange. In the eighteenth century, the Swedish botanist Carolus Linnaeus nonetheless made the name "citrus" official for the genus. So lemons, limes, citrons, oranges, grapefruit, and tangerines are now grouped under a name that means cedar.

The word "orange" evolved from Sanskrit. The Chinese word for orange, in ancient as well as modern Chinese, is *jyu*, but it did not migrate with the fruit. India was the first major stop in the westward travels of citrus, and the first mention of oranges in Sanskrit literature is found in a medical book called the "Charaka-Samhita," which was compiled approximately two thousand years ago. The Hindus called an orange a *naranga*, the first syllable of which, according to Tolkowsky, was a prefix meaning fragrance. This became the Persian *naranj*, a word the Muslims carried through the Mediterranean. In Byzantium, an orange was a *nerantzion*. This, in Neo-Latin, became variously styled as *arangium*, *arantium*, and *aurantium*—eventually producing *naranja* in Spain, *laranja* in Portugal, *arancia* in Italy, and *orange* in France. Meanwhile, the Roman city of Arausio, in the South of France, had become, in the Provençal language, Aurenja—a name almost identical in sound and spelling to *auranja*, the Provençal word for orange. Gradually, the names of the city and the fruit evolved in the Provençal tongue to Orenge, and then to Orange. In the early sixteenth century, Philibert of Orange, prince of the city, was awarded a good part of the Netherlands for his political and military services to the Holy Roman Emperor, Charles V. The Prince had no immediate heir, and his possessions and titles eventually passed to a German nephew. This was William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, who founded the Dutch Republic and the House of Orange. In honor of Wil-

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liam's descendants, Dutch explorers named the Orange River, in South Africa, and Cape Orange, in northern Brazil. Fort Orange was the name of a Dutch settlement that eventually developed into Albany, New York. After a Protestant prince of the House of Orange had served as King William III of England, a movement known as Orangeism was founded by Irish Protestants, who established the Orange Society, and even called their part of Ireland "The Orange." Commemorating their cause on the landscape of the New World, emigrant Orangemen gave the name "Orange" to towns, cities, and bodies of water, from Lake Orange, Maine, to Orangeburg, South Carolina. Orangemen changed the name of Newark Mountains, New Jersey, to Orange Dale, which eventually became simply Orange, New Jersey, with its satellite towns of West Orange, South Orange, and East Orange—all as the result of a similarity of sound between the name of a transalpine Roman city and the name of a citrus fruit.

Nominal confusion also resulted from a tendency among Romans and Greeks to call any kind of fruit an apple. When the Romans discovered the pomegranate in Punic Mauretania—now Morocco and Algeria—they called it the *malum punicum*. When they came upon the peach, in Persia, they called it the *malum persicum*. Centuries earlier, in Media and in Persia, botanists travelling with the conquering armies of Alexander the Great had found the citron and had named it, variously, the Median apple and the Persian apple. Working later with material left by Alexander's scientists in the archives of Babylon, Theophrastus, the greatest of Greek botanists, also described citrons as Persian and Median apples, and his work disseminated the terms throughout the ancient world. It was a "golden apple" that Paris gave to Aphrodite, thus opening his way to the heart of Helen. In Antiphanes' "The Boeotian Girl," written in the fourth century B.C., a young man presents a citron to his mistress, and she says,

> "I thought it came from the Hesperides,
> For there they say the golden apples grow."

According to Father Ferrari, the Romans thought that citrons, oranges, lemons, and other citrus fruits came to Italy in the arms of the Hesperides—the daughters of Hesperis and Atlas—who crossed the Mediterranean from Africa in a giant shell. Oranges actually reached the Italian peninsula

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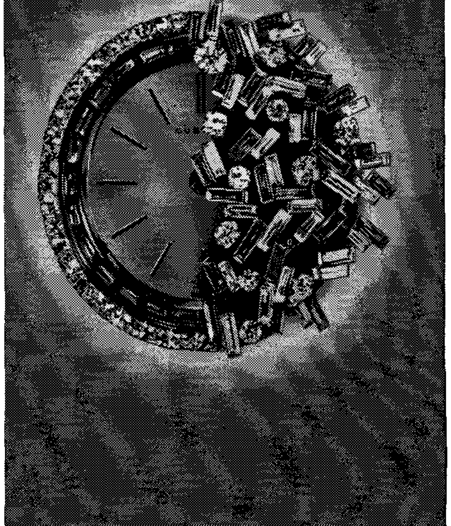

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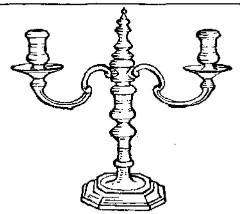

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Afternoon at the Beach (2¼" x 3")
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from India. In the first and second centuries A.D., it was only a seventy-day trip across the Indian Ocean from the Malabar Coast to the western shore of the Red Sea, twelve more days from Berenice by camel to the Nile, and another twelve down the river to waiting galleys at Alexandria. (Orange groves were established at Berenice and elsewhere on this route, which eventually branched into the Levant.) Toward the end of the Roman Empire, oranges were flourishing on the Italian peninsula. After the fall of Rome, oranges played a part in the great Lombard invasion. A Byzantine governor of Rome, enraged at being summarily called back to Byzantium, sent an embassy with a selected display of Italian oranges to Alboin, King of the Lombards, inviting him to overrun Italy, which Alboin did.

In the sixth and seventh centuries, the forces of Islam conquered a wide corridor across the world from India to Spain, and orange, tangerine, and lemon trees today mark the track of the Muslim armies. After Moorish capitals had been established in Andalusia, desert artisans and architects, delirious in the presence of water, filled and surrounded their buildings with pools, cascades, and fountains, planting a small grove of oranges in the Great Mosque of Cordova and oranges and lemons in the interior courts of the Alhambra in Granada. One curious footnote to the rise of Islam developed in Italy in the eleventh century. A group of Norman pilgrims, on their way home from the Holy Land, came upon a band of warrior Muslims who were about to destroy the person and possessions of a Christian prince of Salerno. The Normans saved the prince and drove the Muslims away. Fearful of further attacks, the prince, like the Byzantine governor of Rome nearly five hundred years before him, sent an embassy with the pilgrims to the Duke of Normandy, accompanied by a mountainous gift of beautiful oranges, frankly tempting the Duke to conquer southern Italy—which he did, taking Sicily, too. The Norman conquest of Sicily turned into something of a scandal. Norman minds dissolved in the vapors of Muslim culture. Austere knights of Honfleur and Bayeux suddenly appeared in the streets of Palermo wearing flowing desert robes, and attracted to themselves harems of staggering diversity, while the Church raged. Norman pashas built their own alhambras. The Normans went Muslim with such remarkable style that even Muslim poets were soon praising

far away places with enchanting names
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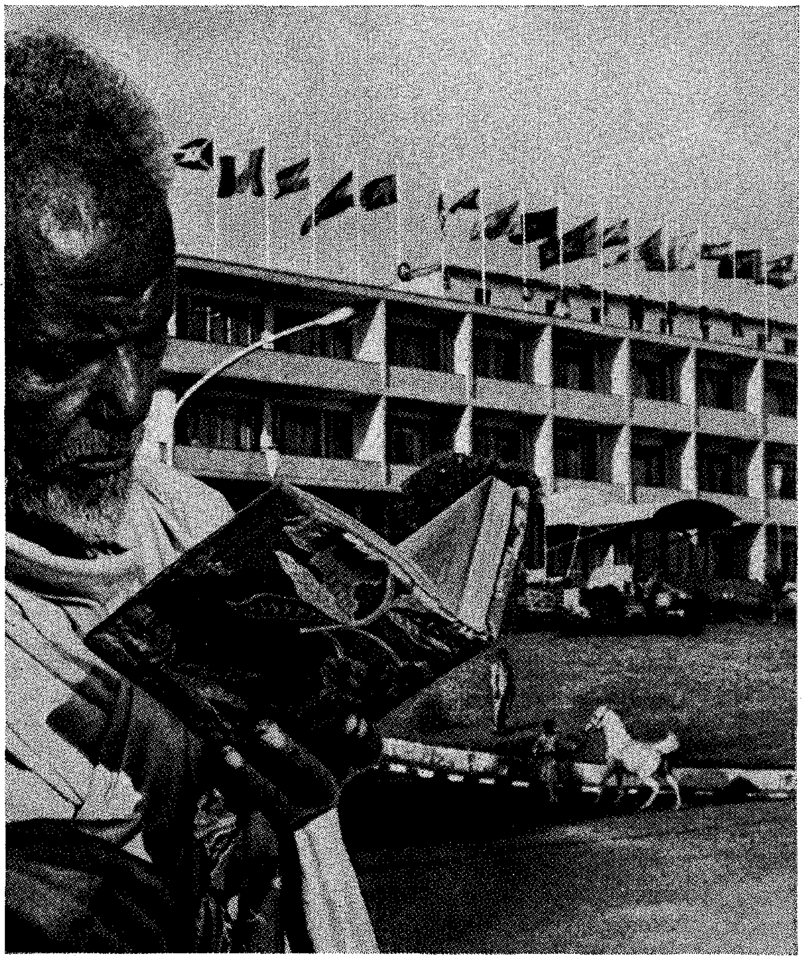

A patriarch reading his Coptic Bible in Ge'ez, ancient ecclesiastical language. Background, the Ghion Hotel in center of Addis Ababa, vibrant capital of the Empire.

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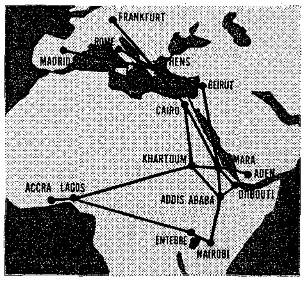

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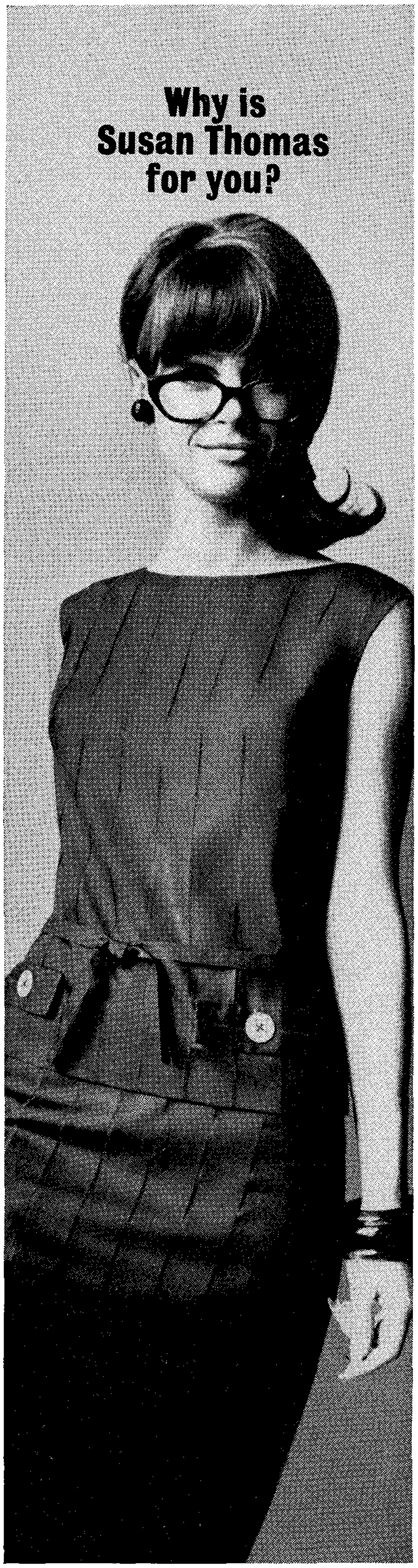

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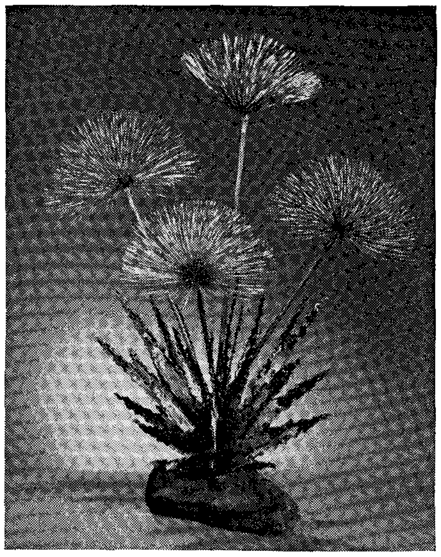
the new Norman Xanadus. Of one such place, which included nine brooks and a small lake with an island covered with lemon and orange trees, the poet Abd ur-Rahman Ibn Mohammed Ibn Omar wrote:

> The oranges of the Island are like
> blazing fire
> Amongst the emerald boughs
> And the lemons are like the paleness of a lover
> Who has spent the night crying . . .

It is only in comparatively recent centuries that oranges, in Western countries, have actually been eaten as a food. Their earliest popularity in Europe seems to have been based on the ornamental appearance of the trees and the inspiring aroma of the peel and the blossoms. At the table, they were used as a seasoning for meat and fish and seldom consumed in any other way. Before 1500, European orange growers mainly grew Bitter Oranges, because they were more aromatic, better as seasoning, and hence more valuable. Dinner guests could measure their importance in the regard of their hosts by the number of oranges that came to the table. One fourteenth-century cookbook, describing a dinner given by an abbott of Langy for his superior, the Bishop of Paris, indicates how impressive a meal it was by noting that the roast fish was seasoned with powdered sugar and Sour Oranges. In 1529, the Archbishop of Milan gave a sixteen-course dinner that included caviar and oranges fried with sugar and cinnamon, brill and sardines with slices of orange and lemon, one thousand oysters with pepper and oranges, lobster salad with citrons, sturgeon in aspic covered with orange juice, fried sparrows with oranges, individual salads containing citrons into which the coat of arms of the diner had been carved, orange fritters, a soufflé full of raisins and pine nuts and covered with sugar and orange juice, five hundred fried oysters with lemon slices, and candied peels of citrons and oranges. At about that time, Portuguese ships returned home from India with sweet orange trees, and a new type spread through Europe. It became known as the Portugal Orange, and it quickly replaced the Bitter Orange in popularity throughout the continent. The word "Portugal" became synonymous with good sweet oranges in numerous countries, and, in fact, sweet oranges are still called Portugals in Greece, Albania, Rumania, parts of the Middle East, and some parts of Italy. In most of Western Europe, the favor held by the Portugal



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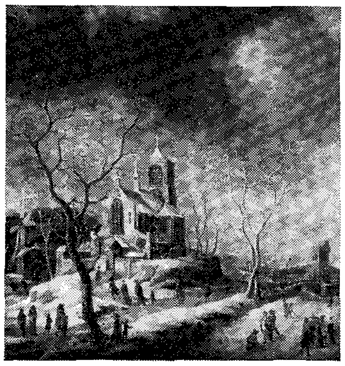

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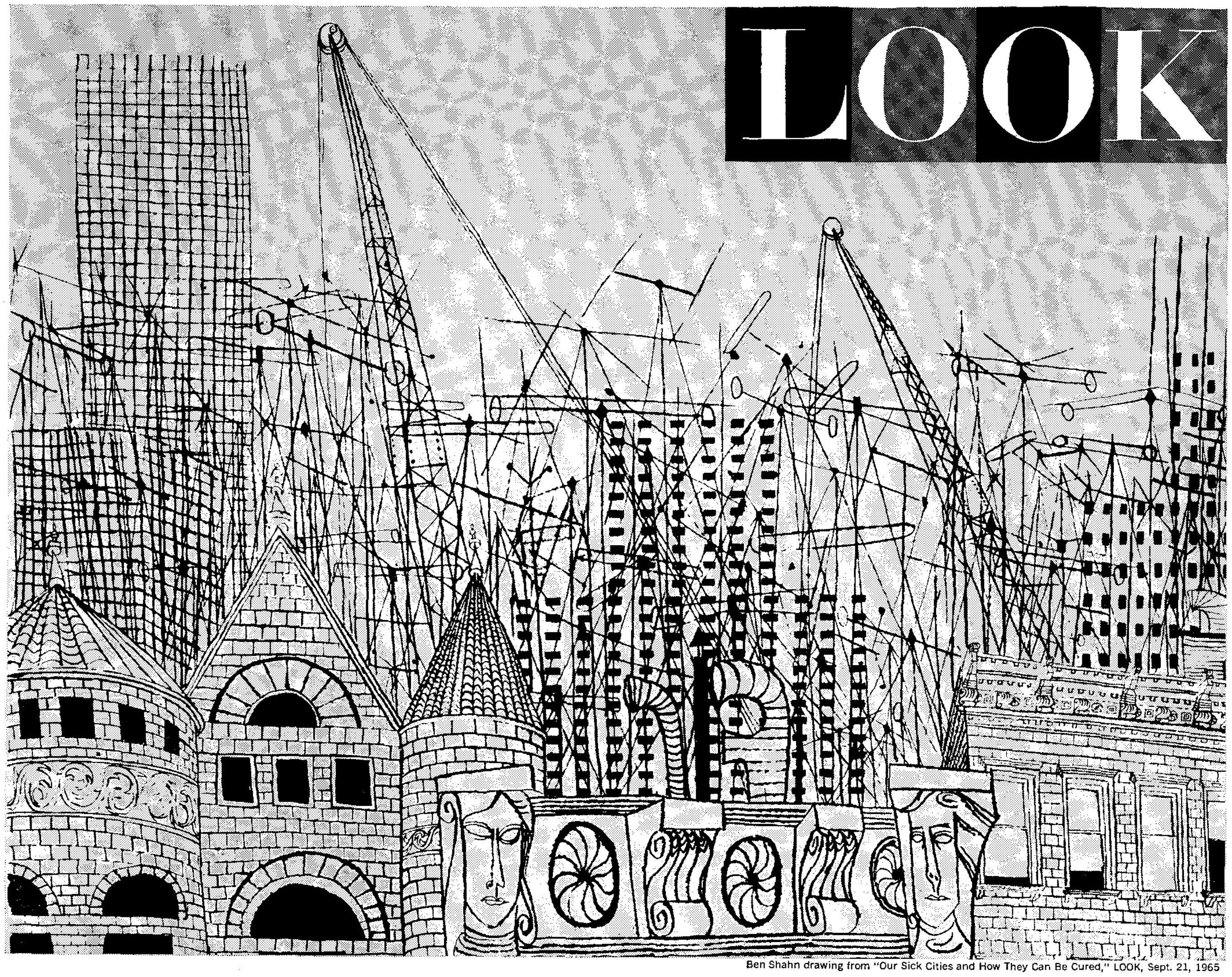

Ben Shahn drawing from "Our Sick Cities and How They Can Be Cured," LOOK, Sept. 21, 1965

Each year LOOK and the National Municipal League sponsor a program to encourage urban improvement through citizen efforts. All America Cities. Scores of communities compete for the title . . . and recognition in LOOK.

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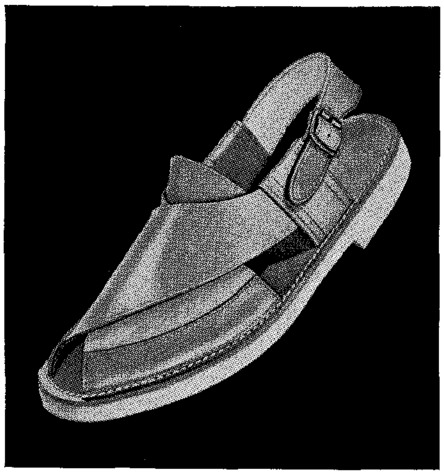

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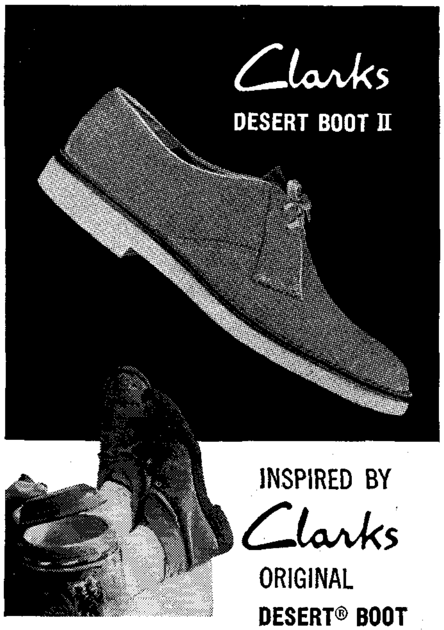

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Orange was less enduring. Within a century after the first trees had come from India, Portuguese missionary monks sent word back from China that Chinese oranges were sweeter than sugar itself. One Portuguese Jesuit wrote that "the oranges of Canton might well be muscat grapes disguised." In 1635, a Chinese orange tree reached Lisbon, and before long the China Orange—a term still used in many countries to denote a fine sweet orange—was in demand all over Europe. The botanical name of the modern sweet orange, in fact, is *Citrus sinensis*.

Meanwhile, with the age of sail, the antiscorbutic value of citrus fruits had been discovered. This came about when sailors noticed that if they ate limes, lemons, and oranges in the course of long voyages, the livid splotches went away around the roots of their hair, their muscles stopped aching, their skins regained color, their once appalling breath grew sweeter, the swelling in their legs went down, bruises vanished, new strength replaced a feeling of deadening fatigue, their gums stopped bleeding, their teeth stopped dropping out, their bones stopped breaking, their hair began to grow again, and their spirits rose. Portuguese sailors in the sixteenth century carried citrus trees to St. Helena and covered the island with them in order to establish a kind of scurvy-prevention station for early and late stops in their prodigious voyages on the route that Vasco da Gama had opened to the Orient. Portuguese, Spanish, and Arab crews planted similar clinics on the African west coast, in the Azores, and in the Madeira island group. The Dutch established a citrus plantation in South Africa in 1654. After the British Admiralty issued orders for regular rations of lime juice on all of His Majesty's ships, British sailors became known as limeys.

The healthful properties of citrus fruit have since been found to cover a far wider range of ills than nautical scurvy. Oranges, according to the kind of reading matter that comes in a doctor's mail, are salubrious for people with peptic ulcer, obesity, burns, liver trouble, arthritic pain, pernicious anemia, megaloblastic anemia, iron-deficiency anemia, gastric malignancy, diarrhea, rheumatic heart disease, rheumatic fever, acne, osteomalacia, hypoglycemia, multiple sclerosis, strokes, heart attacks, periodontitis, gingivitis, and fatigue. With the help of oranges, say the pamphlets, bones grow strong, sound teeth and gums are built, wounds heal rapidly, miscarriages are prevented,

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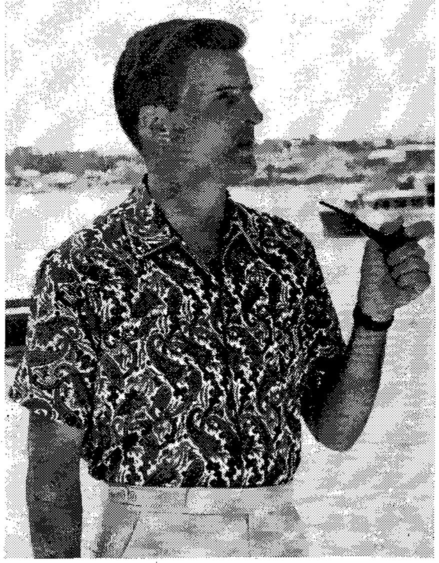

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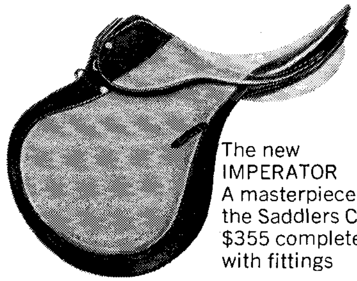

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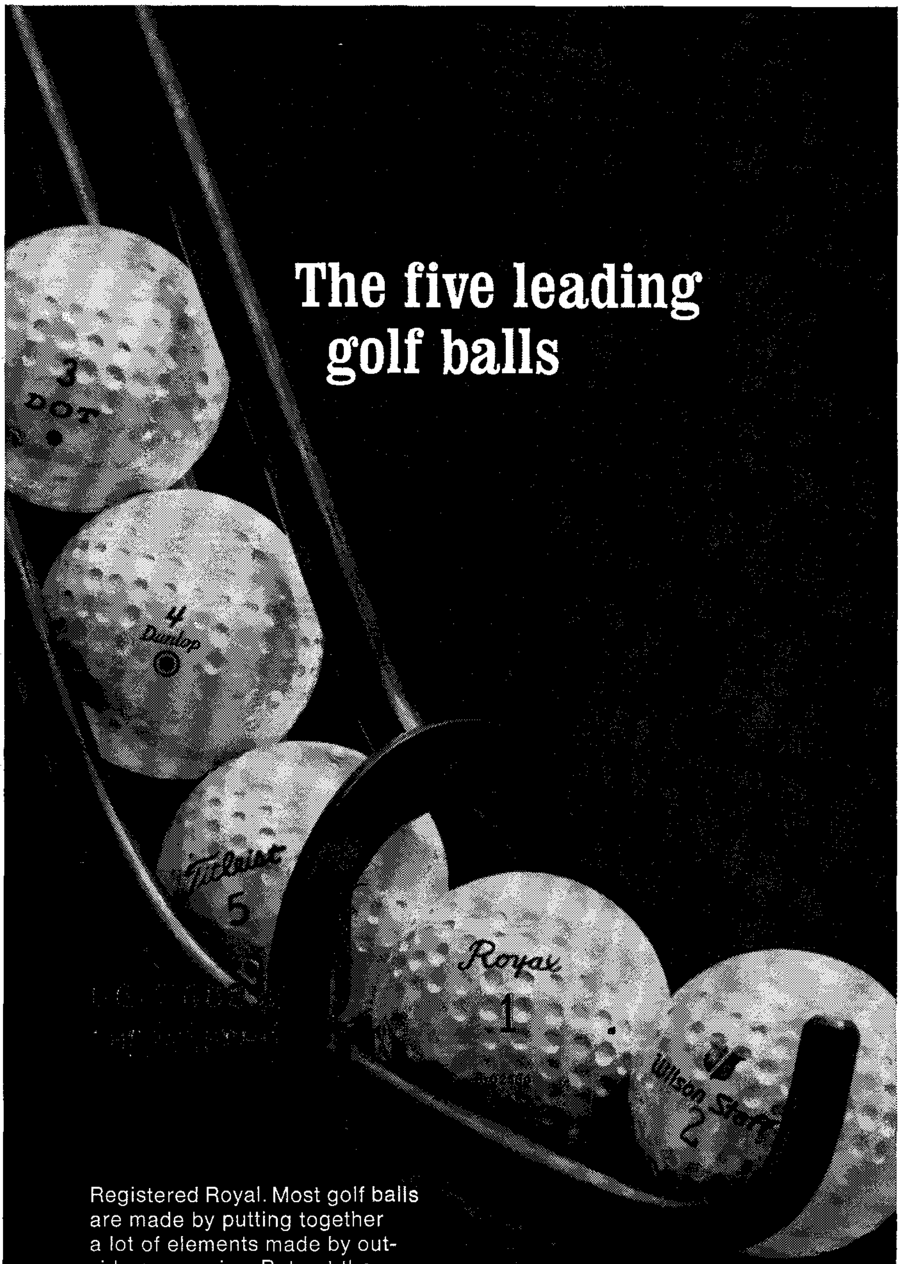
the damage and duration of bruises are limited, temporarily depleted blood-sugar reserves are swiftly restored, and the mind's ability to withstand stress is increased. Football players who are full of orange juice get up a little faster after a play. They get put out of action less often, and if they do happen to get injured, they recover more quickly. I have asked several doctors about all of these claims, and they agreed that, in one way or another, the claims are essentially valid. They also said, however, that the medical benefits of orange juice are generally overemphasized today. Scurvy, when it occurs, is now easy to put down. And in all instances it is only Vitamin C, after all, that is doing the work, and Vitamin C can be readily absorbed from capsules.

The modern use of lemon and orange peels in alcoholic drinks has ample precedents in many places and centuries, but the custom perhaps reached its highest point in Holland three hundred years ago. The drinking Dutch, in the seventeenth century, would peel a helical ribbon of skin from an orange, continuing round and round until the knife reached the fruit's equator. Then, with the ribbon still attached, they would place the entire orange, like a huge Martini olive, in the bottom of a wineglass so large that it might have been described as an elegant bucket. Dutch fondness for the combination of oranges and wine eventually led to the invention of bitters—or at least to the commercialization of bitters, for even the ancient Chinese had known the special excellence of Bitter Oranges with wine. Dutch bitters were a concentrated essence usually made by marinating dried Bitter Orange peels in gin. The still-lifes of Dutch and Flemish masters often show oranges beside bottles of wine.

Because of a combination of new artistic techniques and some apparently reasonable, but mistaken, assumptions about the history of citrus, oranges appeared frequently in paintings by any number of the great masters of the Italian Renaissance. In making the break from Byzantine scholasticism to the new humanism of the Renaissance, artists began setting their religious figures against naturalistic backgrounds. Not having seen the Holy Land, they glibly set their Annunciations and Resurrections in Italian villas and on Italian hills. Crusaders, among others, had long since reported that orange trees flourished in Palestine, so, as a kind of hallmark of authenticity, the painters slipped orange trees into masterpiece after masterpiece, remaining ignorant



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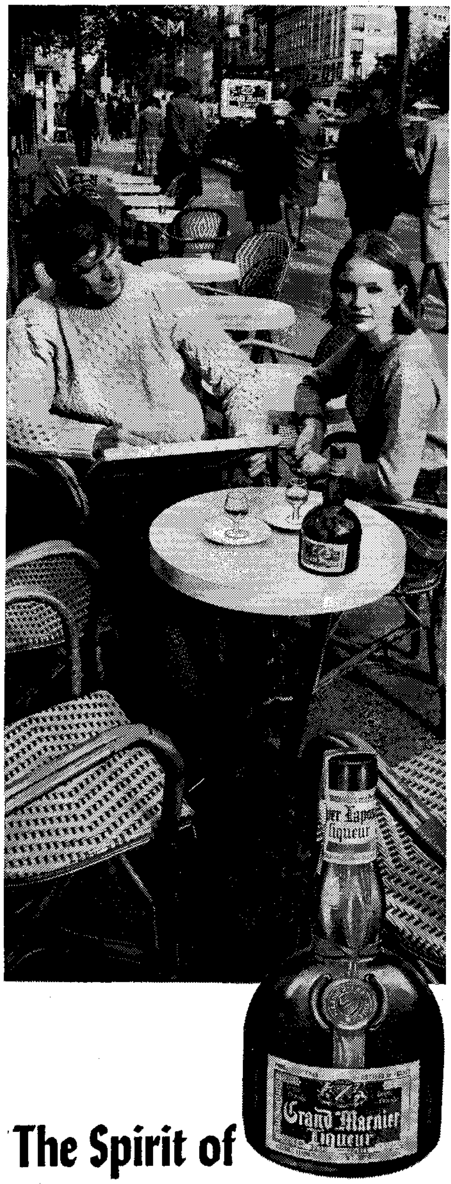

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to their deaths that in the time of Christ there were no orange trees in or near the Holy Land. In his "Maestà," the Sienese painter Duccio di Buoninsegna showed Jesus entering Jerusalem through the streets of Siena, past orange trees in full fruit. Fra Angelico painted Jesus resting under an orange tree. It was almost unthinkable for a great master to do a "Flight Into Egypt" without lining the route with orange trees. A "Last Supper" was incomplete without oranges on the table, although there is no mention of oranges in the Bible. Titian's "Last Supper," which hangs in the Escorial, shows oranges with fish. A Domenico Ghirlandaio "Last Supper" goes further: a mature orange grove is depicted in murals behind the Disciples. The deterioration of Leonardo's "Last Supper" has been too extensive for any oranges in it to be identified, but in all likelihood, according to Tolkowsky, they were there. Most painters thought of the Annunciation as occurring indoors, and Paolo Veronese, for one, moved orange trees indoors to authenticate the scene, setting the plants in trapezoidal pots, of the type in which orange trees were grown in his time in northern Italy. Fra Angelico also used orange trees to give a sense of the Holy Land to his "Descent from the Cross," which was otherwise set against the walls of Florence, and, like many of his contemporaries, when he painted the Garden of Eden he gave it the appearance of a citrus grove. Benozzo Gozzoli's frescoes in a family chapel of the Medici show Melchior, Balthasar, and Gaspar looking less like three wise kings from the East than three well-fed Medici, descending a hill that is identifiable as one near Fiesole, dressed as an Italian hunting party, and passing through stands of orange trees bright with fruit. But the orange tree was more than a misplaced landmark. It was also a symbol of the Virgin, erroneously derived from an earlier association that medieval theologians had established between Mary and the tall cedars of Lebanon. Thus, countless paintings of the Madonna or of the Madonna and Child were garlanded with orange blossoms, decorated with oranges, or placed in a setting of orange trees. Mantegna, Verrochio, Ghirlandaio, Correggio, and Fra Angelico all complemented their Madonnas with oranges. Sandro Botticelli, in his "Madonna with Child and Angels," set his scene under a tentlike canopy thickly overhung with the branches of orange trees full of oranges.

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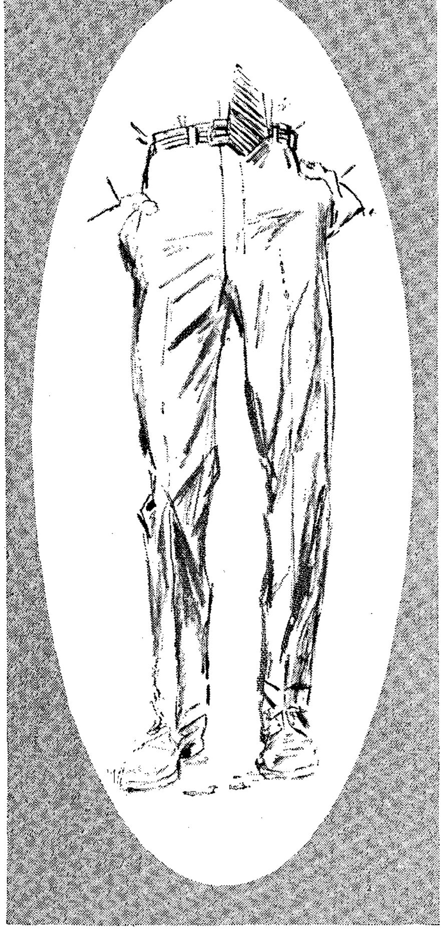

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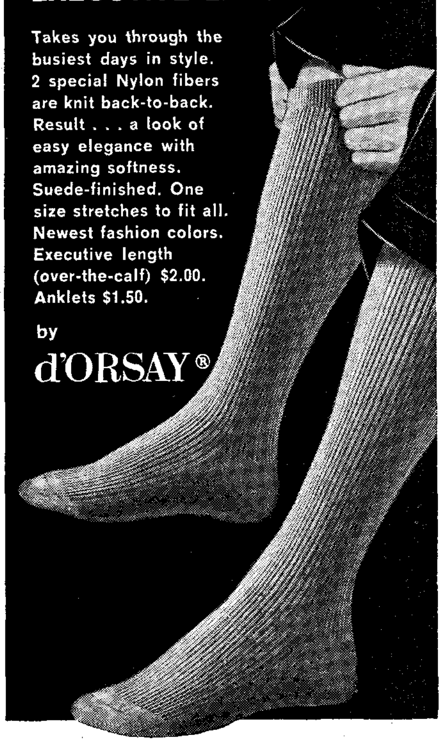
sance, oranges were sometimes called *medici*—an etymological development that had begun with the Greek word for citron, or Median apple. It is no wonder, therefore, that in art and interior decoration the Medici themselves went in heavily for oranges. In Florence, oranges are painted all over the ceilings of the Medici's Pitti Palace. The Grand Duke Francesco de' Medici was one of the world's earliest collectors of citrus trees, and in Tolkowsky's view the five red spheres on the Medici coat of arms were almost certainly meant to represent oranges. When Botticelli painted his "Primavera," under a commission from the family, he shamelessly included Giulio de' Medici as the god Mercury, picking oranges. Botticelli also painted his "Birth of Venus" for the Medici. It was Venus, and not the Hesperides, according to a legend current at the time, who had brought oranges to Italy. Botticelli's model was Simonetta dei Cattanei, the Platonic love of Giulio de' Medici, who later became Pope Clement VII. Simonetta came from Porto Venere, where Venus was alleged to have landed with the original oranges, so Botticelli painted her in the celebrated scallop shell bobbing on the gentle swells off Porto Venere, and lined the coast behind her with orange trees. While Giulio de' Medici was still a cardinal, he commissioned Raphael to design a villa for him with a great double stairway leading to a sunken garden full of orange trees.

All this was bound to engage the envy of royalty in the north, and at the end of the fifteenth century, in an expedition often said to mark the dividing point between medieval and modern history, Charles VIII of France went to Italy intending to subdue the peninsula by force of arms. Instead, he fell in love with Italian art, architecture, and oranges. When he returned to France, every other man in his retinue was an Italian gardener, an Italian artist, or an Italian architect. Charles was going to transform the castles and gardens of France. Oranges had been grown before, to a limited extent, in northern climates. In the first century, the poet Martial had noted that some growers in Italy had protected their trees from frost by sheltering them under mica. Growers of the third century had regularly planted their trees in semi-sheltered places. Charles took these ideas home with him, and, at his château at Amboise, built the first *orangerie*. His wife, Anne of Bretagne, then built her own *orangerie* at her château twenty-five miles away, in Blois. For the next two hundred years,



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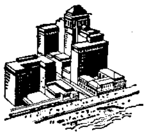

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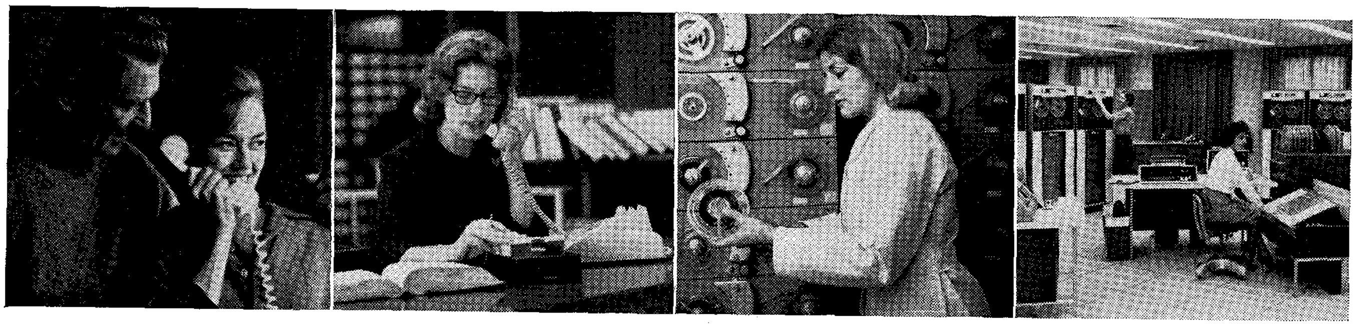

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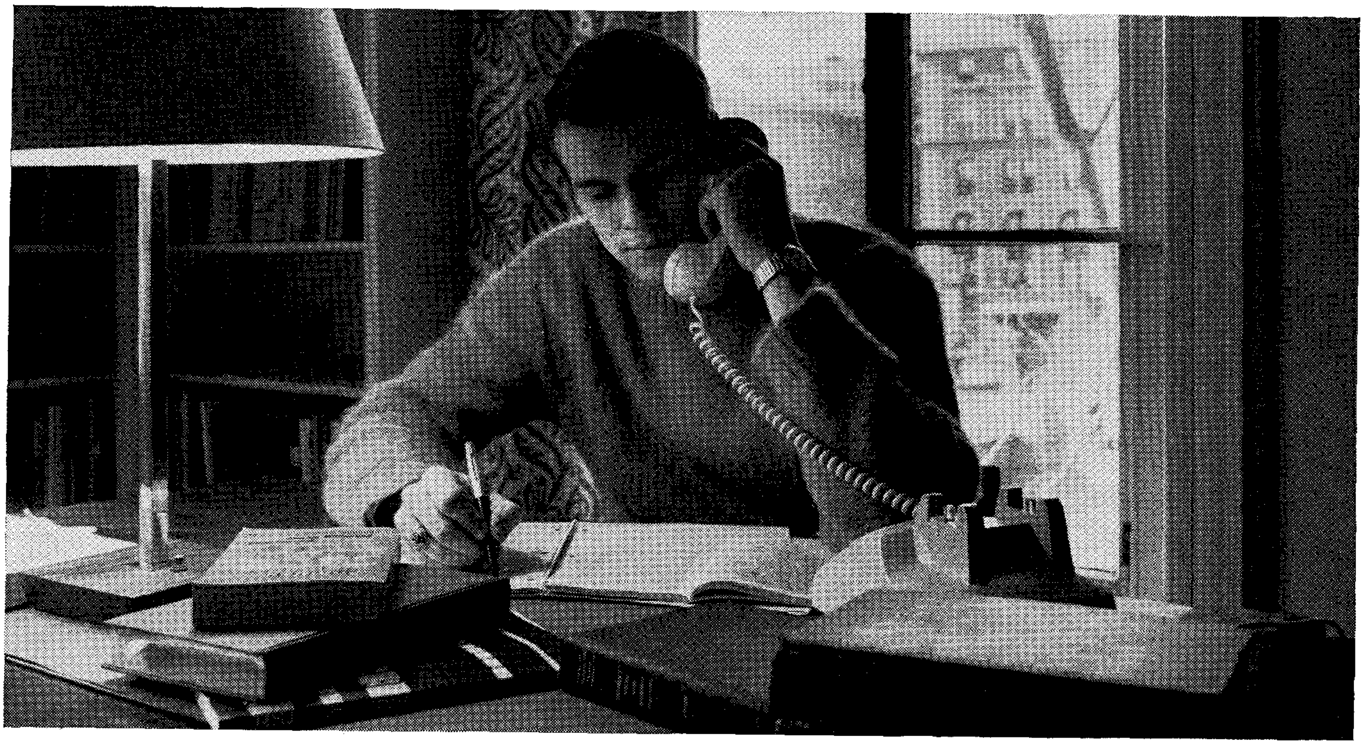

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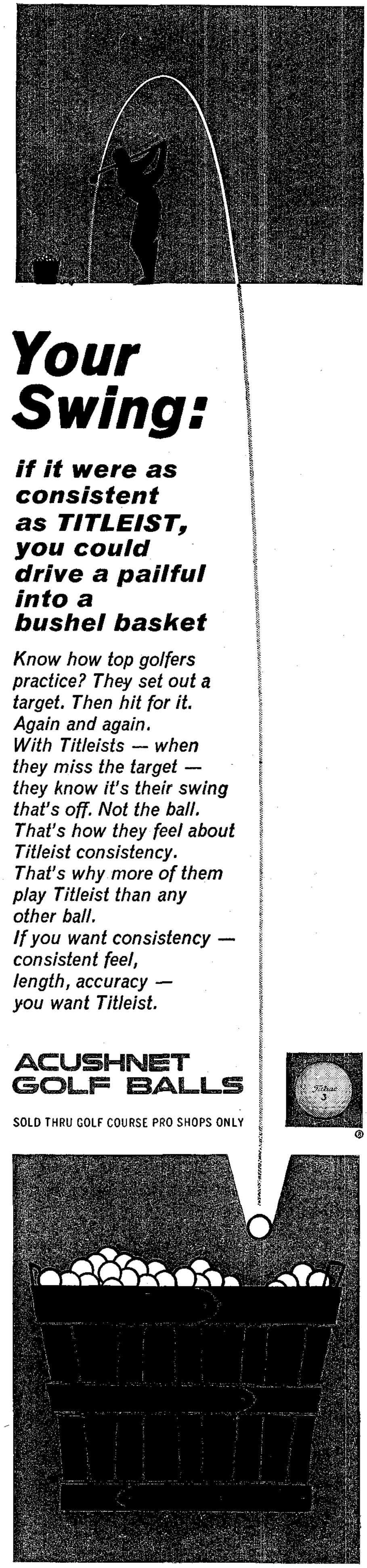
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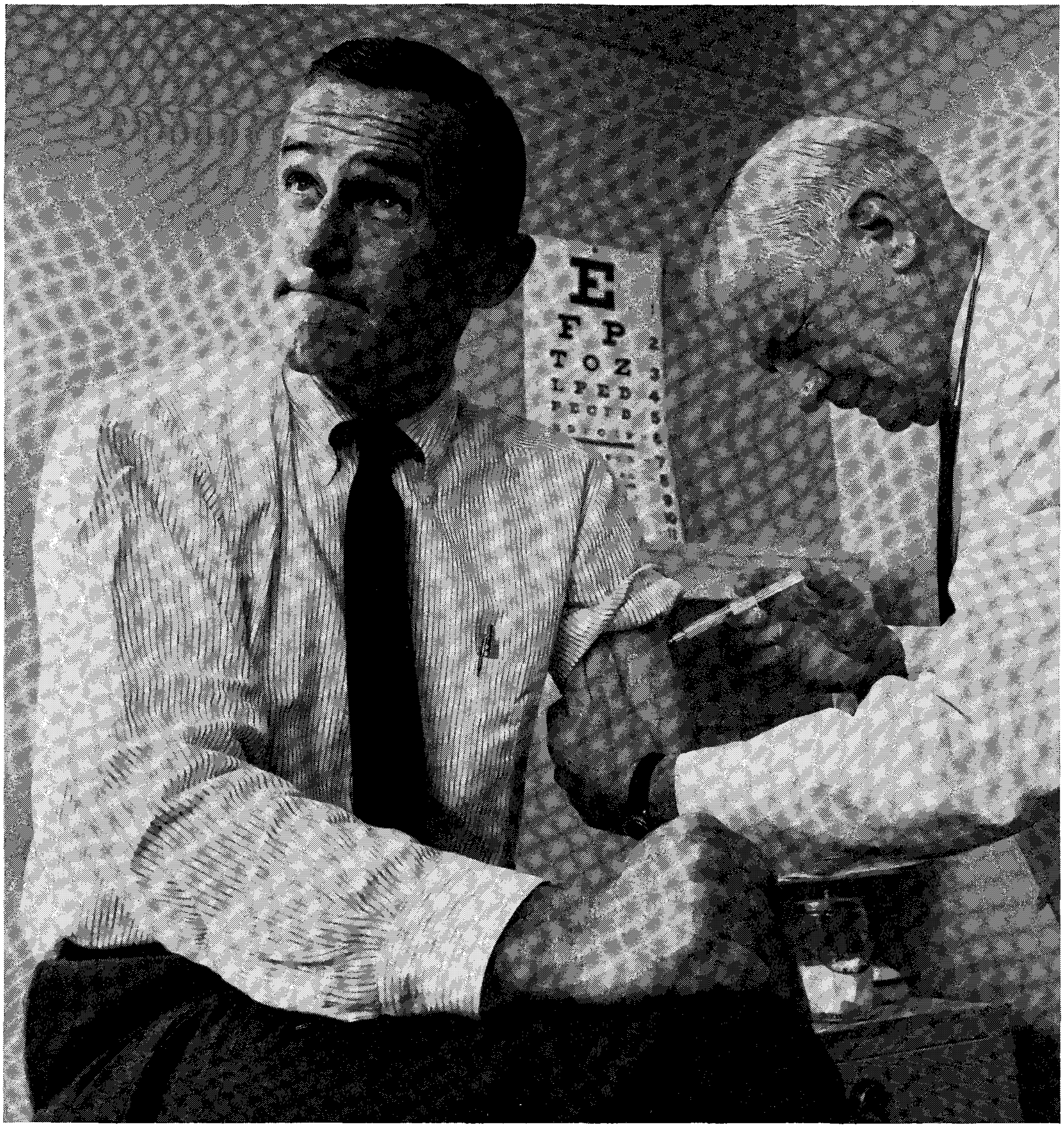
a French reign was incomplete unless the king had built an *orangerie* larger and more magnificent than the one built by his predecessor. Most were vaulted galleries, open on the southern side. Horticulturally, they were merely the prototypes from which modern greenhouses would evolve, but architecturally they soon became as celebrated as some of the world's better tombs, palaces, castles, and cathedrals. When Henry II married Catherine de' Medici in 1533, her arrival in France added stimulus to the already expanding boom in Italianate palaces built with accommodations for indoor groves of Italian oranges. The *orangerie* that Henry later built at Anet for his mistress Diane de Poitiers has been pointed to as a summary of the genius of French architecture.

The trees in most French *orangeries* were planted in giant boxes and moved in and out of doors with the seasons. Sometimes the boxes had axles and wheels, so that the practical French could roll their orange trees out for an airing on a sunny winter morning, or move them out of the shadows on a cool spring afternoon. No one has ever loved oranges and orange blossoms more than Louis XIV. His *orangerie* at Versailles was built in the shape of a C, twelve hundred feet around, and was the scene of garden parties and masked balls. His gardeners learned how to parch the trees to the point of death and then dramatically revive them into bloom; by doing this in planned cycles they provided the Sun King with blossoms throughout the year. There were blossoms all over the palace at all times, supplemented by paintings of oranges and by Beauvais tapestries of oranges.

The French enthusiasm was shared to some extent throughout northern Europe, and there were royal *orangeries* from Stockholm to St. Petersburg, but nowhere was envy of French royal citriculture more obvious and competitive than in Germany. The Count Palatine Frederick V converted a two-hundred-and-eighty-foot terrace outside his castle at Heidelberg into an *orangerie* in 1613, putting over it a roof that was supported by soaring arches, some of which were eighty feet high. He put walls of windows in the arches, and he kept stoves going all winter long to convince his trees that they were really in the tropics. Nothing, however, approached in size or pretension an *orangerie* in Dresden called the Zwinger. *Orangeries* had begun as fairly simple structures—a roof supported by columns—to protect orange trees, but the example of Versailles made it clear that they would end as royal amusement parks containing facilities for banquets and balls, held between stands of orange trees to create the impression that the assembled company was dining and dancing in the middle of an orange grove. The Zwinger was the end. Named for Zwinger Square in Dresden, which it faced, it was four-sided and larger than the *orangerie* at Versailles. In addition to its banqueting space, it had a theatre and a nymphaeum with a waterfall. The Zwinger was built in the early eighteenth century by Frederick Augustus I, Elector of Saxony, who intended it to be an indication of the size of the palace that would go with it, but he ran out of money and left only the Zwinger and its oranges behind him when he died.

In Tudor times, oranges grew in the soil of Britain. Sir Francis Carew planted orange trees in Surrey in 1562. He covered them in winter with a board hut, and they lived for a hundred and seventy-eight years before they were killed to the ground by the cold winter of 1740. England was importing enough oranges from Portugal in the Tudor era to keep barons and upward reasonably well supplied. Shakespeare may have disliked oranges, or perhaps they seldom found their way down to his level; at any rate, in his work he only mentions them four times in passing. One is in a curious simile in "Much Ado About Nothing," when Beatrice says, "The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion." During Shakespeare's lifetime, or perhaps a little before him, English children began to chant a nursery rhyme that includes the line "Oranges and lemons say the bells of St. Clement's"—and they have not stopped to this day. The Church of St. Clement Danes, on the Strand near the Inns of Court, was established by Danes living in London in the ninth century, and they equipped it with its remarkably articulate bells. On the thirty-first of March each year, modern Danes living in London load up the church with oranges and lemons and invite hundreds of children to come for a service, giving each a lemon and an orange to take



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home. On March 9, 1669, Samuel Pepys had his first glass of orange juice, and, afterward, he wrote in his diary, "I drank a glass, of a pint, I believe, at one drought, of the juice of oranges, of whose peel they make confits, and here they drink the juice as wine, with sugar, and it is a very fine drink; but, it being new, I was doubtful whether it might not do me hurt." Also during the Restoration, young women carrying baskets of oranges used to stand near the stage in London theatres, face the audience, and sell oranges at sixpence apiece and themselves for a little more. The girls were known as Orange Girls, and they worked under the administration of women called Orange Molls. Nell Gwyn, a beautiful and illiterate Orange Girl, became a minor actress and the mistress of King Charles II. "Anybody may know she has been an orange wench by her swearing," said the Duchess of Portsmouth. Nell Gwyn died when she was thirty-seven, but she lived to see her son made Duke of St. Albans.

IN the seventeen-seventies, Londoners developed a craving for Jesse Fish oranges. These had thin skins and were difficult to peel, but the English found them incredibly juicy and sweet, and Jesse Fish oranges were preferred before all others in the making of shrub, a drink that called for alcoholic spirits, sugar, and the juice of an acid fruit—an ancestral whiskey sour. More than sixty-five thousand Jesse Fish oranges and two casks of juice reached London in 1776, and sixteen hogsheads of juice arrived in 1778. It hardly mattered to the English who Jesse Fish was, and it didn't seem to matter to Jesse Fish who his customers were. Fish was a Yankee, a native of New York and by sympathy a revolutionary. Decades before the Revolution, he had retreated to an island off St. Augustine to get away from a miserable marriage, and he had become Florida's first orange baron.

There would have been others before him if Florida had not been Spanish for more than two hundred years. Andalusia and Valencia were golden with oranges, so the Spaniards hardly needed to start commercial groves on the far side of the ocean. They planted citrus fruit in remote places only for medical reasons. Columbus, under orders, carried with him the seeds of the first citrus trees to reach the New World, and he spread them through the Antilles, where they grew and multiplied so vigorously that within thirty years some Caribbean islands were covered with them. In all likelihood, Ponce de

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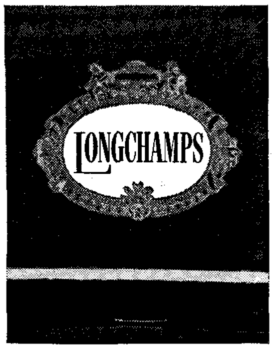

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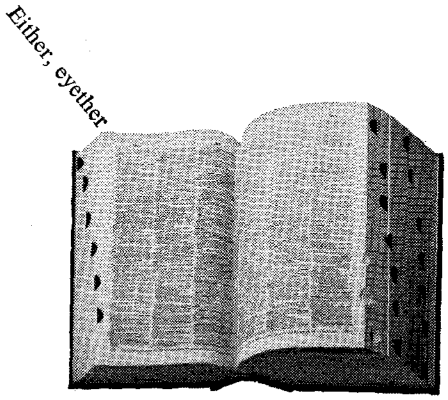

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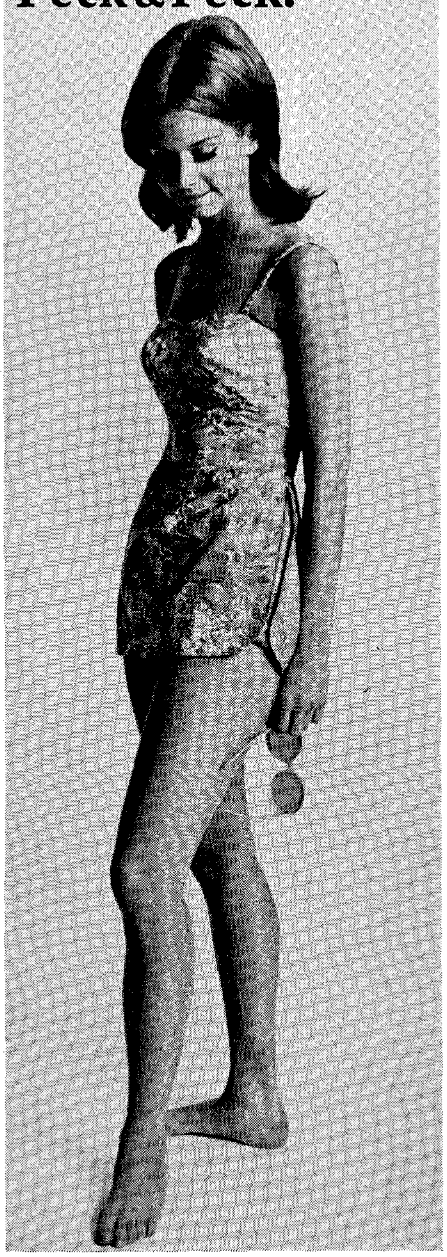

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León introduced oranges to the North American mainland when he discovered Florida in 1513. (The Florida Citrus Commission likes to promote de León as a man who was trying to find the Fountain of Youth but actually brought it with him.) Hernando de Soto planted additional orange trees during his expedition to Florida in 1539. On all Spanish ships bound for America, in fact, each sailor was required by Spanish law to carry one hundred seeds with him, and later, because seeds tended to dry out, Spanish ships were required to carry young trees instead. Sir Francis Drake levelled the orange trees of St. Augustine when he sacked the town in 1586, but the stumps put out new shoots and eventually bore fruit again. Nearly all were Bitter Oranges. Indians, carrying them away from the Spanish colony, inadvertently scattered seeds in the Florida wilderness, and Sour Oranges began to grow wild. (The first oranges in California were planted around 1800 at a Spanish mission.)

England, which had acquired sovereignty over Florida in 1763, gave it back to the Spanish toward the end of the American Revolution, and the Florida citrus business did not increase significantly for nearly forty years, through the period that is known in Florida history as the Second Occupation. After the territory became a possession of the United States, in 1821, orange groves expanded rapidly in the St. Augustine area and along the St. Johns River south of Jacksonville. There was also some planting, in a minor way, on the Indian River. In 1834, two and a half million oranges were shipped north from St. Augustine, but on February 8, 1835, the temperature dropped as low as eleven degrees, salt water froze in the bays, and fifty-six hours of unremitting freeze killed nearly every orange tree in Florida. One grove remained undamaged. It had been planted in 1830 by Douglas Dummett, a young man in his twenties, whose father had moved to Florida from New Haven, Connecticut, to establish a plantation of sugar cane. The site young Dummett had picked for his orange grove was on Merritt Island, between Cape Canaveral and the mainland, with the warm tidal waters of the Indian River on one side and of the Banana River on the other. His ground was high, the soil was rich in shell marl, and he had used wild Sour Orange trees as rootstocks, budding them with sweet oranges from a grove about fifty miles to the north. (The root system and lower trunk of a cultivated citrus tree are usually of a

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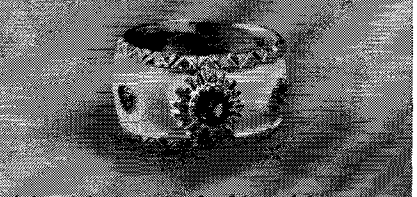

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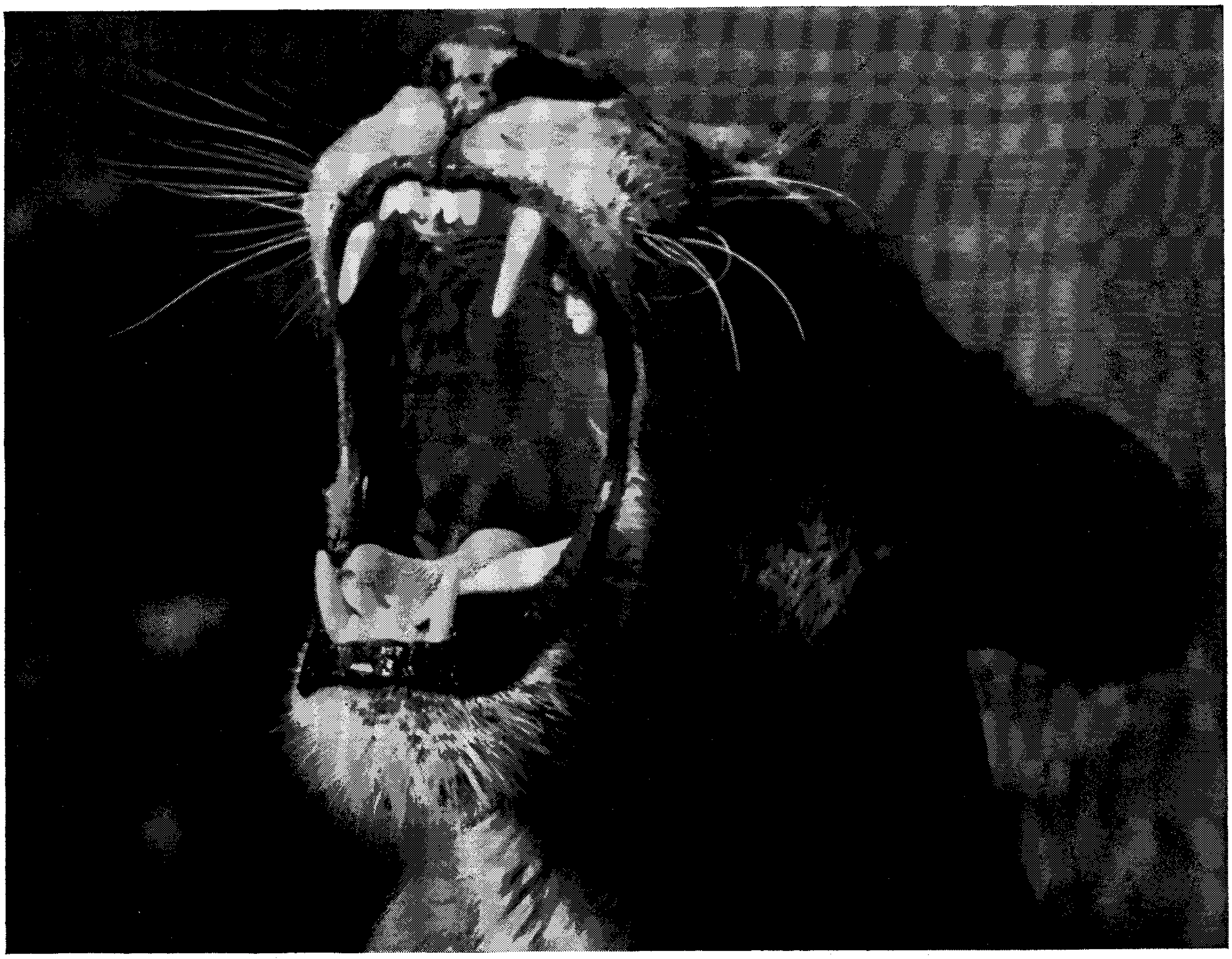

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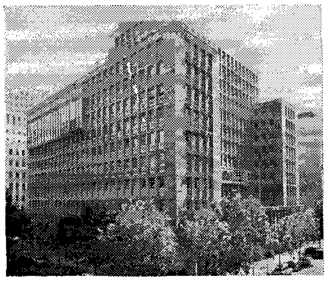

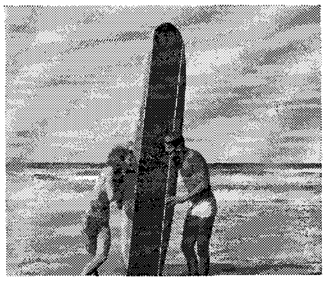

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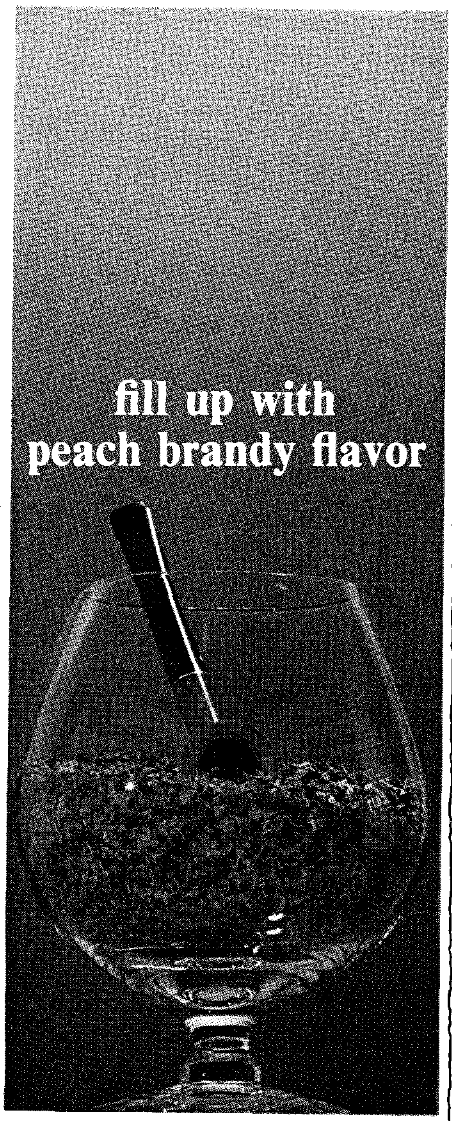

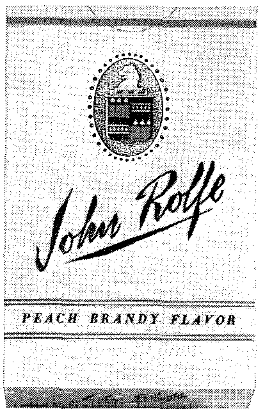

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different variety from the scion, or upper branches. The two parts are put together at an early stage of growth, and the place on the trunk of a mature tree where the two were put together is called the bud union.) After 1835, orange growing in Florida was revived with buds from Dummett's trees. From the Dummett grove came the oranges of the Indian River, whose reputation soon spread so far that czars of Russia sent ships to fetch them.

The Indian River is not actually a river but a tidal lagoon, about two miles wide in most places and one hundred and twenty miles long, running between the Florida mainland and the Atlantic barrier beaches. Merritt Island is close to the Indian River's northern end. Dummett used to go out to meet trading schooners in a thirty-foot sailing canoe, its gunwales riding near the waterline under a load of oranges packed in barrels between layers of dried Spanish moss. He had made the canoe from a single log of cypress with the help of another orange grower, Captain Mills Olcott Burnham, a Vermonter who had moved to Florida for his health. Burnham had regained his strength so dramatically that he could lift two fifty-pound kegs, one in each hand, and hold them wide apart. After Congress passed the Armed Occupation Act—giving a hundred and sixty acres of Florida land to anyone who could fight off the Seminoles and hold his ground for seven years—Burnham, in 1842, led an unlikely group on an expedition south from Merritt Island, opening up the Indian River and establishing a community near the present site of Fort Pierce. Florida was the only wilderness in the world that attracted middle-aged pioneers. The young ones were already on their way west toward California. The sub-tropics may actually have been fiercer than the plains, in that both areas had hostile Indians but Florida alone had its stupendous reptiles. Florida, even then, appealed to aging doctors, retired brokers, and consumptives; examples of each of these categories went bravely down the Indian River with Captain Burnham. So did Cobbett the Cobbler, who is described in contemporary accounts as having had a chalky face and a bright-red nose, which acted as a kind of wet bulb for whiskey. Cobbett the Cobbler could smell the stuff a mile away, and if a bottle was open anywhere in the settlement he would charge through the woods in its direction, yelling so primitively that the others instinctively reached for their rifles. Crazy Ned, a sailor who had once fallen from the

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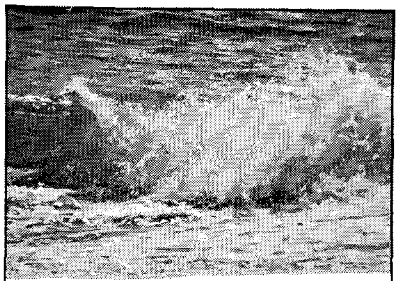

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topmast to the deck of a ship, was a beardless and irritable man whose injuries unfortunately made him appear, with each step he took, to be attempting to dive into the ground. Ossian B. Hart, who later became governor of Florida, was a violinist. When he played in the evening for his fragile and patrician wife, a periphery of snouts would appear beyond the veranda of his cabin. Hart was Heifetz to the alligators of the Indian River, and the settlement was safe when he was playing. Old Phil and Young Phil Herman might have been twins, not only because their features were similar but because Young Phil looked old and Old Phil looked young. They were actually father and son, and they had a peculiar sense of hospitality. After inviting guests to dinner, Old Phil would scatter crumbs under the table. In the middle of the meal, he would tap his foot, and up through a hole in the floor boards would come one of his trained snakes. While the snake writhed in and out among the legs of the guests, getting all the corn bread it could hold, Old Phil and Young Phil writhed with laughter in their chairs. Near U.S. 1, at Ankona, Florida, there is a memorial tablet that was set up in 1926 by the citizens of St. Lucie County, where most Indian River oranges now come from. "This monument was erected to commemorate the first white settlement on Indian River," it says. "In toil and perils they laid the foundation for the safety we enjoy today."

New orange growers who arrived after the Civil War tended at first to settle north of the Indian River region along the St. Johns River. The Great Freeze of 1835 had been dismissed as a fluke. It was thought that the freeze had been caused by a mountainous iceberg lying somewhere off St. Augustine, and that another one was unlikely to come. The growers, for economic reasons, wanted to be near the port of Jacksonville. One of the newcomers was Harriet Beecher Stowe, who, with her husband, Professor Calvin Stowe, bought about thirty acres in the village of Mandarin, in 1868. Florida accepted her warmly, partly because she was quoted in the Northern press, soon after her arrival, as having said that people in Florida were "no more inclined to resist the laws or foster the spirit of rebellion" than people in a state like Vermont. An article in the St. Augustine *Examiner* expressed satisfaction "that Mrs. Stowe has done this little to repair the world of evil for which she is responsible in the production of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' " She

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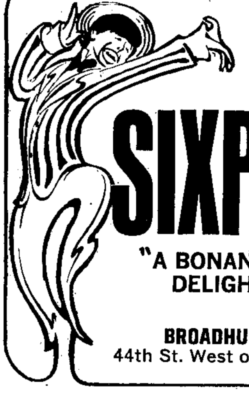

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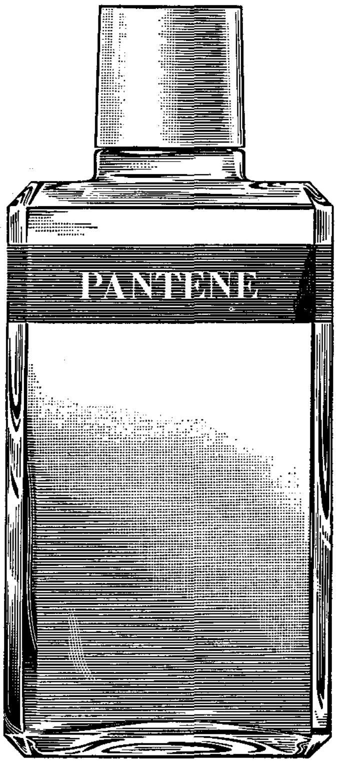

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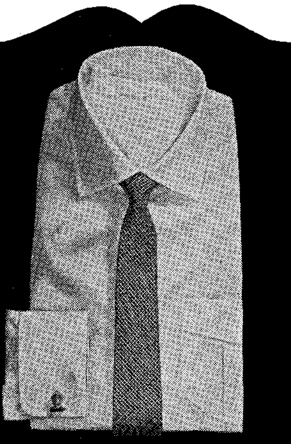
taught Sunday school for Negro children in Mandarin, and taught them to read as well, and for seventeen years she ran a successful orange grove—apparently with very little help from her husband. The Professor had a white, airy beard that started on the crown of his head, made an island of his face, and stuck out a foot from his chin. He wore a small skullcap of flaming crimson, and he spent nearly all of his time reading books on the veranda of the Stowe house overlooking the St. Johns. "His red skullcap served mariners as a sort of daytime lighthouse," Mrs. Stowe wrote in an article in the *Christian Union*. In Northern markets, there was considerable demand for fruit boxes stencilled with the words "ORANGES FROM HARRIET BEECHER STOWE—MANDARIN, FLA." Mandarin had been called San Antonio under the Spanish, but the Americans had, more appropriately, renamed it, for a citrus fruit. The word "mandarin" is thought by many people to be a synonym for "tangerine." But tangerines are actually only a variety of mandarin that happened to originate in Tangier. All mandarins—including the Satsuma, the Clementine, the Cleopatra, the Emperor, and the King, or King Mandarin, Orange—have the so-called zipper skin that grows around the segments of the fruit like a loose-fitting glove.

The plantation society of the St. Johns was fairly metropolitan in contrast to life on the Indian River. Families had settled all along the Indian River, but even twenty years after the Civil War they were few enough so that when they saw a sail miles away they could usually tell by the cut of it who was approaching. At night, a family would go out in a small boat, light a lantern, talk, drift, and in thirty minutes catch enough fish to feed them for a week. On trips for supplies in sailboats, they would sometimes see ahead of them a darkness formed on the water's surface by five hundred acres of ducks. As a boat approached, the ducks would rise with a sound of rolling thunder, leaving on the water five hundred acres of down. Everyone slept on down pillows and down mattresses. The river was full of oysters. The shores were full of cabbage palms, whose hearts, boiled, were delicious. Currency was almost unknown. The nearest bank was in Jacksonville. When families put up Northerners who came for part of the winter, payment was often made by check at the end of a visit. For months, these checks would



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go up and down the Indian River as currency, until they had so many endorsements on them that they looked like petitions. There was one lawyer on the river. He raised oranges because his practice was so small.

In 1881, Hamilton Disston, a maker of saws from Philadelphia, bought four million acres from the State of Florida in tracts that went almost from coast to coast. He sold off two million acres to a British land company and smaller amounts to other land companies in the United States, keeping some to promote on his own. Tantalizing propaganda began to come out of the state. The early circulars that reached Northern cities and farms usually told the approximate truth, saying, for example, that "many men on the Indian River live entirely upon the returns of a few large trees, spending the whole year in hunting and fishing—doing no work." In the *Horticulturist*, there had been a straight-faced report that an expert named Al Fresco, who had eaten oranges from Europe, the Azores, the West Indies, Australia, and Melanesia, had found none to compare with the oranges of Florida. After the Disston purchase, new stories like that one came out of the state every day. Pamphlets said that if a person put about eighteen hundred dollars into a new grove, he could expect that it would soon be worth thirty thousand. New England farmers read these things and hurried to Florida to share the new paradise with farmers from Georgia and the Carolinas, against whom they had been fighting less than twenty years before. "There is nothing to prevent the establishment in Florida of a race of rich men who will rank with the plantation princes of the old South," the Atlanta *Constitution* decided. Land was ceded to railroads, and hundreds of miles of track were put down within a few years—reaching from Jacksonville south to Orlando and west to Gainesville, and continuing down the spine of Florida to open up the Ridge, a hundred-mile stretch of the peninsular divide that would soon be covered with the heaviest concentration of citrus in the world. "Orange growing," wrote a promoter-in-residence at the Silver Springs Land Company, "is no dead level of monotonous exertion, but one that affords scope for the development of an ingenious mind." Englishmen in particular found this sort of argument irresistible, and one of the curiosities of the orange fever of the eighteen-eighties is that a high proportion of the people it attracted were

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English. A writer named Iza Duffus Hardy noted that they were "bronzed, hearty, healthy-looking young fellows, high-booted, broad-hatted, with their cheery English voices and jovial laughs, who ride over—sometimes on half-broken Texan ponies—from their respective 'places,' many a mile away, to spend a social hour in town, and report their progress for the benefit and encouragement of those who have not yet 'settled.' This one a year or two ago was a doctor in London, this an artist, that a barrister."

The Dummett grove on Merritt Island became the setting for an absurd charade. Dummett had died in 1873, and in 1881 his place was bought by a fake Italian duke and a fake Italian duchess. He called himself the Duc di Castellucio, and he hurled himself into the orange business. His wife contributed prose to the Jacksonville *Union* and the Titusville *Florida Star.* "The Neapolitans say 'Naples is a bit of paradise fallen from above,'" wrote the Duchess. "If this saying is true, certainly a bit of the same paradise has fallen on Indian River." The Duke and Duchess built an octagonal wooden palace that is still standing. Nearly all the rooms were octagonal, too, but some of them became irregular hexagons after the Duke and Duchess quarrelled so bitterly that they had a partition built precisely through the middle of the house and never spoke to one another again. While they were fighting, their oranges were flourishing, and the Dummett grove remained the largest in the state. The origins of the Duke remain obscure, but the Duchess was Jenny Anheuser, daughter of the St. Louis brewer. Out on the river, meanwhile, stern-wheelers called the Ina, the Ibis, and the Indian River had begun to operate on regular routes, carrying hundreds of tourists and more settlers on every trip. Rockledge, just south of Cocoa, was for a time the wealthiest winter resort in the United States, and the travel writer C. Vickerstaff Hine called the Indian River "this occidental Adriatic." More and bigger stern-wheelers began to crowd its channels, until, in 1893, they suddenly became obsolete. The Florida East Coast Railway, built by Henry M. Flagler, reached the river that year, and soon paralleled the length of it on the way to Miami.

To orange growers who had chosen reasonably good land, it appeared that almost anything any promoter had ever written was true. No one worried much about freezes. For one thing, it was an

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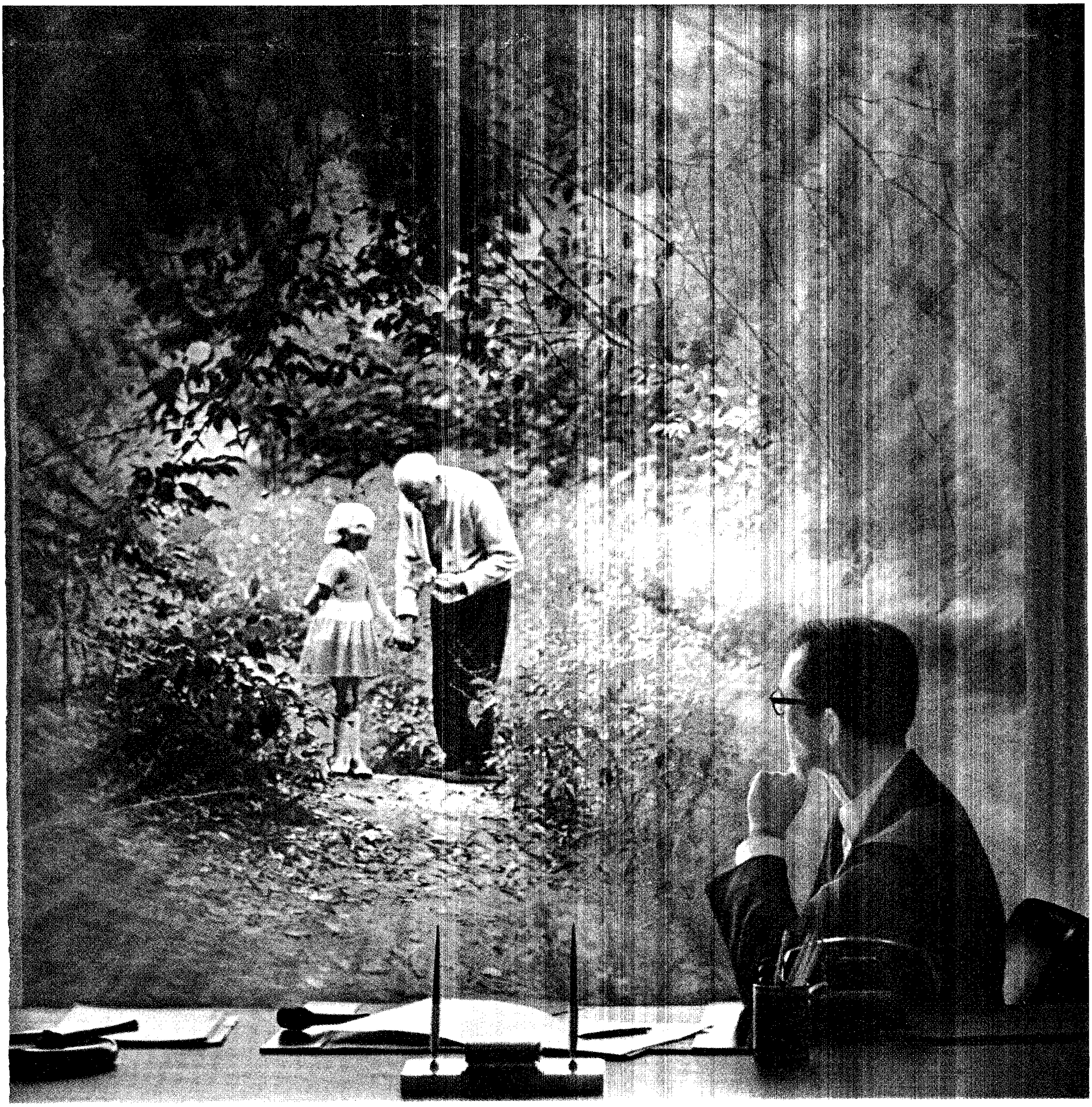

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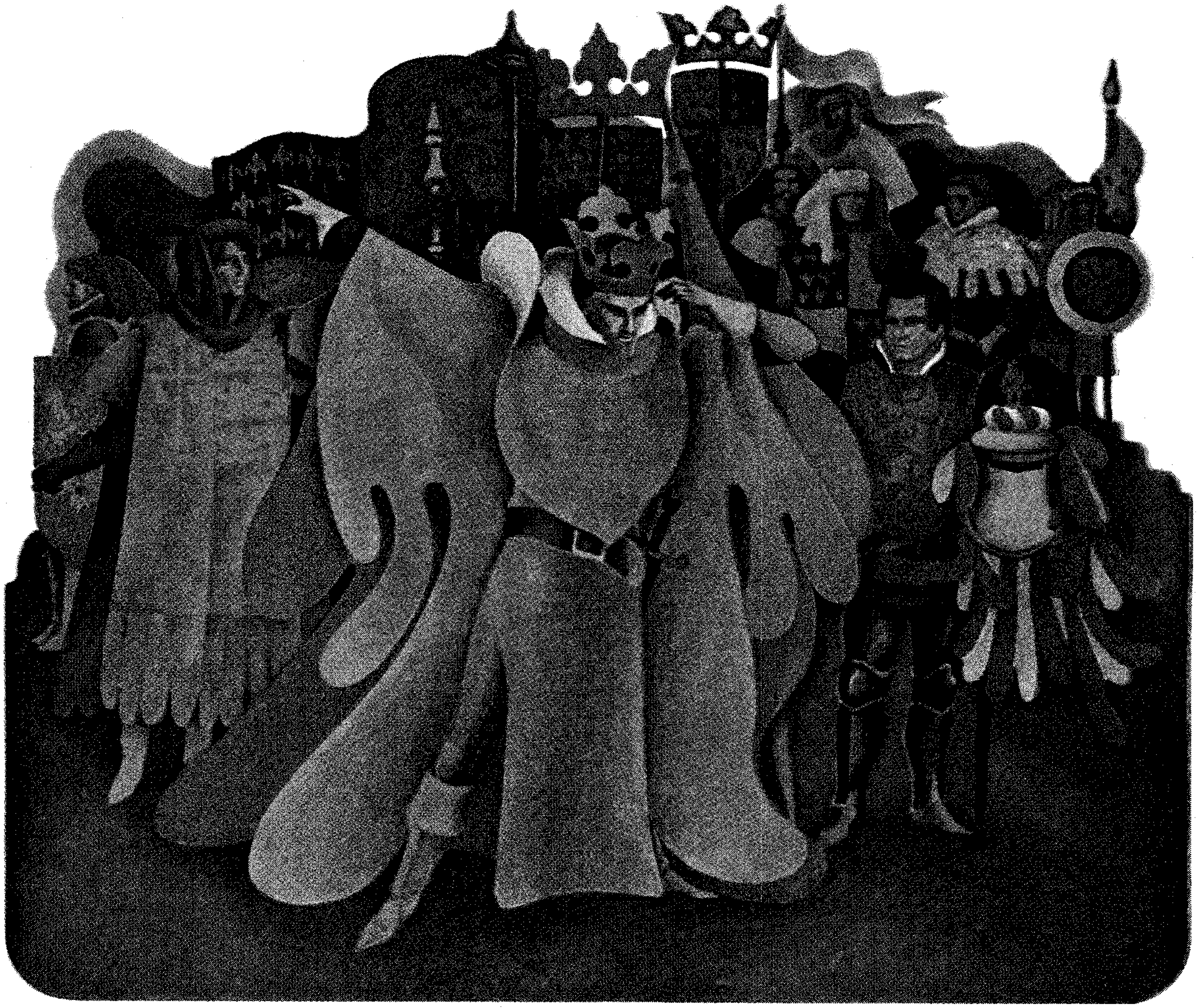

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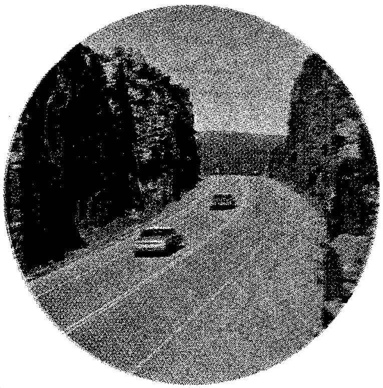

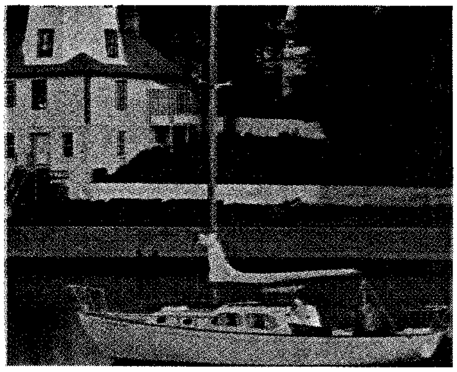

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era of scientific advances in which triumph over nature seemed not only possible but inevitable. A cannon had been fired in the streets of Jacksonville in 1888 in the belief that the concussion would kill all the yellow-fever microbes in the air of the city. Then came the most destructive freeze of the nineteenth century in Florida. The Great Freeze of 1895 actually happened in two stages—a crippling one in December, 1894, then a killing one on February 8, 1895, that sent freezing temperatures all the way to the Florida Keys. Tens of thousands of trees were killed to the bud union, and thousands more were killed to the ground. More than a billion oranges had been shipped out of Florida in 1894. The freeze reduced that figure the following year by ninety-seven per cent.

The Dummett grove survived the 1895 freeze. Most of its trees have since been replaced or rebudded, but six of the original ones that were set out by Douglas Dummett in 1830 are still alive. Each has the girth of a middle linebacker on a professional football team. The reputation Indian River oranges established in the nineteenth century has never flagged. In the eighteen-nineties, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* said, "The Indian River orange is not to be mentioned in the same breath with ordinary oranges. It is a delicacy by itself, hitherto unknown in the world, and which Spain need never attempt to rival." By the nineteen-twenties, the term "Indian River" had taken on such a ring of unquestioned quality that cities seventy-five miles inland apparently decided they were seaports. The Ridge, for a while, became the west bank of the Indian River, and the words "Indian River" appeared on orange crates going out of all parts of Florida. This eventually led to a cease-and-desist order issued in 1930 by the Federal Trade Commission and to the formation, the following year, of the Indian River Citrus League, a growers' organization dedicated to keeping the fame of Indian River citrus unimpeachable and the name parochial. An official Indian River area was established in 1941. It begins about ten miles north of Daytona Beach and continues south through Titusville, Cocoa, Melbourne, Vero Beach, Fort Pierce, and Hobe Sound to Palm Beach. The western demarcation line runs along about fifteen miles inland, more in the south. Over the past decade or so, the River has grown about one-tenth the number of oranges grown on the Ridge. Each

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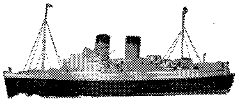

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Indian River orange shipped North carries the words "Indian River" on its skin, and this has helped to foster the mistaken belief that the words signify a distinct type of orange rather than the area from which it comes. The same varieties are grown on the River as elsewhere—about fifty per cent Valencias, thirty per cent Pineapples, the rest Hamlins, Parson Browns, and so on. But Indian River oranges have about twenty-five per cent more sugar in them than oranges grown on the Ridge, and they contain more juice as well. For a long time, people believed that salt airs coming off the Gulf Stream were somehow responsible for the quality of the Indian River orange, and many older growers still feel and will express a mysterious debt to the sea. Pomologists say that the salt-air theory is nonsense. Indian River soil is "heavy," as Floridians put it. That means, as one grower said to me, that "if you let it run through your fingers you can actually get your hands a little dirty." There is no doubt that it is richer than the deep sand on the Ridge; it holds nutrients and moisture better, and it grows a better tree. But the main reason Indian River oranges can be so good is that, until recently at least, most of them have been grown on Sour Orange rootstock. Sour Orange does poorly in the deep sands of the Ridge, and the vigorously foraging Rough Lemon is used there. But Sour Orange does well in the soil near the river. Experiments in Indian River groves have shown that a tree on Sour Orange rootstock will not produce as much fruit as a tree next to it that has been planted on Rough Lemon, but the fruit it does produce will be sweeter and juicier. To tell the truth, I think the interior oranges, as Ridge oranges are sometimes called, have a little more spirit than oranges of the Indian River. I remember the first Indian River orange I ate when I went over there for a few days after several weeks on the Ridge. It was so sweet that it seemed just to melt away. It reminded me of a description I had read when I was hunting around in a ten-pound tome called "Memoirs of the Faculty of Science and Agriculture, Taihoku Imperial University." Part of this volume summarizes the first book ever written on citrus fruit. Its author was a northerner who had gone to the south of China and had later rhapsodized in his book about the celebrated Milk Orange of Wen-Chou. "When it is opened, a fragrant mist enchants the people," he wrote. "It is called the Ju

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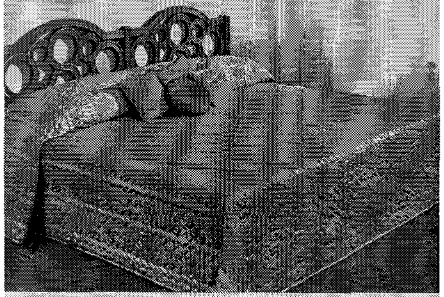

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Kan, or Milk Orange, because of its resemblance to the taste of cream."

ON Merritt Island, I met an orange grower named Robert Hill, who showed me a good many trees in his grove that had lived through the 1895 freeze. He said that they had been set out by his grandfather, and that other trees on his property had been set out by his father. Narrow roads wind through Merritt Island between high walls of orange trees, which are interspersed with numerous houses of growers. Their holdings can be as small as five acres. Robert Hill's groves cover about fifty acres, and his house, one of the oldest on the island, is on a kind of high bank, perhaps thirty feet above the Indian River. Merritt Island was once covered with pines that yielded such fine lumber that it was known as Merritt Island mahogany. The pines still fringe the island in places, and they rise eighty feet or so above Hill's house. Pine needles cover the ground from the house to the water, and the trunks of the pines are two and a half feet thick. Among them, on Hill's property, is a high Indian mound. Through the pines, the river looks more like an estuary in Maine than a tidal lagoon in Florida. On the day that I was there, a steady breeze was blowing through the trees, and it was not difficult to see what had brought Douglas Dummett, Captain Burnham, and Robert Hill's grandfather to the Indian River.

Hill and I had lunch that day in a place called Ramon's, in Cocoa Beach, and as we were driving there, he pointed out to me the gantries of Cape Kennedy across a few miles of open sand. Ramon's was the sort of place that the eyes take two or three minutes to adjust to. It was as cool as it was dark, despite the smoke and the crowd, which included a high proportion of unattached women. Several bartenders appeared to be tiring under the strain of their work, although it was a few minutes before noon. A number of men were wearing sports shirts, but most were in business suits. Hill, in work clothes, seemed a little incongruous to me in Ramon's. He is a short, colloquial, and thoroughly unself-conscious man, and while we were drinking our second round of bourbon-and-water, he told me that places like Ramon's were what Merritt Island had needed for a long time. "This is living," he said.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration has acquired three thousand acres of Merritt Island citrus groves. The trees have been leased

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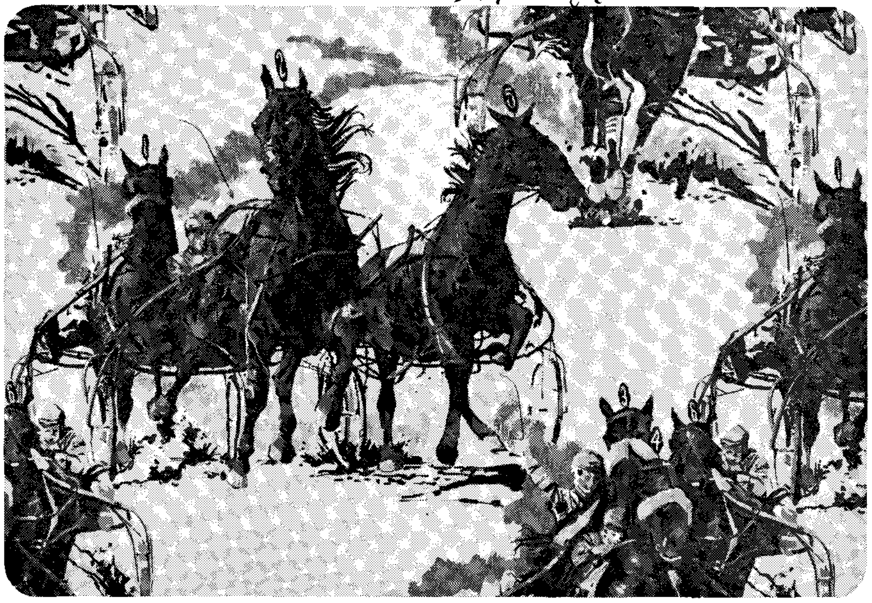

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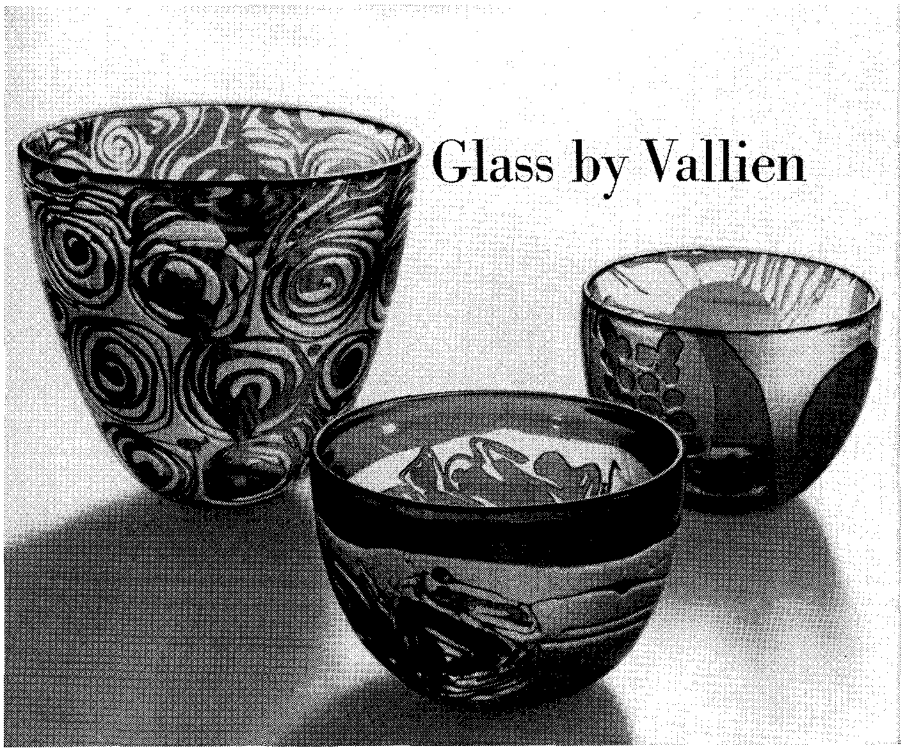

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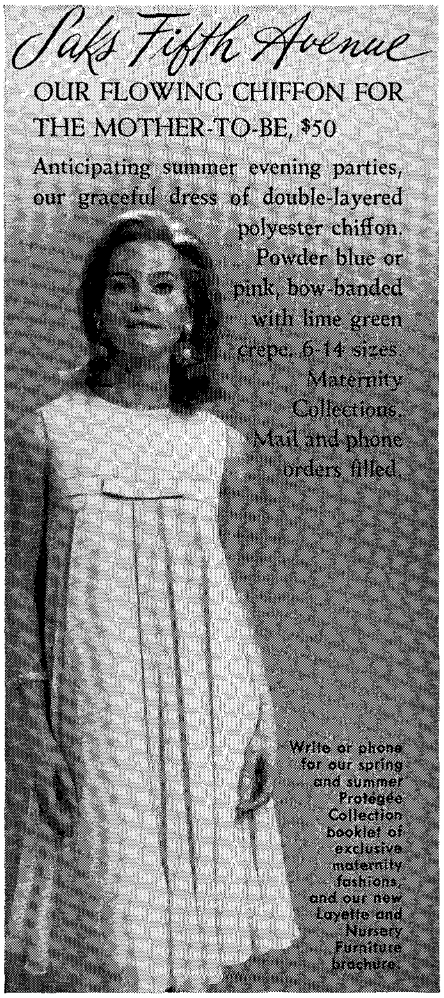
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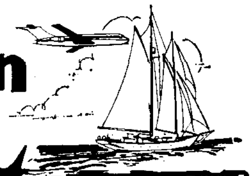

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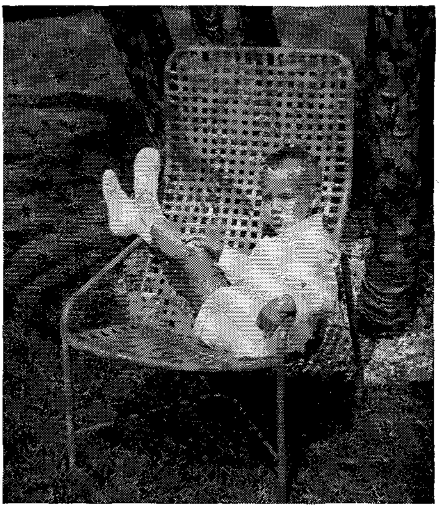
back to their former owners, but the growers are not permitted to live in the groves or even to store equipment there. Hill's grove is part of the six thousand acres of citrus that remain outside of the space reservation. Aerospace industries, residential housing, and places like Ramon's are taking over so rapidly that in a few years there will be no citrus trees on the island, with the exception of those owned by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Hill's son has built a new house next to his father's, and he will probably stay there even if the family grove is cut down. He works for R.C.A. No space-age Chekhov is going to write a play called "The Orange Grove" about the Hill family of Merritt Island.

With aerospace and realty interests preëmpting the northern shores of the Indian River, new plantings have been made in the south. Until 1959, all groves were within two or three miles of the ocean. They had to be, since most of the length of the river is paralleled, a couple of miles inland, by vast savannas, which are largely under water nine months of the year. Much of the west bank of the river is a kind of loaf of ground, described by Floridians as a "bluff" even when it rises only thirteen feet above sea level. But it is high ground indeed compared to what lies beyond it. The savannas reach out to the western horizon, low and flat, filled with saw grass and cat-o'-nine-tails, small cypress trees, and occasional hammocks covered with cabbage palms. Otter live in the savannas, and alligators, wildcat, quail, deer, rabbit, wild turkey, water moccasins, and rattlesnakes. In 1959, the Minute Maid Company went into the savannas with earth-moving machines and heaved up a great ten-foot wall of earth surrounding seven thousand acres of marsh. Then they pumped out the water, graded the sandy soil, and planted six hundred thousand orange trees. It was an impressive feat, and it emboldened many other companies and syndicates to do the same.

I went out into the savannas one day with Hugh Whelchel, the county agent of St. Lucie County, whose job is to be a kind of intelligence service, communicating to farmers and fruit growers information that derives from scientific and academic circles. Whelchel, a tall and bald man in his late thirties, was a citrus major in the Class of '49 at Florida Southern College, and, like all Florida county agents, he is officially ranked as an associate professor of the University of Florida. Riding out into the marsh country



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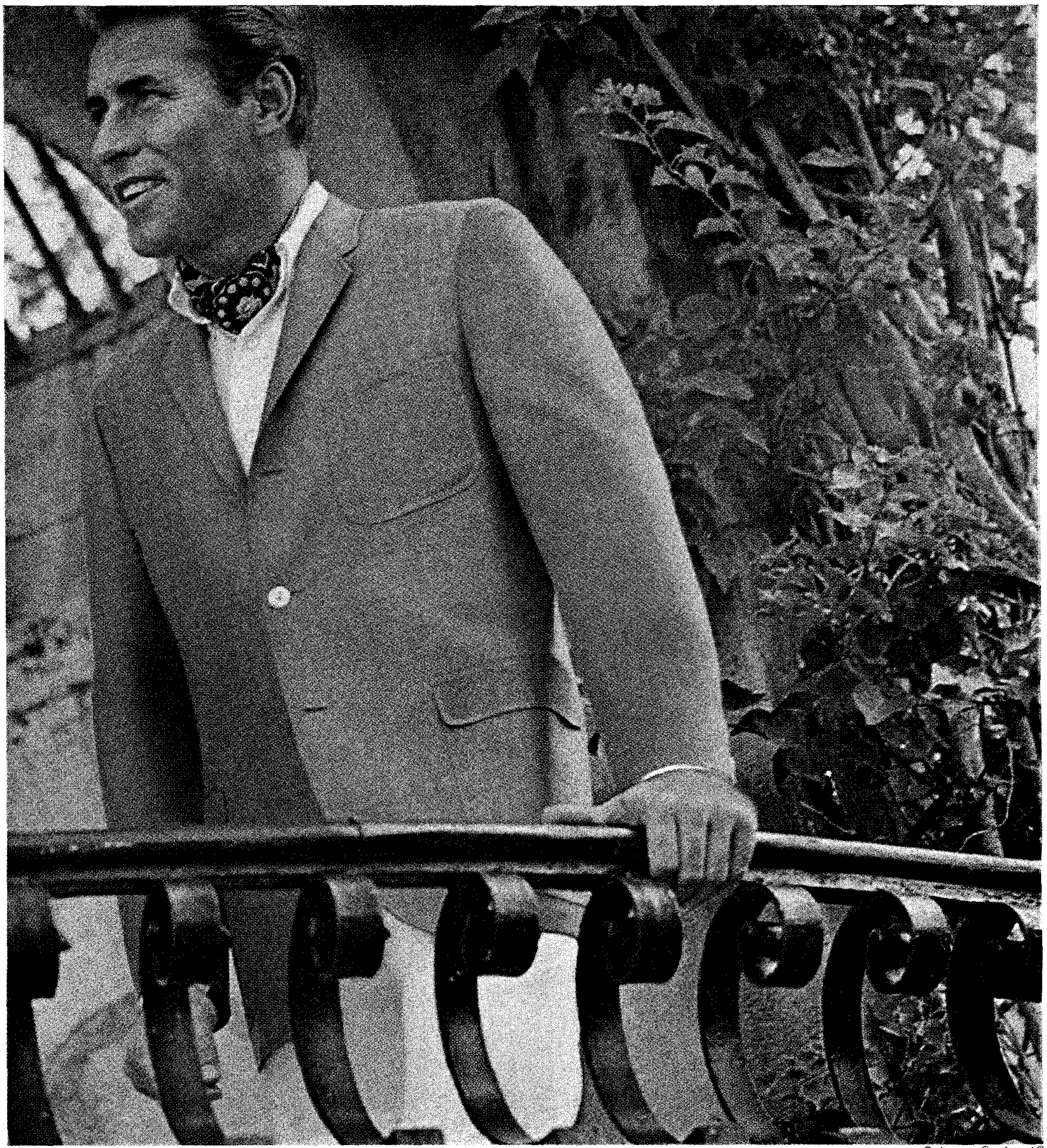

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with him, in his pickup truck, I asked him about the ten-inch laceless boots he was wearing, because I had noticed that nearly everyone who works in Florida orange groves wears them. “They keep the sand out,” he said. “I like a loose-fitting boot like these better than a tight boot, because fangs can go through these and not get to your leg.”

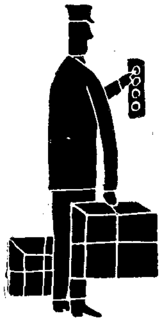
“How often do you see a rattlesnake?” I asked.

“Oh, hell, I guess I kill ten or fifteen a year.”

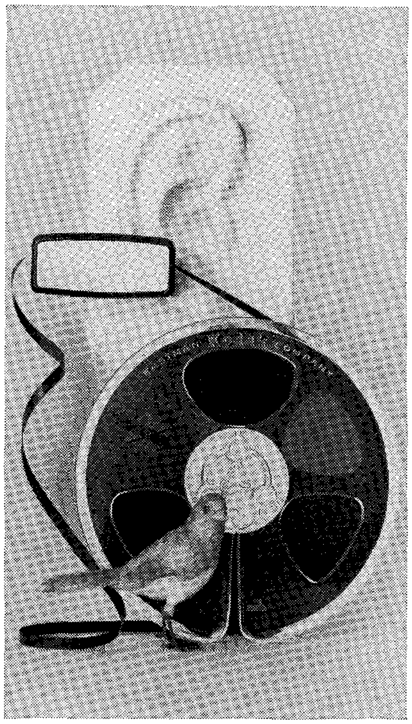
“You keep a gun here in the truck?”

“No. I got a jack handle in the back there.”

We drove up a hill of dirt, over a dike, and down into the Minute Maid reclamation, where young trees had just come into bearing for the first time. The perfect geometry of the groves on the Ridge, with straight middles—the lanes between the rows of trees—stretching for hundreds of yards, had always seemed remarkable to me. Some of the middles in this grove ran on for five miles. Nearly all of the new orange plantings in the reclaimed savannas are on Rough Lemon rootstock. The trees grow faster, bear more fruit, and are less susceptible to virus diseases than they would be on Sour Orange rootstock. Each individual orange is not up to the usual standard of the Indian River, but that hardly matters, since most oranges are now grown for concentrate plants—for the frozen people, as the makers of concentrate are often called in Florida—and a grower’s profits are determined more by volume than by quality. The Rough Lemon rootstocks of the savanna plantations are disturbing to Whelchel and to other county agents and to many growers in the area. They feel that the rise of concentrate may be causing the end, in a sense, of the Indian River. The savanna plantations are officially part of the Indian River, and their owners could take advantage of the name if prices were high enough for them to want to market fresh oranges. Nearly all Indian River trees used to be on Sour Orange, but fifty per cent of them are now on Rough Lemon. “Packinghouses can be expected to discriminate against Rough Lemon fruit,” Whelchel said. “But there is no guarantee of this. We can lose the golden name of the Indian River if we start shipping fresh fruit grown on Rough Lemon rootstock. A smart fresh-fruit advertiser would plug oranges grown strictly on Sour Orange.”



One day, I went into an Indian River packinghouse to watch the objects of all this concern being readied for market. Citrus packinghouses are much the same wherever they are. In a sense, they are more like beauty parlors than processing plants. One problem is that an orange can be quite green when it is perfectly ripe. To make their oranges marketably orange, packers can do two things, one of which is, loosely speaking, natural and the other wholly artificial. The first is a process that was once known as “gassing,” but the unpleasant connotations of that word have caused it to be generally suppressed, and most people now say “de-greening” instead. Green or partly green oranges are put into chambers where, for as much as four days, ethylene gas is circulated among them. The gas helps eliminate the chlorophyll in the flavedo, or outer skin, which is, in a sense, tiled with cells that contain both orange and green pigments. The orange ones are carotenoids, the green ones are chlorophylls, and the chlorophylls are so much more intense that, while they are there, the orange color will not show through. Both of these pigments are floating around in a clear, colorless enzyme called chlorophyllase, which will destroy chlorophyll on contact but has no effect on anything else. The chlorophyll is protected from the enzyme by a thin membrane called a tonoplast. In chilly weather, the tonoplast loses its strength and breaks down, and the enzyme gets at the chlorophyll and destroys it. The orange becomes orange. Thus it is coolness and not ripeness that determines the color of an orange. It would seem to be simple enough to pick a green orange and put it in a refrigerator until it turns orange, but, unfortunately, the membrane that protects the chlorophyll from the enzyme will no longer react in the same way once an orange is picked. In the early years of this century, Californians noticed that oranges tended to become more orange in rooms where kerosene stoves were burning. Assuming that the heat was responsible, orange men on both coasts erected vast wooden ovens called “sweat rooms,” installed banks of kerosene stoves, and turned out vividly colored petroleum-smoked oranges. The more enthusiastic they got, the more stoves they put in. The emerging oranges were half dehydrated. And, with alarming frequency, whole packinghouses would burst into flame. That era



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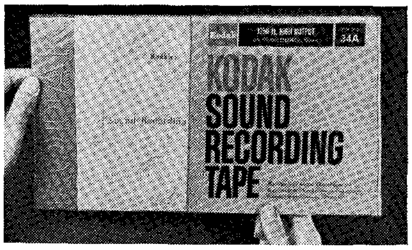

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closed when it was discovered that the ethylene gas produced in the combustion of the kerosene was the actual agent that was affecting the color of the oranges. Ethylene appears to anesthetize, or at least to relax, the membrane that protects the chlorophyll. All fruits take in oxygen and give off carbon dioxide through their skins, and some fruits, interestingly enough, give off ethylene gas as well when they breathe. A pile of green oranges will turn color if stored in a room with enough bananas. One McIntosh apple, puffing hard, can turn out enough ethylene to de-green a dozen oranges in a day or two.

The second method of affecting the color of oranges is more direct: they can be bathed, at times, in a dye whose chemical name is 1-(2, 5-dimethoxyphenylazo) -2 napthol, popularly known as Citrus Red No. 2. This is the only dye permitted by federal law. The use of it is against California law, and the law of Florida, as a kind of safeguard against criticism, requires that dyed oranges be labelled as such and that they contain ten per cent more juice than the established minimum for undyed oranges. In practice, this regulation affects only the Ridge, because Indian River packinghouses are, almost without exception, too proud to dye their oranges. Citrus Red No. 2 is an aggressive and unnerving pink, but, applied to the green and yellow-green and yellow-orange surfaces of oranges, it produces an acceptable color. How acceptable seems to differ with individuals, and, in a more remarkable way, with geography. Judging by sales figures, people in New England instinctively reject oranges that have the blue letters "COLOR ADDED" stamped on their skins. In the Middle West, though, color-added oranges are in demand. Stores have even put advertisements in Chicago newspapers announcing when color-added oranges were available. Distributors there say they could sell many more oranges if the packinghouses would intensify the dye. In Florida, citrus men sometimes say of Midwesterners, "Those people don't want oranges. They want tomatoes." In an average year, the color-add season only lasts for several weeks in the autumn. There is no need for dye in the winter. In the late spring, high-season Valencias may turn partly green again; the dye has an unsatisfactory effect on them, however, and is not used. In the course of a Florida season, as one variety follows another, there is a general rise in the internal quality of oranges, and high-season Valencias are, on the

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average, the best oranges available at any time in the year. They are often mottled with green, though, and many people pass them by.

The oranges in the Indian River packinghouse I visited had been gassed and were being washed in warm soapy water, brushed with palmetto-fibre brushes, and dried by foam-rubber squeegees and jets of hot air. (They tumble around a great deal while going through these processes, but oranges do not bruise one another the way apples sometimes do, and, in fact, an orange can absorb a blow that would finish an apple.) Brushed again with nylon bristles to bring out their natural shine, they were coated with Johnson's Wax until they glistened like cats' eyes. The wax, which is edible, replaces a natural wax that is lost when the oranges are cleaned. Apples, cherries, and the rest of the pip and stone fruits look much the same when they enter a packinghouse as when they leave, but when oranges arrive they are covered with various things, from sooty mold to dust smeared by heavy dews. They have to be washed, but without their surface wax they would breathe very rapidly and begin to shrivel within hours. The natural wax therefore has to be replaced. Packers replace it and then some—but if they apply too much wax, the orange will suffocate and its flavor will become, at best, insipid.

ON the Ridge as on the River, the organization of the Florida citrus business has acquired an elaborate superstructure; to the eye of the outsider it appears that for every man in blue jeans there are three with briefcases. The industry has an almost bizarre number of administrative and trade organizations, but there are five major ones—the Florida Citrus Mutual, the Florida Citrus Commission, the Florida Canners Association, the Florida Fresh Fruit Shippers Association, and the Indian River Citrus League. The offices of the Florida Citrus Mutual are in Lakeland, in a three-story building painted bright yellow with paint made experimentally from grapefruit. On an exterior wall, large lettering says, "IF IT'S GOOD FOR THE GROWER, LET'S DO IT," summing up the purpose of the organization inside. The Florida Citrus Mutual exists to create higher profits for grove owners, and it can exert considerable influence on the price of oranges through its market bulletin. Robert Rutledge, the organization's executive vice-president and operating head, is essentially a public-relations

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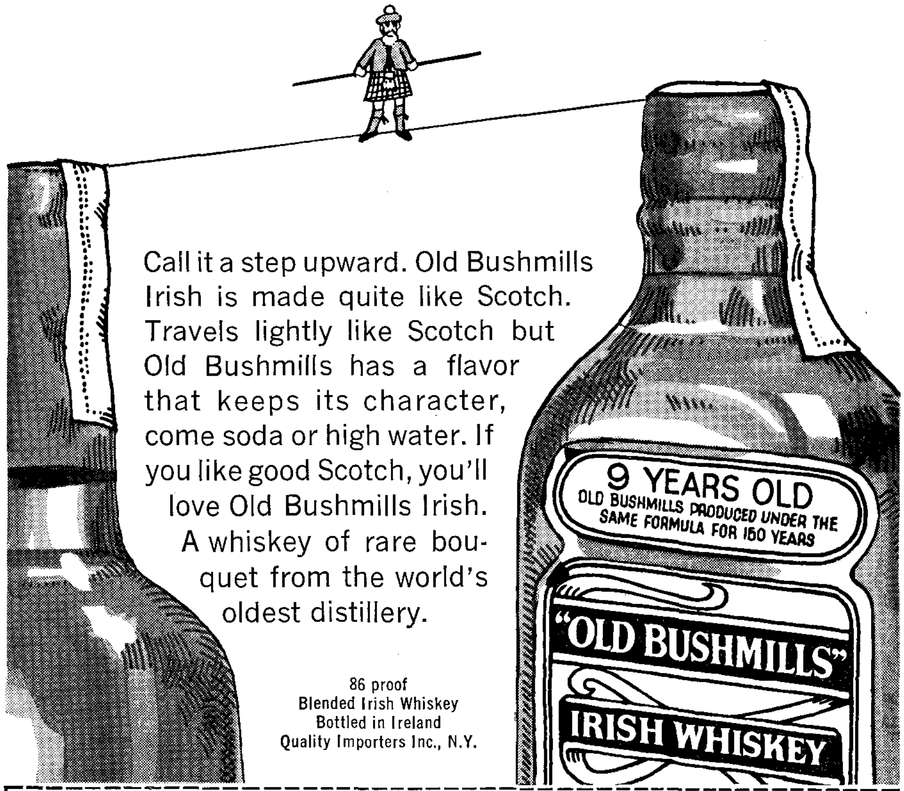
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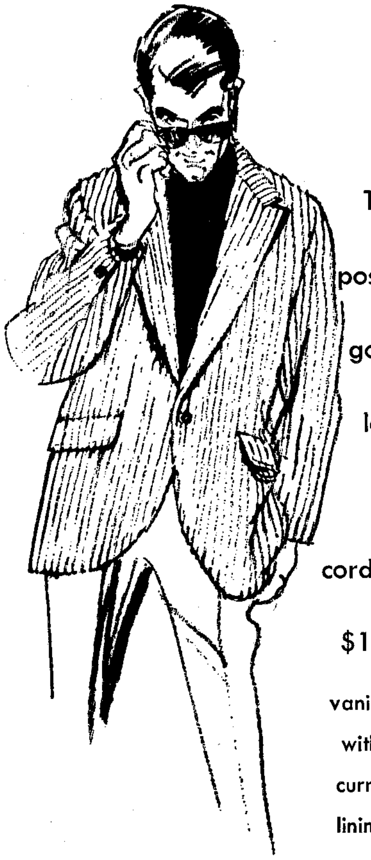

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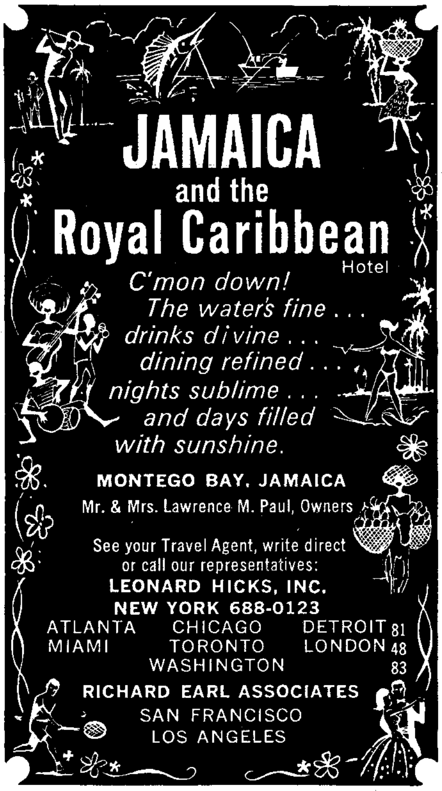

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man. In newspapers like the Orlando *Sentinel*, the Lakeland *Ledger*, and the Tampa *Tribune*, his picture seems to appear more frequently than President Johnson's. He lobbies in Tallahassee, crowns citrus queens on the Ridge, and in general keeps himself and his organization so much in view that he has become a symbol of the modern Florida citrus business.

In the lobby of the Mutual building there is a picture, three feet by four, of Rutledge leaning against a ladder in an orange grove, wearing blue jeans and carrying a picker's bag. When I met him, one day, in his office, he was wearing a dark suit, a pastel-blue tie against a pastel-blue shirt, and black, laceless filigreed shoes. "I consider the whole state of Florida my home," he told me.

"Were you born in Florida?" I asked.

"I'm part Seminole."

On his briefcase were the words, in gold letters, "BOB RUTLEDGE, ACHIN' ACRES, FLORIDA." "Achin' Acres is the largest ten-acre ranch in the world," he said. "I have two thousand citrus trees on it. It's really seventy acres." At the time, he commuted to Achin' Acres in a shiny yellow Thunderbird with a grapefruit paint job.

"Have you always lived at Achin' Acres?"

"I was born in an alligator swamp," he said. The alligator swamp turned out to be a section of Peoria, Illinois. Rutledge went to Peoria High School and the University of Illinois, where he majored in marketing and was graduated in 1947. He was deeply tanned, and had dark, quick eyes that darted about the room as we talked. Beside the door of his office there was a plastic orange tree. On his desk were fourteen small brass plates, engraved with inscriptions like "Why All This Toil for the Triumphs of an Hour?," "Who Escapes a Duty Avoids a Gain," and "A Fool Flatters Himself, the Wise Man Flatters the Fool." On the wall was a framed copy of a poem called "My Florida":

> My Florida, when from thy low-hung stars
> Thy numerous inlets and thy tide-swept bars,
> I take my leave, and in the fading light
> My spirit into unknown parts takes flight . . .

The Florida citrus industry is self-regulating and pays its own way. It has no land in the federal soil bank and receives no government subsidies. In a sense, the industry subsidizes govern-

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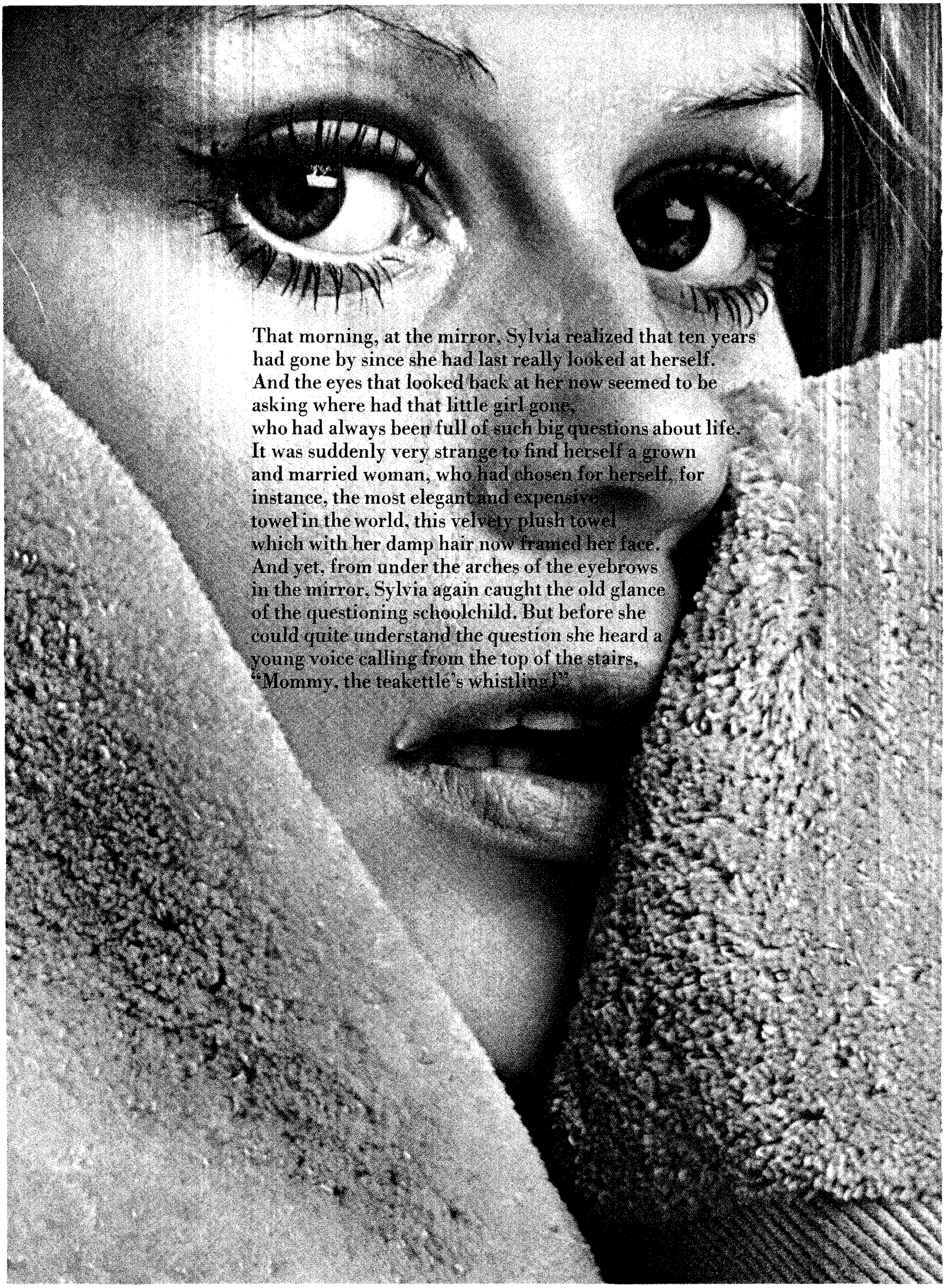

That morning, at the mirror, Sylvia realized that ten years
had gone by since she had last really looked at herself.
And the eyes that looked back at her now seemed to be
asking where had that little girl gone,
who had always been full of such big questions about life.
It was suddenly very strange to find herself a grown
and married woman, who had chosen for herself, for
instance, the most elegant and expensive
towel in the world, this velvety plush towel
which with her damp hair now framed her face.
And yet, from under the arches of the eyebrows
in the mirror, Sylvia again caught the old glance
of the questioning schoolchild. But before she
could quite understand the question she heard a
young voice calling from the top of the stairs,
"Mommy, the teakettle's whistling!"

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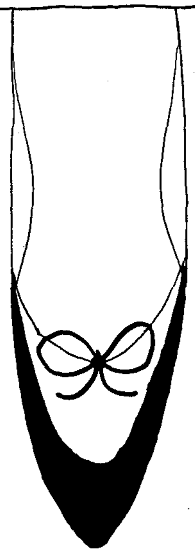
ment. The Florida Citrus Commission was set up by the state in 1935 to administer—among other things—the state's code of regulations for the citrus business. It is financed not by the state's general treasury but by a levy against growers. There are twelve commissioners—all growers and nearly all millionaires—and they are appointed by the Governor of Florida. They meet in public session in a softly lighted, deeply upholstered, cool auditorium in the Citrus Commission's building in Lakeland. Their mission in recent years has been to sustain the miracle of concentrate. At one meeting last spring, they appeared to be a worried group of men. Totally synthetic juice had suddenly come out of nowhere and had already taken fifteen per cent of the market. One synthetic juice was even being served regularly at the United States Naval Academy. There was talk of using deficit financing to launch an epic new advertising campaign, and debate grew tense over a proposal to attack the competition by adding sugar to frozen concentrate—until then such an unthinkable practice that anyone caught doing it had been fined fifty thousand dollars. Onstage, sitting behind a large U-shaped table, the commissioners had the manner of a high court, listening to testimony and arguing among themselves. At one point, the Commission's attorney, D. B. Kibler III (he is inevitably referred to among citrus people as Kibler the Quibbler), said that a point of law required that it be clearly established whether sugar could in any way be considered a preservative. Dr. Louis Gardner MacDowell was asked to take the stand.

A tall, fairly heavyset man wearing khaki trousers and a faded plum-colored sports shirt got up and walked down to the front of the auditorium. MacDowell is revered from Coral Gables to Pensacola Bay as the originator of concentrate. From his mind came the idea that produced a seven-hundred-million-dollar industry. However, as a public servant—he was, and still is, Director of Research at the Citrus Commission—he got nothing for his idea except six months of extra vacation time, which he has been using up by adding a week a year to his standard three. His salary is fifteen thousand dollars a year. He has often said, with equanimity, that if he had wanted to be a rich man he wouldn't have got a Ph.D. in the first place. He hunts when he can, fishes more often, and is kept fairly busy directing the research of forty-three men. One of the commissioners leaned forward and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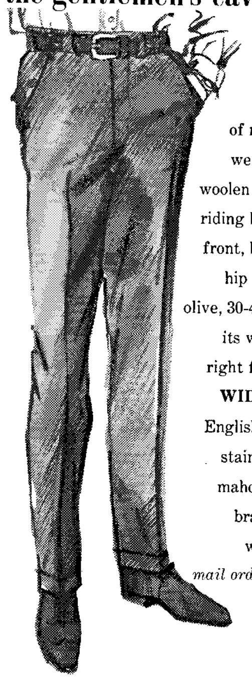

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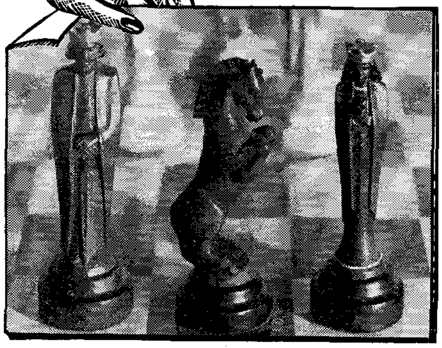

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asked MacDowell whether, in his opinion, sugar could in any way be considered a preservative. "No," MacDowell said, and, without adding a syllable, he turned around and went back into the relative darkness of the auditorium.

The patron saint of concentrate, as he is sometimes called, was born in Asbury Park, New Jersey. He grew up mainly in Melbourne, Florida, on the Indian River. His father owned hotels in both towns. He remembers going up to Merritt Island as a boy and watching the orange boats being loaded from jetties. He was in the Class of '33 at the University of Florida, in Gainesville. "I majored in chemistry," he told me, in the course of a conversation I had with him one day in his office. "But most of my time was spent boozing and hunting girls." He stayed in Gainesville to take his doctorate, and he became the seventh Ph.D. in the university's history. He was named Director of Research at the Citrus Commission in 1942, charged with finding new uses for oranges. He did not actually invent concentrate. Nor did he discover it. Various people working in the field had already found that it was easy enough to concentrate orange juice; the trouble was that it had almost no taste. When the water was removed, most of the orange flavor went with it. This remains true of concentrate today. When the evaporators are finished with the juice, it has a nice orange color and seems promising, but if it is reconstituted into "orange juice" it tastes like a glass of water with two teaspoons of sugar and one aspirin dissolved in it. It was this problem that MacDowell overcame. "Just as simple as that, it occurred to me to overconcentrate the juice and then add fresh juice to it," he said. "And that was that. Very simple. No earthshaking research at all." This process is known as "cutback" in concentrate plants. After the juice is concentrated to a super-thick viscosity, fresh orange juice and other flavoring elements are put into it. "It was my idea to do this, but my colleagues Dr. E. L. Moore and Mr. C. D. Atkins did the doing," MacDowell said. A patent was eventually granted to the three of them and assigned to the Secretary of Agriculture for free use by the people of the United States. The patent office had previously turned down the application twice, because MacDowell's flash of genius seemed to lack the stature of a discovery. After two million gallons of concentrate had been sold, the patent office changed its mind.

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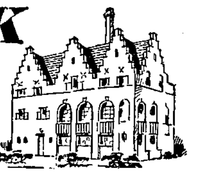

a great love for the state," MacDowell told me, with some irony coming into his voice. "But Florida hasn't really got much of a sense of romance about its citrus industry. California has the original Navel Orange tree in a state park or somewhere. Nobody saves old trees here. Pink grapefruit developed in Bradenton. Parson Brown Oranges in Webster. And so on. Nobody cares. We're the Fords and the Chevrolets, not the Rolls-Royces and the Cadillacs. In Indian River, they have some feeling that citrus is a way of life. Over here, on the Ridge, citrus to most people is just a way to make money."

THE enormous factories that the frozen people have built as a result of MacDowell's idea more closely resemble oil refineries than auto plants. The evaporators are tall assemblages of looping pipes, quite similar to the cat-cracking towers that turn crude oil into gasoline. When oranges arrive, in semi-trailers, they are poured into giant bins, so that a plant can have a kind of reservoir to draw upon. At Minute Maid's plant in Auburndale, for example, forty bins hold four million oranges, or enough to keep the plant going for half a day. From samples analyzed by technicians who are employed by the State of Florida, the plant manager knows what the juice, sugar, and acid content is of the fruit in each bin, and blends the oranges into the assembly line accordingly, always attempting to achieve as uniform a product as possible. An individual orange obviously means nothing in this process, and the rise of concentrate has brought about a basic change in the system by which oranges are sold. Growers used to sell oranges as oranges. They now sell "pounds-solids," and modern citrus men seem to use the term in every other sentence they utter. The rise of concentrate has not only changed the landscape and the language; it has, in a sense, turned the orange inside out. Because the concentrate plants are making a product of which the preponderant ingredient is sugar, it is sugar that they buy as raw material. They pay for the number of pounds of solids that come dissolved in the juice in each truckload of oranges, and these solids are almost wholly sugars. Growers now worry more about the number of pounds of sugar they are producing per acre than the quality of the individual oranges on their trees. If the concentrate plants bought oranges by weight alone, growers could plant, say, Hamlins on Rough Lemon in light sand—a scion, root-

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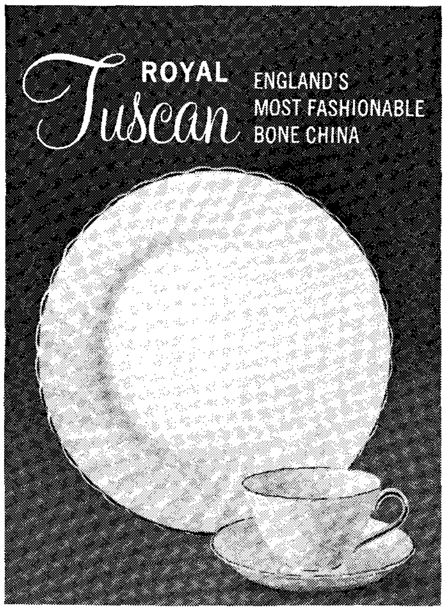

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stock, and soil combination that will produce extremely heavy yields of insipid and watery oranges.

As the fruit starts to move along a concentrate plant's assembly line, it is first culled. Split and rotten oranges are taken out and eventually become cattle feed. Moving up a conveyor belt, oranges are scrubbed with detergent before they roll on into juicing machines. There are several kinds of juicing machines, and they are something to see. One is called the Brown Seven Hundred. Seven hundred oranges a minute go into it and are split and reamed on the same kind of rosettes that are in the centers of ordinary kitchen reamers. The rinds that come pelting out the bottom are integral halves, just like the rinds of oranges squeezed in a kitchen. Another machine is the Food Machinery Corporation's FMC In-line Extractor. It has a shining row of aluminum jaws, upper and lower, with shining aluminum teeth. When an orange tumbles in, the upper jaw comes crunching down on it while at the same time the orange is penetrated from below by a perforated steel tube. As the jaws crush the outside, the juice goes through the perforations in the tube and down into the plumbing of the concentrate plant. All in a second, the juice has been removed and the rind has been crushed and shredded beyond recognition. From either machine, the juice flows on into a thing called the finisher, where seeds, rag, and pulp are removed. The finisher has a big stainless-steel screw that steadily drives the juice through a fine-mesh screen. From the finisher, it flows on into holding tanks. Orange juice squeezed at home should be consumed fairly soon after it is expressed, because air reacts with it and before long produces a bitter taste, and the juice has fatty constituents that can become rancid. In the extractors, the finishers, and the troughs of concentrate plants, a good bit of air gets into the juice. Bacilli and other organisms may have started growing in it. So the juice has to be pasteurized. In some plants, this occurs before it is concentrated. In others, pasteurization is part of the vacuum-evaporating process—for example, in the Minute Maid plant in Auburndale, which uses the Thermal Accelerated Short Time Evaporator (T.A.S.T.E.). A great, airy network of bright-red, looping tubes, the Short Time stands about fifty feet high. Old-style evaporators keep one load of juice within them for about an hour, gradually boiling the water out. In the Short Time, juice flows in at one end in a continu-

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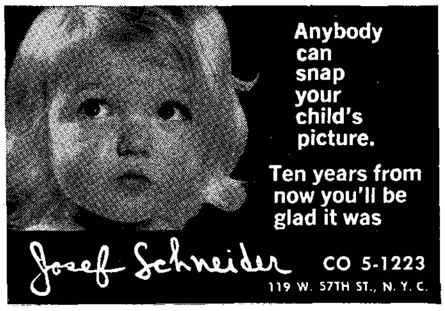
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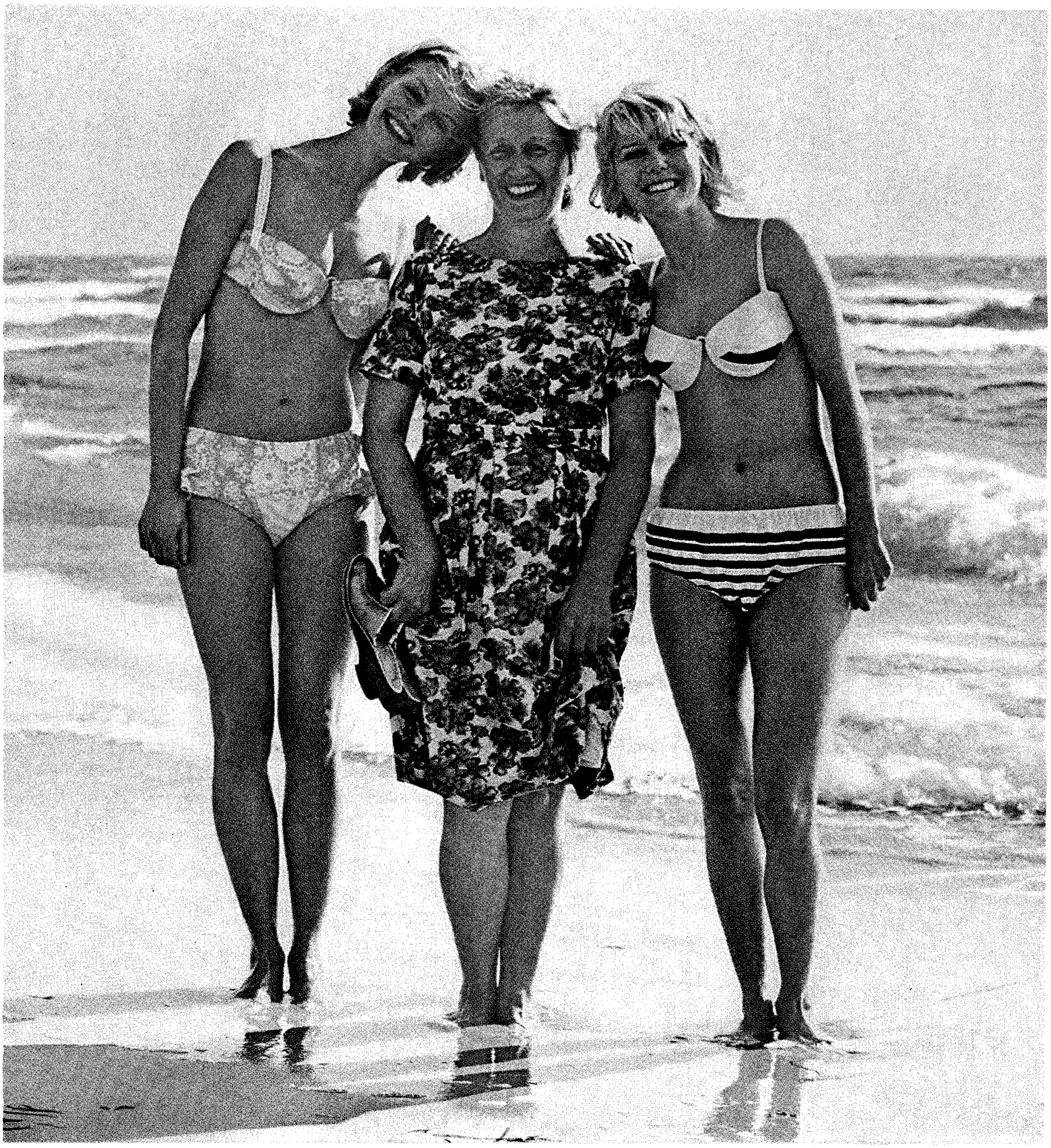

Some people think July and August are the only good months to visit Scandinavia.

This picture was taken last September 25th at Malmo, Sweden. September looks like a pretty good month, too, doesn't it?

According to many people who have never been there, Scandinavia goes into deep freeze on September 1st. Some deep freeze.

The day this picture was taken, the temperature in Malmo was 66°. The day before, it was 70°.

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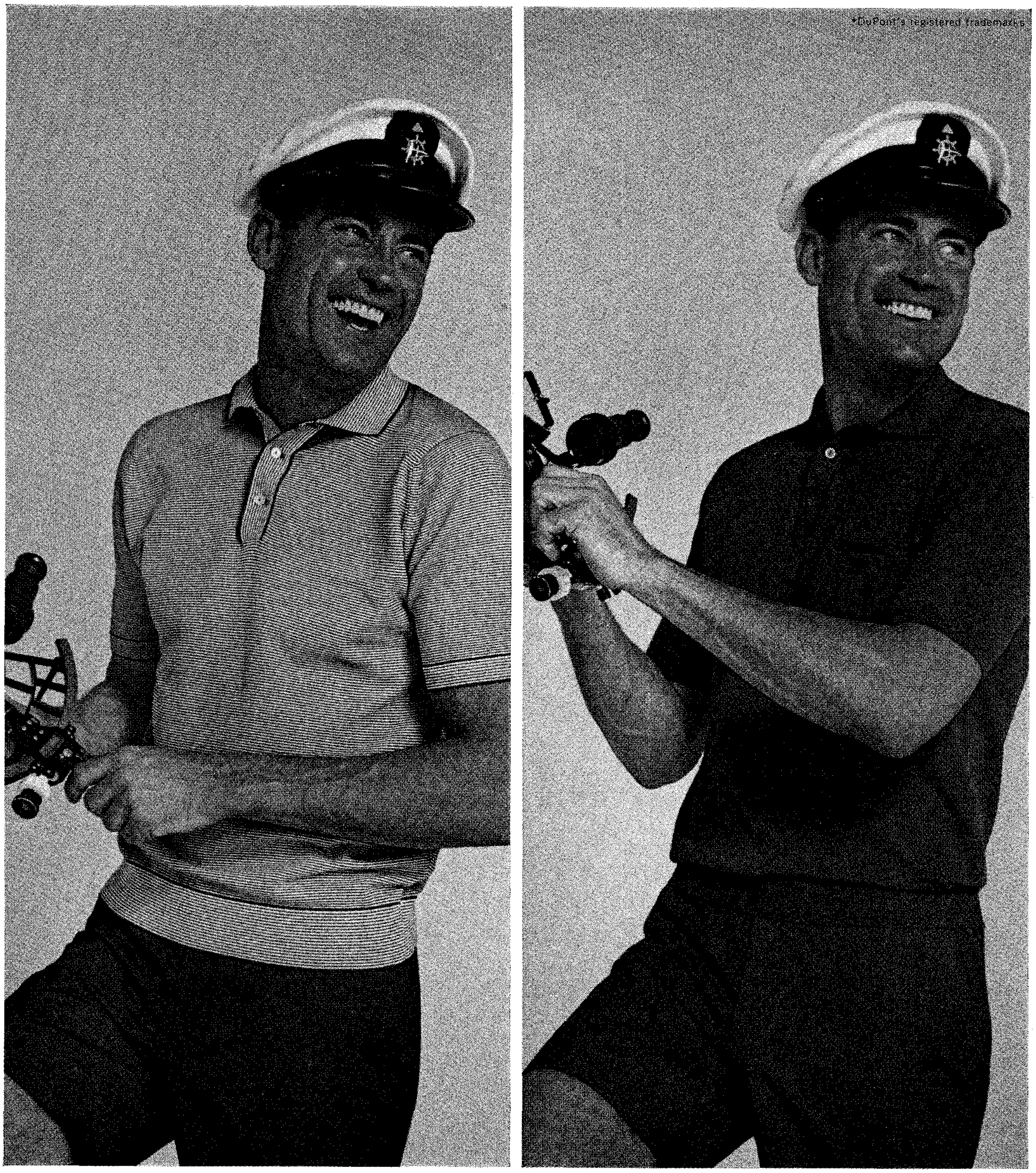

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ous stream and comes out the other end eight minutes later.

Specific gravity, figured according to a special scale for sugar solutions, is the measurement of concentrate. The special scale, worked out by a nineteenth-century German scientist named Adolf F. W. Brix, is read in "degrees Brix." Orange juice as it comes out of oranges is usually about twelve degrees Brix—that is, for every hundred pounds of water there are twelve pounds of sugar. In the Short Time, orange juice passes through seven stages. At each stage, there are sampling valves. The juice at the start is plain, straightforward orange juice but with a notable absence of pulp or juice vesicles. By the third stage, the juice is up to nineteen degrees Brix and has the viscosity and heat of fairly thick hot chocolate. The flavor is rich and the aftertaste is clean. At the fifth stage, the juice is up to forty-six degrees Brix—already thicker than the ultimate product that goes into the six-ounce can—and it has the consistency of cough syrup, with a biting aftertaste. After the seventh stage, the orange juice can be as high as seventy degrees Brix. It is a deep apricot-orange in color. It is thick enough to chew, and its taste actually suggests apricot-flavored gum. Stirred into enough water to take it back to twelve degrees Brix, it tastes like nothing much but sweetened water.

The most important moment comes when the cutback is poured in, taking the super-concentrated juice down to forty-five degrees Brix, which MacDowell and his colleagues worked out as a suitable level, because three cans of tap water seemed to be enough to thaw the juice fairly quickly but not so much that the cooling effect of the cold concentrate would be lost in the reconstituted juice. Cutback is mainly fresh orange juice, but it contains additional flavor essences, peel oil, and pulp. Among the components that get boiled away in the evaporator are at least eight hydrocarbons, four esters, fifteen carbonyls, and sixteen kinds of alcohol. The chemistry of orange juice is so subtle and complicated that most identifications are tentative, and no one can guess which components form its taste, let alone in what proportion. Some of these essences are recovered in condensation chambers in the evaporators, and they are put back into the juice. The chief flavoring element in cutback is d-limonene, which is the main ingredient of peel oil. The oil cells in the skins of all citrus fruit are ninety per cent d-limonene. It is d-limonene that burns the lips of children sucking oranges. D-limonene reddened the lips of ladies

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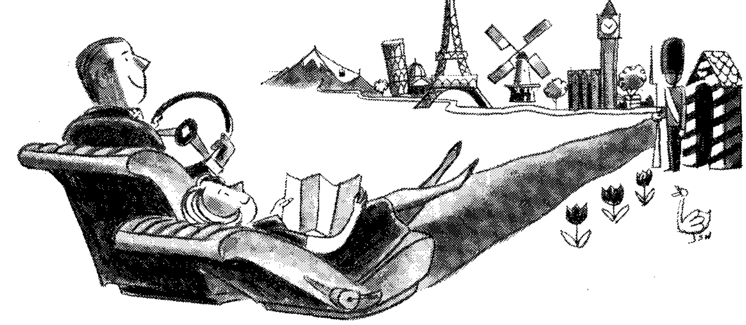

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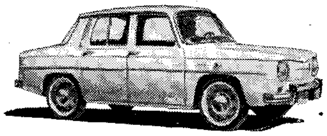

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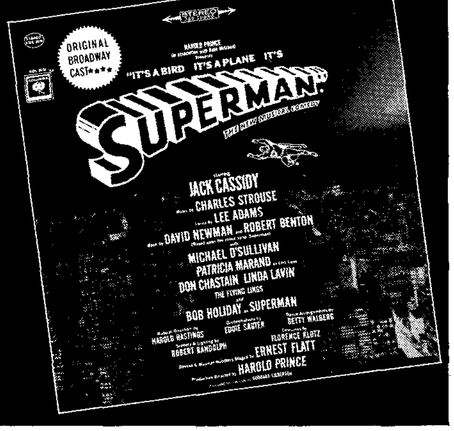

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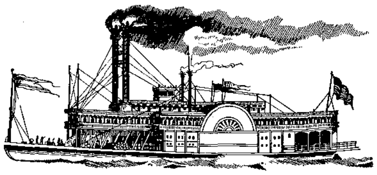

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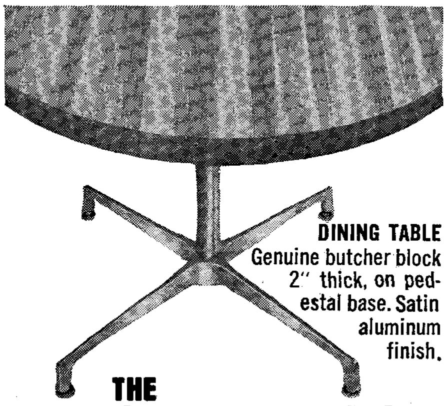

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in the seventeenth-century French court, who bit into limes for the purpose. D-limonene is what makes the leaves of all orange and grapefruit trees smell like lemons when crushed in the hand. D-limonene is what the Martini drinker rubs on the rim of his glass and then drops into his drink in a twist of lemon. The modern Martini drinker has stouter taste buds than his predecessors of the seventeenth century, when people in Europe used to spray a little peel oil on the outside of their wineglasses, in the belief that it was so strong that it would penetrate the glass and impart a restrained flavor to the wine. In the same century, peel oil was widely used in Germany in the manufacture of "preservative plague-lozenges." In the fourteenth century in Ceylon, men who dived into lakes to search the bottom for precious stones first rubbed their bodies with orange-peel oil in order to repel crocodiles and poisonous snakes. Peel oil is flammable. Peel oil is the principal flavoring essence that frozen people put into concentrated orange juice in order to attempt to recover the flavor of fresh orange juice. "We have always had the flavor of fresh oranges to come up against," MacDowell told me. "People who make things like tomato juice and pineapple juice have not had this problem."

Because of freezes and other variables, concentrate has its good and bad years. In the past decade, for example, the '55s and '59s were outstanding. The '60s and '63s were quite poor. The '58s were even worse. But the '64s were memorable. Concentrate plants lay down samples in a kind of frozen reference library—one six-ounce can from each half hour of each day's run. The relative excellence of any given concentrate year is established by taste panels of citrus scientists, who stand in black-walled booths that are lighted by red light bulbs and drink concentrate from brandy snifters. They decide, variously, whether the taste is stale, insipid, immature, or overmature; too sour, too sweet, too bitter, or too astringent; whether it seems to have been overheated or to contain too much peel oil; and whether it suggests buttermilk, cardboard, castor oil, or tallow.

The Minute Maid Company has three concentrate plants in Florida and thirty thousand acres of Florida orange groves. Theirs is the great orange dukedom now. With the rise of concentrate, the era of individual orange barons is all but past. Minute Maid's central offices are in Orlando, in a nicely landscaped building that

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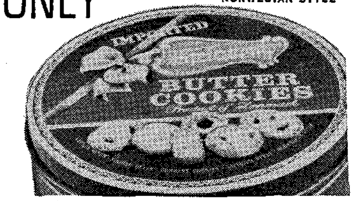

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could be a suburban high school. The chief officers inside are Coca-Cola executives. The Coca-Cola company bought Minute Maid in 1960. Last spring, the chairman of the Minute Maid executive committee was Clifford Hodgson, who has since retired. I found him to be a warmly engaging and gracious man from Athens, Georgia, whose benign smile suggested that when he was a small boy he dreamed of having all the Coca-Cola he could ever drink, and that the dream came true. As a vice-president of Coca-Cola, he had been assigned to Minute Maid at the time of the merger. One morning, while he was telling me about the company's new eight-thousand-acre Hodgson Grove near the Indian River, a somewhat younger man named Ben Oehlert, Jr., walked in, briefcase in hand, saying that he just wanted to say hello and goodbye because he had to catch a plane. Oehlert, who had been working for Coca-Cola since 1938, was at that moment the president of Minute Maid, and he was later promoted to an even more commanding post in Coca-Cola headquarters in Atlanta. He was a tall man with a well-cared-for mustache, expensive-looking clothes, and a metropolitan manner. He said, "Never did I think as I grew up on the sidewalks of Philadelphia that I would end up as a farmer in Florida."

THAT particular encounter made me wonder if anyone really powerful in citrus had been born in Florida, and whether the individual orange barons from the era that is referred to in Florida as the old fresh-fruit days had already vanished completely. Wherever I went, I asked people if they could think of a remaining example. In every instance, they immediately said, "Ben Hill Griffin." People told me, almost reverently, that Ben Hill Griffin, of Frostproof, Florida, has his own personal concentrate plant, and that this is like having your own turnpike, or your own air force, or, at the very least, your own county. To give me an idea of the importance of Ben Hill—as everyone referred to him—people mentioned that he himself was too busy to take a direct part in the operation of the Florida Citrus Commission but that one of his office employees, a man named King Sprott, was at the moment serving as the Commission's chairman. Griffin, I gathered, is a universal man of citrus, a fresh-fruit shipper and a concentrate maker—one foot in the past and the other in the future. He is a major orange grower and a packer of every citrus product from old-fashioned,

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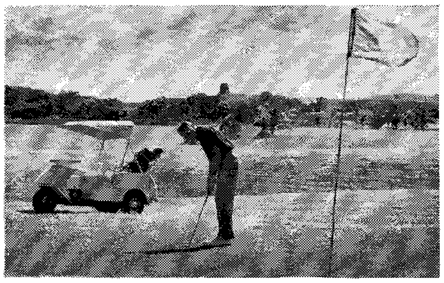

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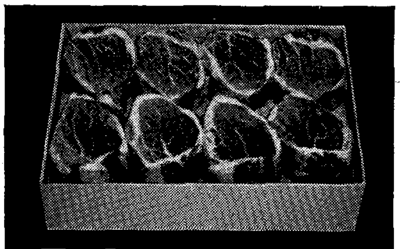

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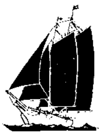

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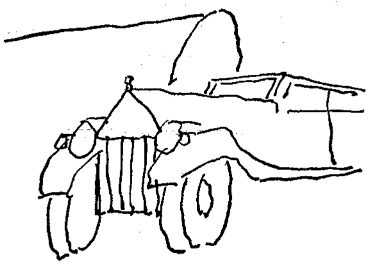
unfrozen canned orange juice to the pulp that is put into the orange drinks sold in Broadway theatres. On the side, he is both a cattle baron and a state senator, whose anti-segregationist convictions have been applied effectively in Tallahassee. With a tone of fiction in their voices, people told me that the domains of Ben Hill are so endless that he has no idea how many acres of groves he owns. For that matter, they would add, Ben Hill's uncle, an aging citrus king named Lat Maxcy, has no idea how many acres *he* has, either. Ben Hill and Lat Maxcy have been involved for decades, I was informed, in a family feud that has become celebrated in the state, and they haven't spoken to one another for twenty years. Ben Hill has long since taken over much of what Maxcy once owned, but when Ben Hill started out, people told me, his Uncle Lat never gave him a thing, not even so much as one sick tree.

When I called Griffin to ask if I could come to see him, he said that the Senate was in session and he had to be in Tallahassee all week, but he would like me to join him and his family the following Saturday at his Peace River Ranch, in Hardee County, forty miles west of the Ridge, where he had some cattle. "We'll even give you a bed," he said in a spectacular drawl. It was nearly dark when I got there, and Griffin had driven out to the gate because he thought I might miss the turn. A wiry man in his mid-fifties, of medium height, with thinning brown hair and light-blue eyes, he was wearing faded work clothes, with a red bandanna in his hip pocket. He had a slight forward lean, and he carried a long cigar in his hand. He got into my car. His own car, with four young men in it, led the way on into the ranch. He explained that they were his son and sons-in-law, and that one of them ran the ranch, one was the executive vice-president of a bank he owned, one ran the warehouse and shipping departments at his plant, and Ben Hill III was studying citrus at the Experiment Station. He said he would be acquiring one more son-in-law someday, and with this "team of five" he could face any dip in the economy by firing everybody else and keeping his captive lieutenants. It was a three-mile drive from the gate to his house.

Before dinner, Griffin's wife asked me what I would like to drink, and when I said rum, Griffin poured a glass of rum made from oranges. He had bottles of gin, vodka, and wine that had been made from oranges, too. Later, he sat down in a rocking chair on his porch

Park at 59th



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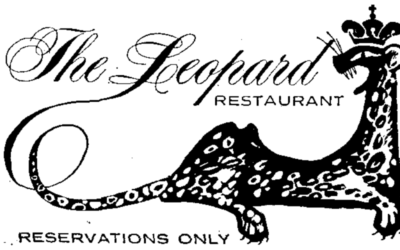

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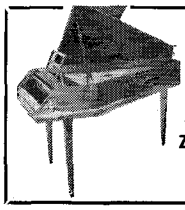

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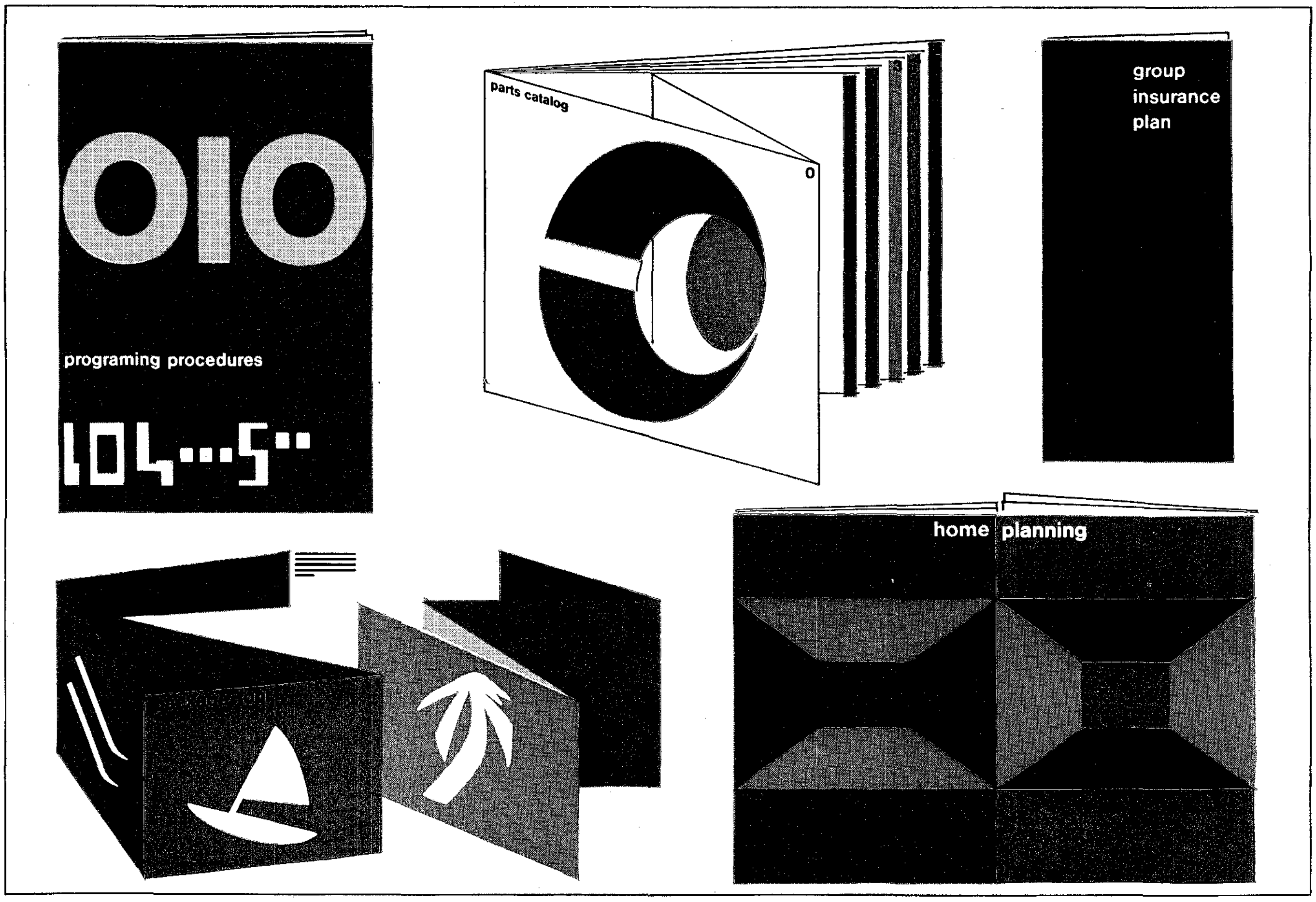
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and talked with me until three in the morning. He spoke in a remarkable mixture of colloquial and polished speech. When he talked about things like citrus prices and prognostications and the season's probable concentrate pack, he became very animated, waving his arms and speaking as if he were angry, pounding his fist on the rocker arm. He paused at one point to say that he has difficulty talking about anything he cares about without making people think he is getting ready to belt them. "Sometimes I may give the impression that I'm casual," he said, "but I work like hell. I get up every morning at six-thirty, and—"

"Do you drink orange juice with your breakfast?" I asked him.

"I drink orange juice six days a week," he said. "I drink tomato juice on Sunday to get my vitamins. I work like hell, as I was saying. I'm the hardest-working son of a bitch you ever saw. And I work everyone around me. I guess I work them too hard. I've never had any goal. I don't consider myself successful. The race isn't over yet. When I was a small boy playing marbles, I learned that the most important thing is position. If you get in the right position, you can clear up some marbles out of the ring." The air became damp and chilly, and he picked up a woman's cardigan that had been left on a chair next to him and set it over his shoulders as a kind of shawl. "The citrus industry is a killer of men," he said, without exclamation. "The captains of the industry die young—in their fifties or sixties. They work their brains and tissues too hard."

I asked him if he had any plans to acquire a second concentrate plant.

He said, slowly, "No man on earth ought to have more than one concentrate plant."

Griffin told me that he had been raised in the groves—pruning, hoeing, fertilizing, running mule-drawn sprayers, climbing into a tree sometimes to get a shiner (a lone orange left in a tree after picking) only to find that a woodpecker had completely hollowed the shiner's interior. When he was a boy in Frostproof, the roads there had been paved with pine needles, spread in the ruts so that vehicles could move over the sand. Frostproof had originally been called Keystone City, but when it proved to be the only town in Florida whose surrounding orange groves came through the Great Freeze of 1895 intact, its name was changed to Frostproof. "Frostproof should have been called Freezeproof to be literally true,"

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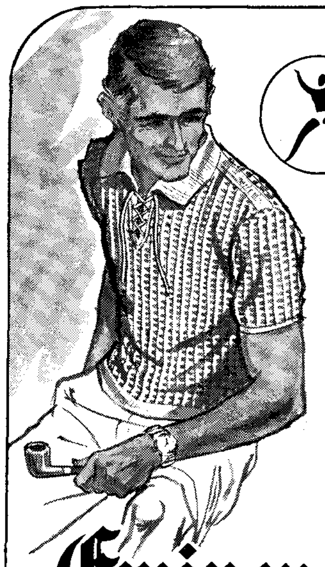
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Griffin said. His first job had been in a fresh-fruit packinghouse. "It was the L. Maxcy Company," he said. "Today I own it. It's part of Ben Hill Griffin, Incorporated." Griffin did not acquire the plant directly, and probably never could have. Maxcy, who is now in his high seventies, sold his plant and groves to Snow Crop about fourteen years ago, taking something like five million dollars, and establishing himself, almost permanently, on an outdoor bench near his own bank, the Citizens Bank of Frostproof, which is on Wall Street, in Frostproof. All Snow Crop really wanted was his groves, and the plant facilities deteriorated. Griffin offered more than a million dollars for them, and took over. "Lat Maxcy always knew exactly how much he was worth and how much land he had, and he still does," Griffin said. "And so do I." Griffin has about six thousand acres of citrus groves. The ranch on the Peace River is now fifteen thousand acres. He is worth about thirty million dollars.

In the morning, we went up in Griffin's helicopter, which was flown by Griffin's personal pilot, and headed northeast, across scrub-pine land, toward Frostproof. Griffin seemed to become increasingly excited by the trip as we went along, despite the number of times he had flown it. When he spotted a couple of wild turkeys, he all but jumped out of the helicopter. Even at five hundred feet, the turkeys looked as big as small horses. Suddenly, the scrub-pine land came to an end. The rise of the earth below was not apparent from above, but we had come to the Ridge, and more than a hundred miles of citrus trees ran on and on and on through and beyond the haze at the northern horizon.

"There's where we started!" Griffin shouted, pointing toward a block of trees. "Right yonder, on that ten acres. I planted all of that next grove, too. Forty acres. I grew the rootstock in my back yard. I had a colored man lived on the original ten. Hilliard Baron. He had one hand, and half of one foot was gone, but he cleared that second forty acres. Felled big oaks. If I had a hundred men like Hilliard, I could conquer the whole state of Florida." We flew over one Ben Hill Griffin grove after another. "Those are two-year-old trees right there," he said. "See how uniform they are. Every one is living. No skips." Up ahead, the Ridge was perceptibly higher, forming a vast low dome of earth, flat at the summit, where two enormous circular lakes almost touched one another.

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There was a town on the narrow strip of land between the two lakes. Griffin was really excited now. "There it is!" he shouted. "That's it! That is the Isthmus of Frostproof!"

The air over the town was full of the aroma of Ben Hill Griffin's concentrate plant, as if the whole of Frostproof was an orange cake, baking. He pointed out an automobile agency that he owns, a fertilizer plant that he owns, his Florida Spanish house, and an empty lot where Ben Hill III was about to start building a house. Around the two big lakes, Lake Clinch and Lake Reedy, dozens of smaller lakes, all of them round, were spaced out in every direction, and the earth, from the air, was all circles of blue against a field of citrus green. The helicopter slid down into a town park behind the concentrate plant. Griffin got out and led the way, running, up a hill to a complex of buildings that included his concentrate plant and his fresh-fruit packinghouse. Outside was a flagpole, flying the flags of the United States and of Florida. He said he was having his own flag made and that it would soon be flying there, too. Running into the packinghouse, he picked up an orange, took a knife out of his pocket, rapidly peeled a helical ribbon from the blossom end, and handed the orange to me. "When you've eaten the rest, you can use the peel for a handkerchief," he said. "You know, I'm just as lost as a by-god without a knife in my pocket. If you see me with my pants on, I've got a knife in my pocket. You can't tell what's inside an orange from the outside. You've got to cut it." Moving on into the laboratory, where Ben Hill Griffin Concentrated Orange Juice is repeatedly tested, he picked up a beaker from the day's run, and handed it to me. At that moment, it seemed to me to taste like the fresh juice of a high-season Valencia, picked from far up on the south side of the tree.

Going back to the helicopter, we walked beside a rushing stream, which might have been a trout stream in Vermont, full of boulders, pools, eddies, and tumbling cascades. "That water is coming from the evaporator," Griffin said. "It was inside oranges a few minutes ago." —JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the second of two articles on oranges.*)

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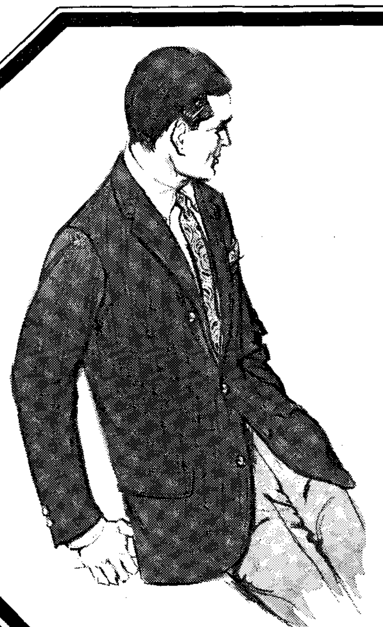

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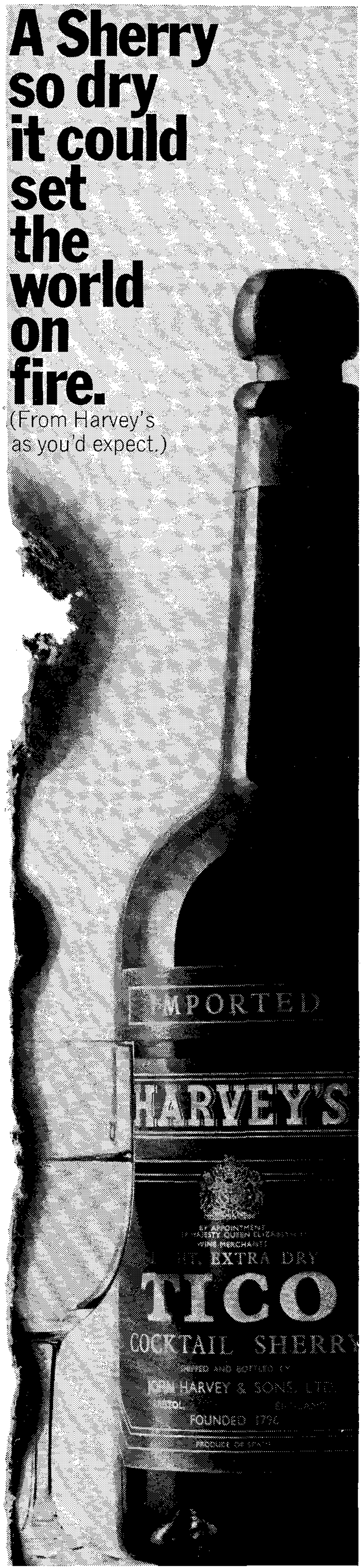

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Whither?

THE question "Is tonality dead?," which is implicit in the two seasons Leonard Bernstein is devoting to an examination of the problems of the twentieth-century symphony, has certain vague parallels with the question "Is God dead?," about which one hears so much nowadays from Protestant theologians. Are tonality and God in any way related? Some think so, including the eminent conductor Ernest Ansermet, who, in his book "Les Fondements de la Musique dans la Conscience Humaine," states, "Little by little, spontaneously, the melodic contour organized itself on the foundation of the heptatonic octave. . . . The loss of that foundation, and of tonal law, is equivalent to the death of God for the musical conscience." And elsewhere in the book, "The value of music in relation to human experience is of an ethical and not an aesthetic order." I do not feel qualified to make a statement of any profundity on this matter, but I suspect that the estimable Mr. Ansermet is right, in which case the non-believer, or an age of non-believers among the thinking, or composing, classes, is not likely to produce music on the order of Beethoven and Bach. At any rate, the present musical scene is so confused that a reference to the Tower of Babel is not entirely out of place. The other day, I had lunch with Vernon Duke, who is a respectable composer and a polemicist, and he gave me the notes he had taken while talking recently to a few of the most eminent and a few of the most "advanced" composers and musical functionaries in Europe. He also gave me a large number of European press clippings. Now, granting that Mr. Duke, being a composer, has a stake in the choice of material he gave me, as well as in the choice of men he interviewed, he still seems to have come in contact with a pretty broad spectrum of contemporary musical life, and to have interviewed some people with whom he obviously doesn't agree. Certain symptoms stand out in nearly all this material. One is that a sort of planned-obsolescence psychology has taken hold of many "advanced" composers. They no longer think of their music as being written for future generations. They expect it to be succeeded by something else in a matter of decades. Another symptom is that there is an enormous gap in progressive concert programming: Between the period of Bartók and Prokofieff (who are still played) and that of the most extreme "modernists," as they are still called (Boulez, Stockhausen, Cage, and so on, who are also played), is the middle-aged composer, who is not performed nowadays—not, at any rate, in Europe. The general public has never become acclimated even to Schoenberg, and is more and more turning away from the concert hall. The attitudes of a number of composers are extremely interesting, and I shall quote a few:

Girolamo Arrigo, a young progressive Italian composer, has written in the magazine *Les Lettres Françaises* that his country is hopeless musically. There is no plan in Italy for the dissemination of contemporary music. There is no public for it. When the Italians speak of "modern music," they mean Casella, who is dead. Mr. Arrigo calls this "*l'immobilisme*," and thinks it's bad. Jean Wiener, a veteran, well known in Paris in the nineteen-twenties, maintains, in the same magazine, that "serial music of today is démodé," suggests that "it is necessary to write a new music with normal material," thinks "music should be agreeable, beautiful" (that's pretty radical nowadays), and reports that a young composer said to him, "The thing that is marvellous in the new conception of music is that to be a composer it is no longer necessary to be a musician."

Richard Rodney Bennett, generally considered the most promising figure in England in the generation following Benjamin Britten, is quoted in the London *Times* as saying, "The old style of nineteenth-century work is no longer valid, but that is no reason why we should not write for a large orchestra [that is to say, symphonies]. Nobody laid down the laws of sonata form—it was just a natural way of writing." Sir William Walton, who, I guess, is old enough to be Bennett's grandfather, was interviewed by Mr. Duke, and, with a sort of gallantry that we like to think is typically British, expressed a fairly open mind and some dismay about his own music. "Audiences," he said, "are settling down to contemporary music. Examples are Schoenberg's 'Moses and Aaron,'

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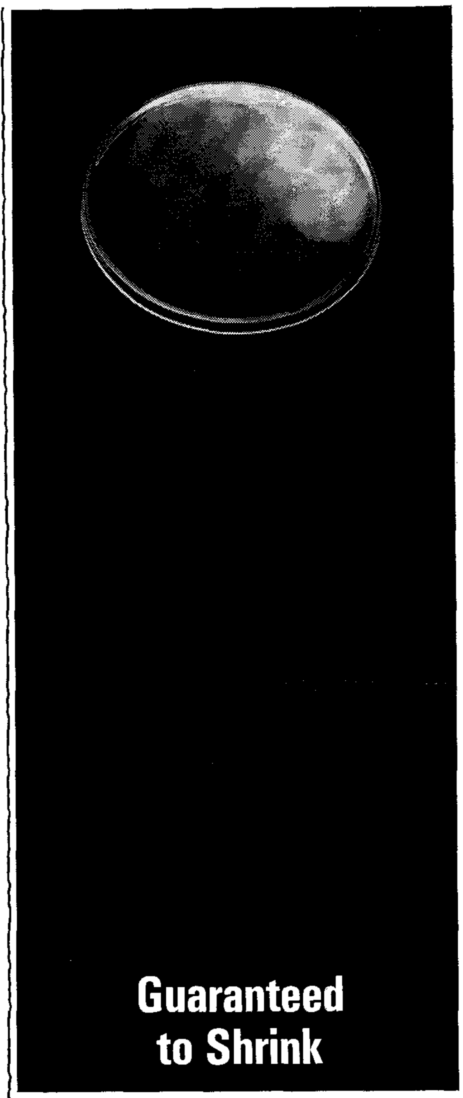
Berg's 'Wozzeck' and 'Lulu'—to some extent. Boulez is listened to with great respect and toleration, if not enthusiasm. Cage is outside the cage, but, on the other hand, Berio is all right and estimable." Walton confessed that he had not been influenced by any of the composers he mentioned. He feels, apparently, that there is a general resistance to his own idiom, it being considered out of date, and he concluded, "Every time I try to catch up with contemporary music, I seem to miss the bus." This, however, is in England, where—in music—criticism, fashion, and publicity are apt to reflect the *dernier cri.*

In Paris, Mr. Duke interviewed Marius Constant, a middle-of-the-road musical liberal, thoroughly trained and highly respected. Constant made a number of interesting remarks about contemporary music both in France and in Germany: (1) The radio moguls of Germany still devote themselves to promoting serial music, partly because it was disliked by Hitler and therefore must be good, partly because of the large investments of the big publishing houses, like Universal Edition, in serial compositions (they apparently have their connections with the radio people). (2) Composers like Hindemith and Honegger are no longer played (too old-fashioned). (3) In France, contemporary music is being played less and less, "but you can't go back to the old forms. There are certain radical changes in the musical language, and they are being synthesized." (4) Boulez has been reported as saying that music should now be read, like books, and no longer listened to. (5) People in Paris go less frequently to concerts, partly because they can no longer be shocked. They hear noise as part of their daily lives; they don't need to go to concerts to hear it. (6) Constant foresees the death of performing institutions as they are now constituted. Eventually, he thinks, one super-orchestra, ten star conductors, eight super-virtuosos, and ten prima donnas can supply the whole world via the communications media. Tapes will ultimately be superseded by a sort of ping-pong ball, on a single one of which the entire Wagnerian Ring could be recorded. A few ping-pong balls and you could have the music of all periods at your fingertips. The era of the concert hall is about over. (7) We are undergoing a period of transition in music, but we thought we were undergoing a transition period during the time of Prokofieff and Honegger, and now Boulez thinks



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that that particular transition is dead. Boulez himself will probably be dead as a creative artist before long, to be succeeded by something else. (8) Concrete music, electronic devices, chance music, and so on may have their place as accompaniment to certain theatrical spectacles, but they are already largely passé.

From this, Mr. Duke went to one of the "radio moguls," Dr. Heinrich Strobel, the musical director of Südwestdeutscher Rundfunk and manager of the Donau-Eschingen festival, which concerns itself exclusively with the latest thing. Dr. Strobel was good-natured and treated the whole business with humor. He noted that his radio station, the stations in Stuttgart and Hamburg, and the Bayerischer Rundfunk (Munich) feel that they are performing an important function in playing far-out music to the masses, but then he noted, smiling, that broadcasts of this sort nearly always take place at 11 P.M. or midnight, when everybody is in bed and presumably asleep. God came into his statement, too. He said, "The possibility is that not only music but art in general will be completely useless in the life of the future. As soon as all mysteries disappear from our universe, God and religion will disappear; humanity will be deprived of all artistic manifestations."

I present these items as they were quoted to me by Mr. Duke for what they are worth. The only thing that seems overtly, or covertly, common to them all, except Mr. Bennett's, is a spirit of profound pessimism. And I may say that the idea of quoting them here was jogged into my mind while I was listening to Leonard Bernstein and the Philharmonic at Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night. I should describe everything on his program as a masterpiece, but then none of these pieces were written by the lost middle-aged generation or by the avant-garde. They were Haydn's Symphony No. 84 in E Flat Major, Bartók's Concerto for Two Pianos, Percussion, and Orchestra (with Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale as soloists), and Sibelius's Fifth Symphony, this being the only one I thought Mr. Bernstein did not do with maximum understanding. It is a great work. It is the work of one of the most original composers in history. But its originality is personal—the kind that makes you say, "Nobody could have written that but Sibelius." In terms of the great onrush toward new inventions and new systems and, possibly, the doom of Western music, it isn't original at all. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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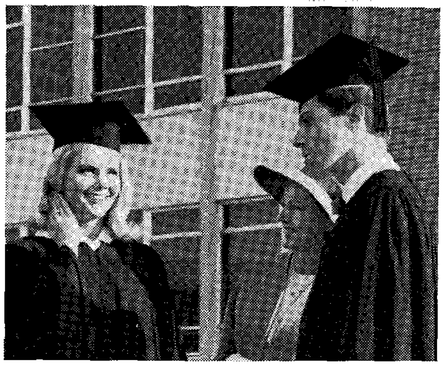
GENERAL

HESKETH PEARSON, BY HIMSELF (Harper & Row). The high-spirited autobiography of the late high-spirited biographer of wits, writers, and actors. He sensibly introduces himself at the age of nine and then ranges through his school days (he was the first student in the experience of one of his masters to score zero on an algebra examination), his beginnings in the theatre (he eventually became celebrated for his portrayal of suave Harley Street physicians), his First World War struggles with heat and disease in Persia, his beginnings as a writer, and his discovery (at forty plus) of his vocation as a writer of lives of men of "good nature, good humour, good sense, and good nonsense." His method, as always, is anecdotal, and he is also enjoyably full of "good humour" ("I have never been ambitious, except when I was young and wanted to play Hamlet") and good sense ("The greatness of a people lies in words, not deeds, and even its deeds can only live in words"). Photographs.

TEST BAN AND DISARMAMENT: THE PATH OF NEGOTIATION, by Arthur H. Dean (Harper & Row). The illuminating essence of what Mr. Dean, one of our chief negotiators on disarmament, has learned about the subject, and a persuasive argument that, despite the limited agreements so far reached, all the talks are worthwhile. Dean sticks to the point—in a hundred and forty-four pages he says more than most writers do in twice the space—and yet he writes in a personal, almost casual (at times) fashion. He likes anecdotes, when they are pertinent, and tells them well. Some of his observations—on Russian diplomatic bargaining style, for instance—are funny, and the extra-serious context makes them more so. Right now, Dean thinks, one international problem overrides all others—the further proliferation of nuclear weapons.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT, by W. Eugene Hollon (Oxford). The Great American Desert (as it first was known and still is called in years of dust and drought) is bounded roughly by central Kansas, the Sierra Nevada Mountains, northern Montana, and the Mexican border, and consists of nine hundred thousand square miles of more or less aridity, low rainfall, daytime heat and nighttime cold, high winds, a high rate of evaporation, and a more or less meagre plant and animal life. In this first-rate book—vivid, fair-minded, and comprehensive—Mr. Hollon, a professor of history at the University of Oklahoma, traces the natural, social, and political history of the vast, ambiguous region through the past three hundred years. He shows us the aboriginal Indians and the generally workable balance they achieved with their environment, the explorations of the early Spanish gold-hunters, and the successive rapacities of the beaver trappers, the miners, the cattlemen, the boom-and-bust farmers, and the real-estate and resort promoters. It is with one exception a sorry story. The exception is the phenomenon of the Mormons. "Only the Mormons accepted the desert for what it was and practiced from the beginning conservation of the region's most valuable resources—water and land." All the rest is willful ignorance, a hot-eyed refusal to accept reality, a belief that "rain follows the plow," an airy confidence that "science and technology will provide dramatic solutions to the water problems." At the end of his grim recital, Mr. Hollon takes us on an even grimmer motor tour of the desert states and enables us to see for ourselves their monotony of sun and space and motels and distant mountains and dumps and "Jesus Saves" and "Impeach Earl Warren" and "Next Service Station 100 Miles." Photographs and maps.

THE SWISS BANKS, by T. R. Fehrenbach (McGraw-Hill). An excellent exposition of a fairly difficult subject—that unique banking system. Fehrenbach's explanations of technical matters are assisted by delightful flashes, like "He was thinking of Switzerland as a nation when actually it is a business." These make comprehensible such oddities as the refusal of the Swiss to interfere in fiscal matters that most governments regard as their concern. Fehrenbach reports one exception: in 1964, the government passed a few laws to stop a rocketing inflation. Through-



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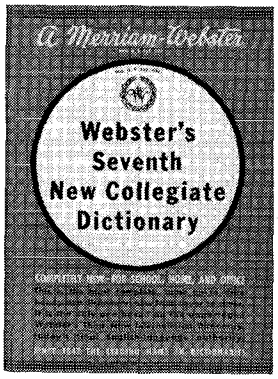

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out, he makes sense and does justice by keeping a sense of proportion: Switzerland's role in international finance is useful but small; whoever owns those numbered accounts—gangsters or Communists—can scarcely affect our economy. There is not that much money on deposit in all of Switzerland.

IN MY FATHER'S COURT, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The author's father was a Polish rabbi whose orthodoxy and unworldliness kept his family poor. Some of its pitiful income came from religious Jews who paid him to resolve their differences—the "court" of the title. This compilation of previously published sketches tells us what young Isaac overheard—insights into lives of men and women who, at least until the end of the First World War, lived (spiritually) in the world to come and (practically) in the Middle Ages. Singer also offers some of his own experiences and impressions—effective fragments of his childhood.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX, by Dorothy Gilman (Doubleday). An attractive murder mystery about a cheerful, chic elderly lady who forsakes her comfy widowhood in New Brunswick, New Jersey, for the joys of spy-hunting in Mexico. The spy hunt proves more frightening than Mrs. Pollifax bargained for, but she is resourceful and brave, and—most important of all, considering the work she has chosen—she is lucky.

A SMALL WAR MADE TO ORDER, by Norman Lewis (Harcourt, Brace & World). The hero of this adventure is a seedy Englishman who fought for Franco in the Spanish Civil War and more recently wrote a potboiling book on the Suez crisis that is a best-seller behind the Iron Curtain. This dubious fellow is hired by a man who seems sufficiently self-assured to be a C.I.A. agent to pay a sympathetic visit to Cuba and bring out certain information vital to an invasion attempt that sounds very much like the Bay of Pigs affair. Mr. Lewis sees to it that his amateur spy is rewarded as he deserves, and he is skillful enough about it to keep us happily with him to the very end.

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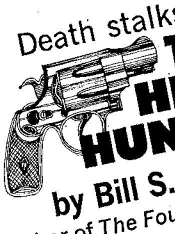

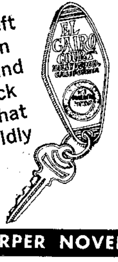

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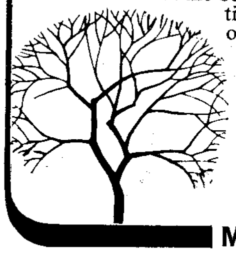

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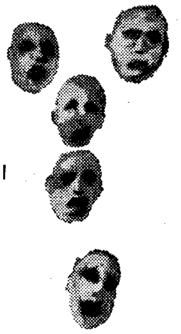

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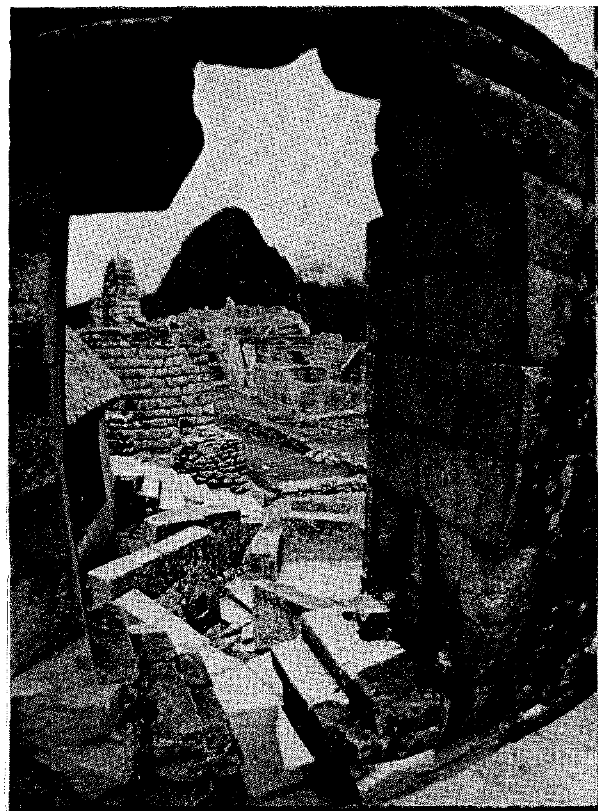
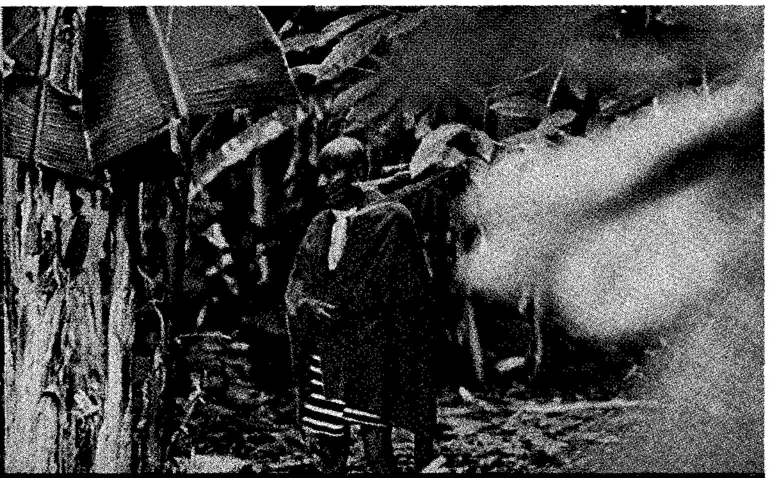


Machu Picchu, the sacred Inca city in Peru.



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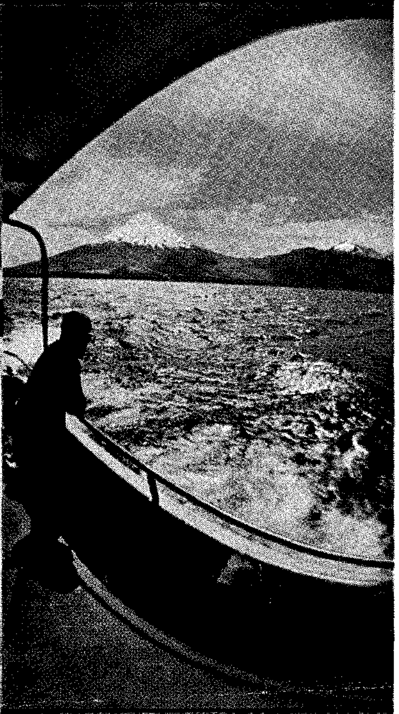
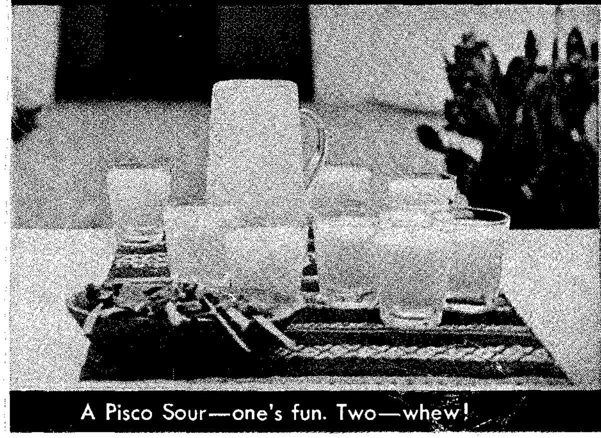


Volcanic Osorno looms over Chile's Lake Llanquihue



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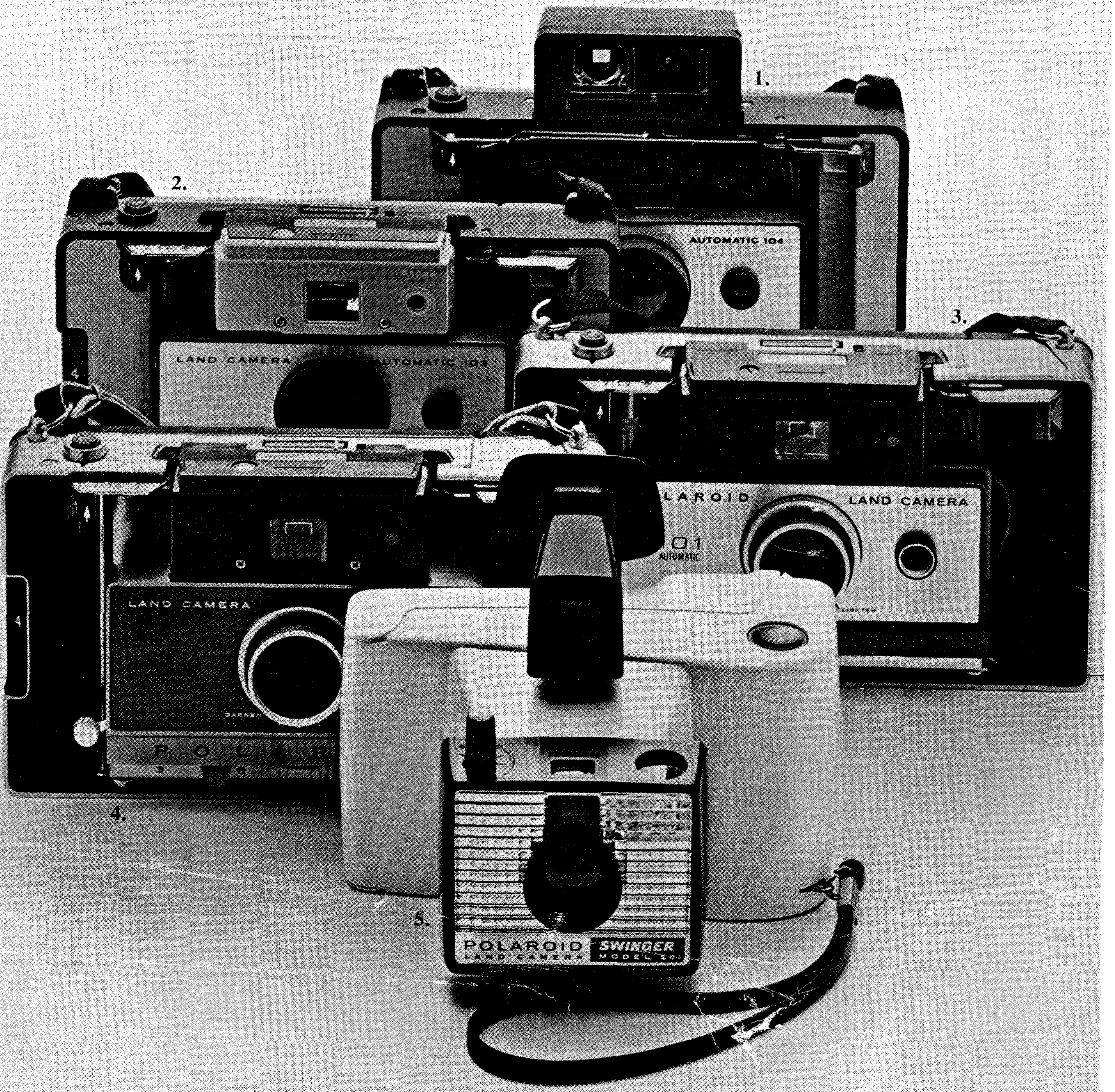

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